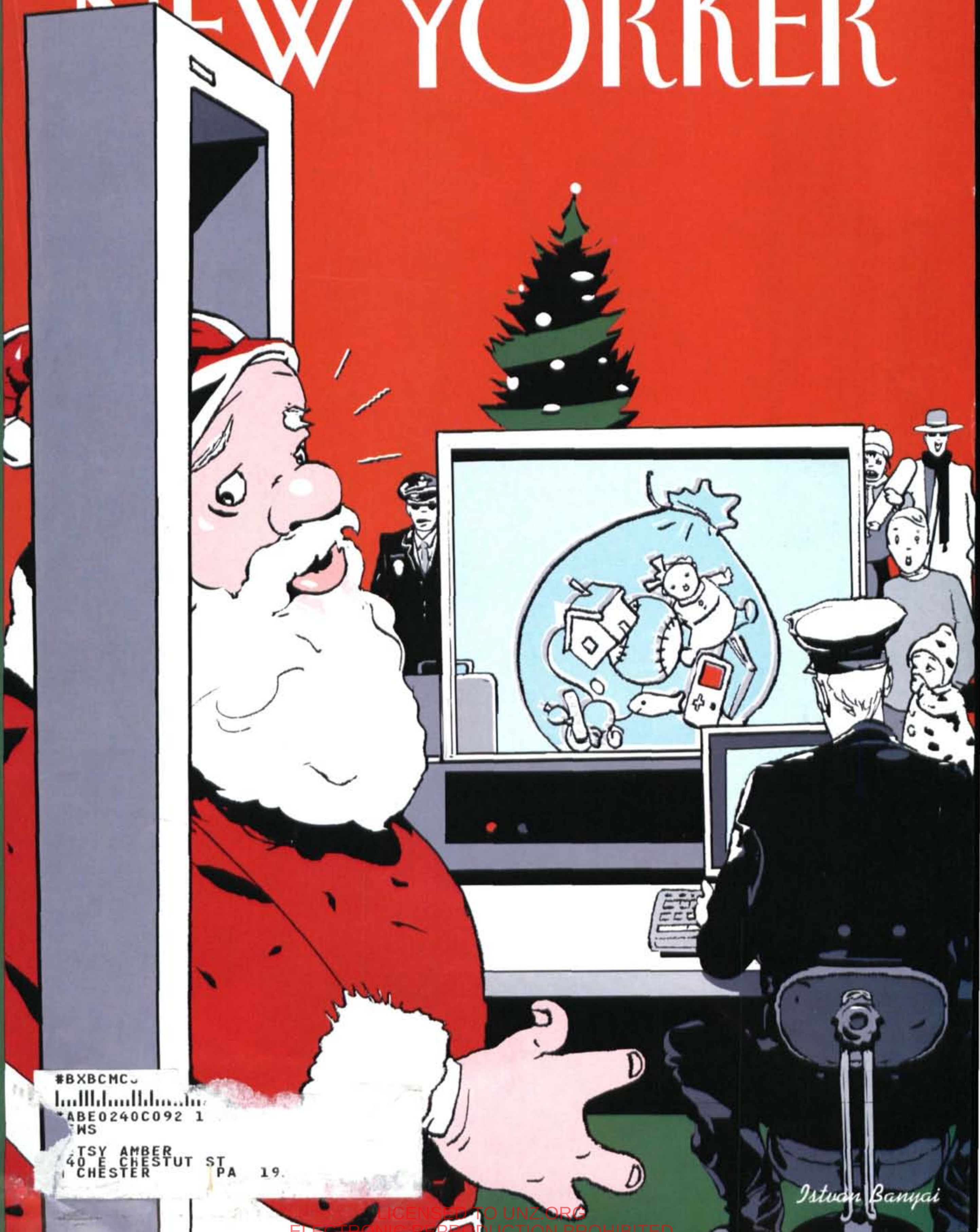
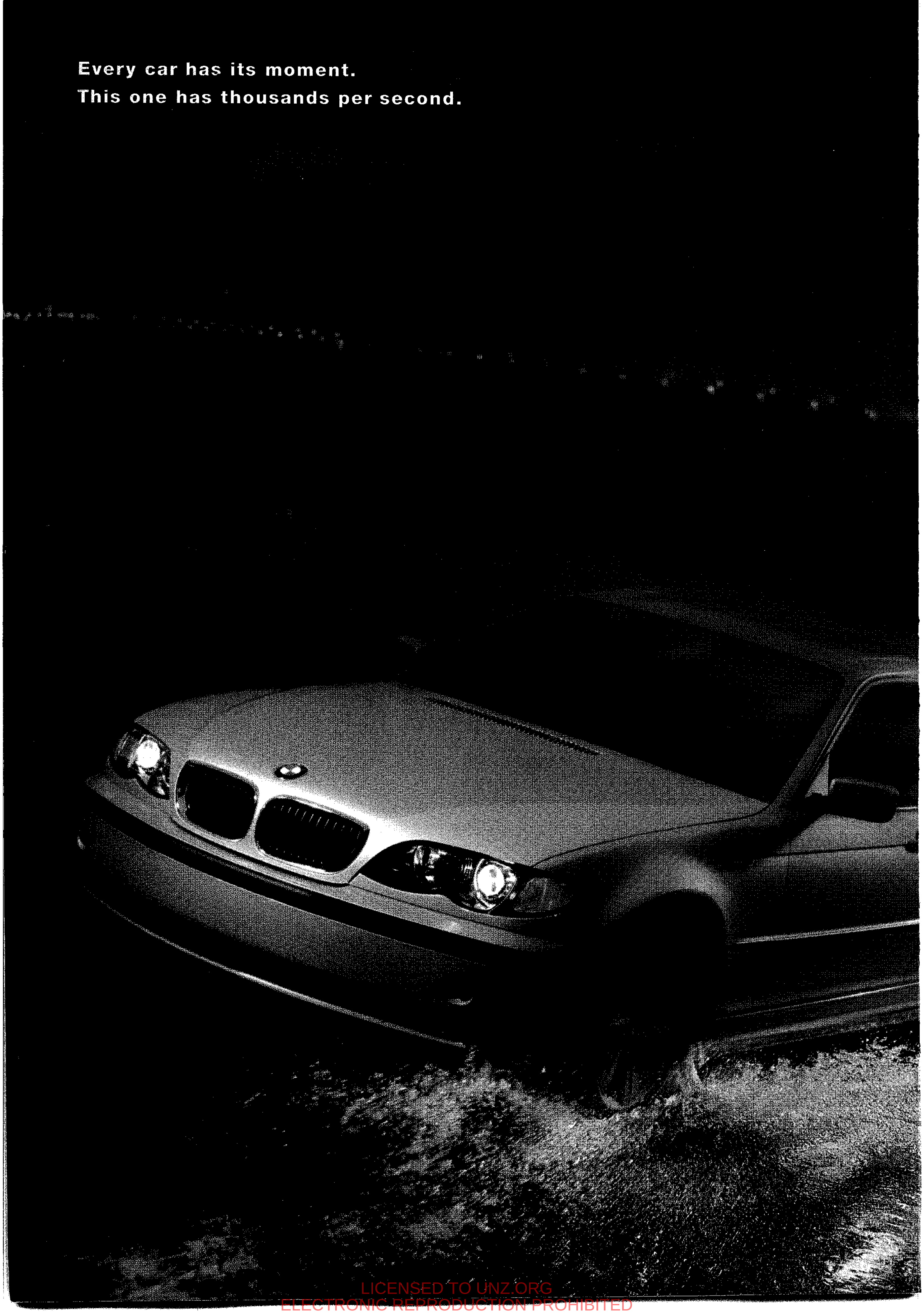
PRICE $3.50

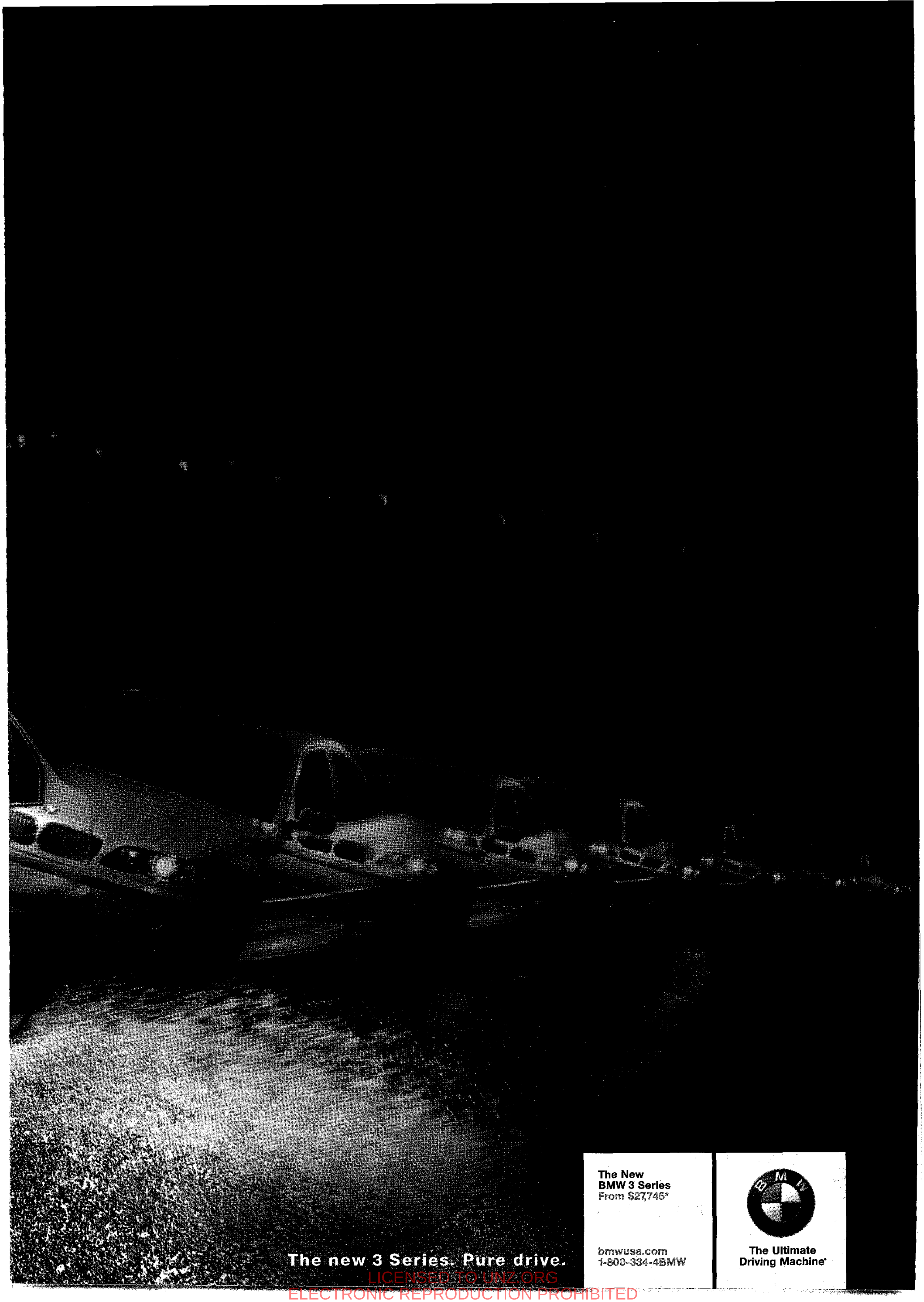
THE NEW YORKER

DEC. 3, 2001


Istvan Banyai

#BXBCMC
ABE0240C092 1
WS
TSY AMBER
40 E CHESTUT ST
CHESTER PA 19.

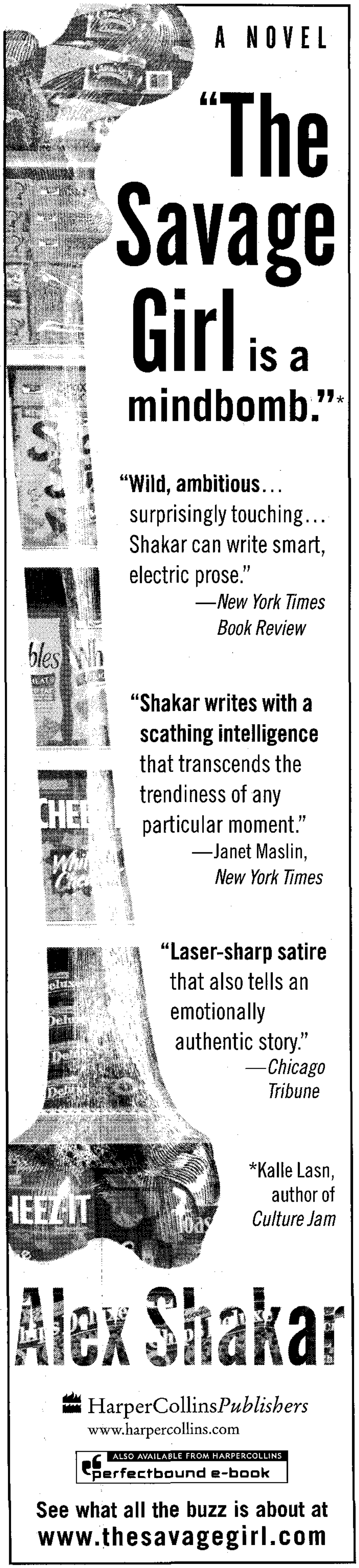

Every car has its moment.
This one has thousands per second.


The new 3 Series. Pure drive.

The New
BMW 3 Series
From $27,745*

bmwusa.com
1-800-334-4BMW

The Ultimate
Driving Machine®


A NOVEL

"The Savage Girl is a mindbomb."*

"Wild, ambitious… surprisingly touching… Shakar can write smart, electric prose."
—New York Times Book Review

"Shakar writes with a scathing intelligence that transcends the trendiness of any particular moment."
—Janet Maslin, New York Times

"Laser-sharp satire that also tells an emotionally authentic story."
—Chicago Tribune

*Kalle Lasn, author of Culture Jam

Alex Shakar

HarperCollins*Publishers*
www.harpercollins.com

ALSO AVAILABLE FROM HARPERCOLLINS
perfectbound e-book

See what all the buzz is about at
www.thesavagegirl.com

THE NEW YORKER

DECEMBER 3, 2001

8 GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

37 THE TALK OF THE TOWN
A different war; Harvard beats Yale.

Seymour M. Hersh 42 ANNALS OF NATIONAL SECURITY
The Iran Game
An old ally's warnings about a new friend.

Andy Borowitz 51 SHOUTS & MURMURS
Suffering Fools Gladly

Jerome Groopman 52 MEDICAL DISPATCH
Eyes Wide Open
How long can scientists keep us awake?

Isabel Hilton 58 LETTER FROM PAKISTAN
The Pashtun Code
An unruled tribe and Afghanistan's future.

Thomas Mallon 72 A REPORTER AT LARGE
Marina and Ruth
The woman who helped Oswald's wife.

Haruki Murakami 86 FICTION
"A Poor-Aunt Story"

THE CRITICS

Hilton Als 94 BOOKS
The novels of Carson McCullers.

Peter Schjeldahl 102 THE ART WORLD
Gabriel Orozco in New York.

Anthony Lane 105 THE CURRENT CINEMA
"Code Unknown."

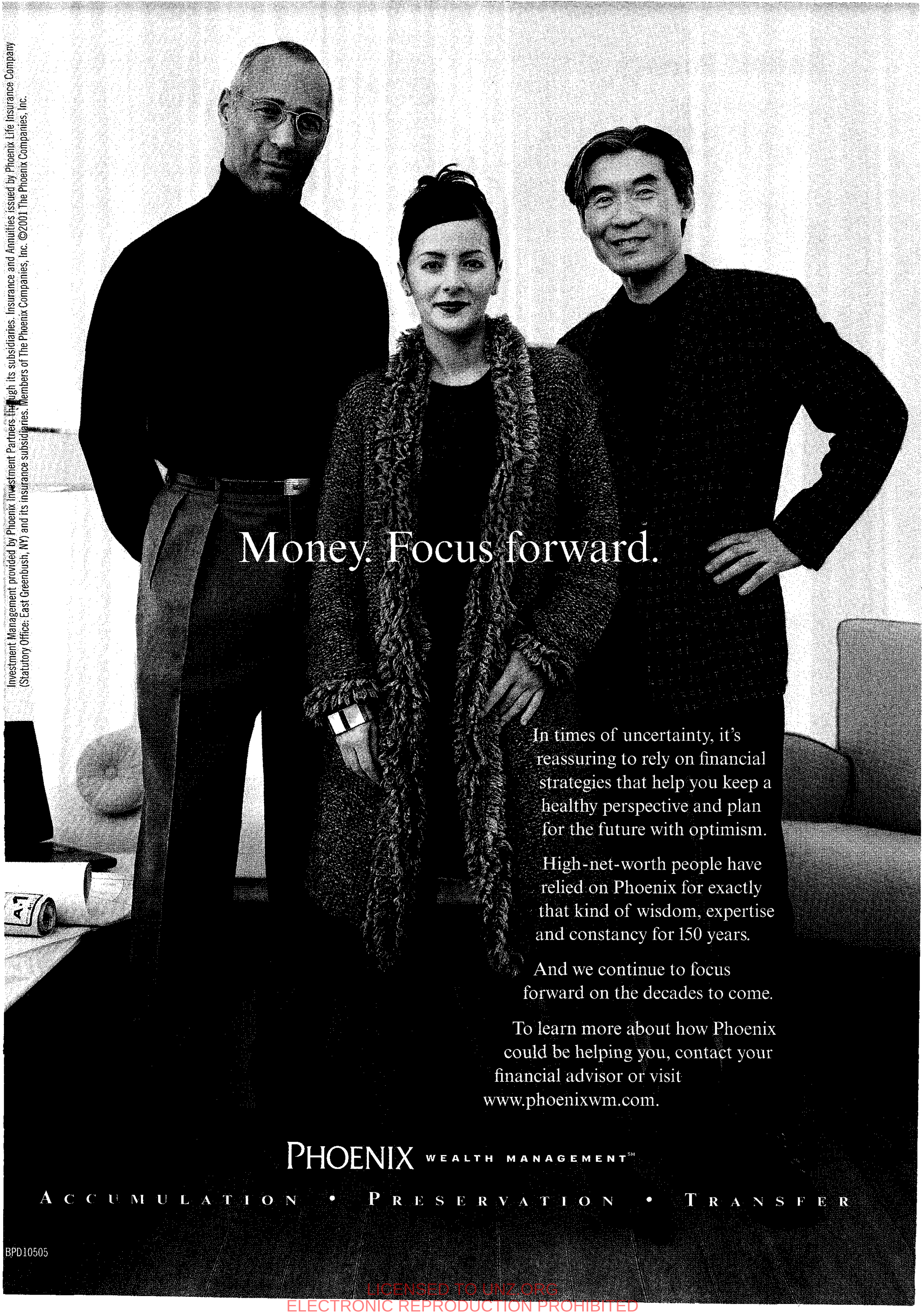
POEMS

W. S. Merwin 56 "To the Grass of Autumn"

Anne Carson 68 "Stanzas, Sexes, Seductions"

COVER *"Holiday Travel," by Istvan Banyai* THE BACK PAGE *"Newly Discovered Learning Disabilities," by Roz Chast* DRAWINGS *Robert Mankoff, Leo Cullum, Danny Shanahan, Harry Bliss, Lee Lorenz, Peter Steiner, Jack Ziegler, Bruce Eric Kaplan, David Sipress, Frank Cotham, Charles Barsotti, Michael Maslin, Mike Twohy, William Hamilton, P. S. Mueller*

www.newyorker.com



Money. Focus forward.

In times of uncertainty, it's reassuring to rely on financial strategies that help you keep a healthy perspective and plan for the future with optimism.

High-net-worth people have relied on Phoenix for exactly that kind of wisdom, expertise and constancy for 150 years.

And we continue to focus forward on the decades to come.

To learn more about how Phoenix could be helping you, contact your financial advisor or visit www.phoenixwm.com.

PHOENIX WEALTH MANAGEMENT℠

ACCUMULATION • PRESERVATION • TRANSFER

Investment Management provided by Phoenix Investment Partners through its subsidiaries. Insurance and Annuities issued by Phoenix Life Insurance Company (Statutory Office: East Greenbush, NY) and its insurance subsidiaries. Members of The Phoenix Companies, Inc. ©2001 The Phoenix Companies, Inc.

BPD10505

RABBIT PEOPLE

Why certain people on your gift list should get a Rabbit Corkscrew

Business Week/IDSA 2001 Award Winner

Extroverts: So they can be the center of attention pulling a cork in 3 seconds flat.

Introverts: So they'll never be embarrassed again struggling with a lousy corkscrew.

Romantic guys: So they can open the wine with panache before dinner by candlelight.

Independent women: So they'll have a choice--opening the wine themselves or asking their man to do it.

Wine buffs: So the corkscrew they use will be as special as the wines they choose.

WHERE TO GO RABBIT HUNTING: AMAZON.COM, BEVERAGES & MORE, CRATE & BARREL, FOLEY'S, FRONTGATE CATALOG, KAUFMANN'S, SUR LA TABLE OR YOUR FAVORITE WINE STORE

rabbit corkscrew *by Metrokane*

See the Rabbit run at metrokane.com

D430994 and other U.S. Patents

CONTRIBUTORS

Isabel Hilton ("The Pashtun Code," p. 58) is a London-based journalist and broadcaster. Her latest book is "The Search for the Panchen Lama."

Seymour M. Hersh ("The Iran Game," p. 42) has been writing for the magazine since 1971.

Jerome Groopman ("Eyes Wide Open," p. 52) is the Recanati Professor of Medicine at Harvard. "Second Opinions" is his most recent book.

Andy Borowitz (Shouts & Murmurs, p. 51) was a finalist for this year's Thurber Prize for American Humor.

Istvan Banyai (Cover; Illustration, p. 51) published a collection of his illustrations, "Minus Equals Plus," in June.

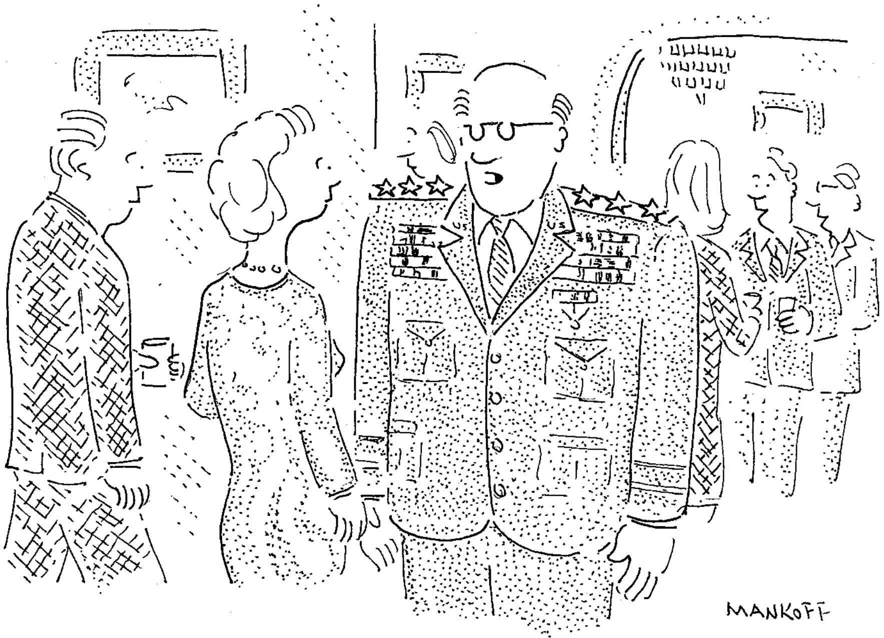
Thomas Mallon ("Marina and Ruth," p. 72) is a novelist and critic. His new nonfiction book, "Mrs. Paine's Garage and the Murder of John F. Kennedy," will be published in January.

Haruki Murakami (Fiction, p. 86) will publish his second collection of short stories, "After the Quake," next year. "Sputnik Sweetheart" is his most recent novel.

Hilton Als (Books, p. 94) is a staff writer. His essay on violence and race appears in "Without Sanctuary: Lynching Photography in America."

Peter Schjeldahl (The Art World, p. 102) is an art critic for the magazine.

George Plimpton (The Talk of the Town, p. 38) is the editor of *The Paris Review.* ♦



"Look, I'd like to avoid overkill, but not at the risk of underkill."

THE NEW YORKER, 4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036-6592. David Carey, vice-president and publisher; Chris Mitchell, associate publisher; Peter W. Jurew, associate publisher, marketing; Marie Wolpert, advertising manager; Joyce Castleberry, New York manager; Ronda Carnegie, sales development director; Peter Zuckerman, national sales manager; Susan Harrington, director of creative services; Louis Montesano, director of marketing and strategic planning; Theresa Gaffney, creative development director; Rosemary Stanton, advertising business director. For advertising inquiries, please call Marie Wolpert at (212) 286-5611. The New Yorker is unable to accept unsolicited submissions at this time, and is not responsible for the return or loss of submissions, or for any damage or other injury to unsolicited manuscripts or artwork. © 2001 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. The periodical's name and logo, and the various titles and headings herein, are trademarks of Advance Magazine Publishers Inc., published through its division The Condé Nast Publications Inc. S. I. Newhouse, Jr., chairman; Steven T. Florio, president and C.E.O.; Charles H. Townsend, executive vice-president and C.O.O.; John W. Bellando, executive vice-president and C.F.O.

SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE: To inquire about a subscription or to change an address, please write to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447, telephone (800) 825-2510, E-mail to subscriptions@newyorker.com, or visit our Web site at www.newyorker.com. To purchase a back issue telephone (800) 753-7276. Outside North America, call (303) 678-0354. For a change of address, subscribers should give four weeks' notice. If possible, please send the address label from a recent issue. Occasionally, we make our subscriber list available to carefully screened companies that offer products and services we believe would interest our readers. If you do not want to receive these offers and/or information, please advise us at Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80322-6447.

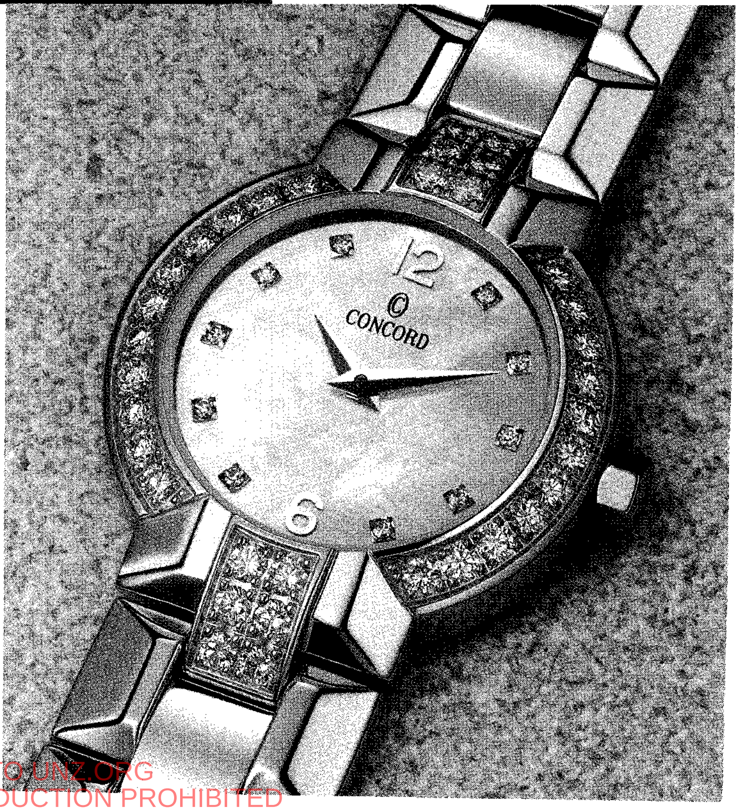
Saks Fifth Avenue

Call 888 812 6626 for more information. concord-watch.com

The Concord La Scala™
in stainless steel with diamonds.

Be late. Time is a luxury.

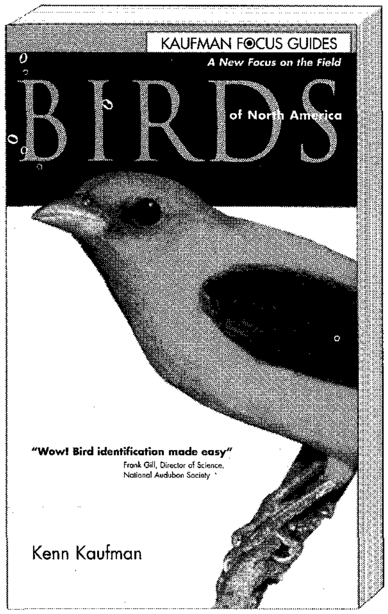
CONCORD®



KAUFMAN F●CUS GUIDES

"No one person can begin to fill the shoes of Roger Tory Peterson, but perhaps Kenn Kaufman comes closest."

—Bill Thompson III, editor, *Bird Watcher's Digest*


KAUFMAN F●CUS GUIDES
A New Focus on the Field
BIRDS
of North America
"Wow! Bird identification made easy"
Frank Gill, Director of Science, National Audubon Society
Kenn Kaufman

KENN KAUFMAN'S *Birds of North America* is the only guide a birder will need in the field. Complete, compact, and authoritative, this handy pocket-sized edition uses digitally enhanced photographs to illustrate every bird found in North America.

"Those who want a single, near Platonic representation of a particular species should turn to Kaufman first."

—Paul Gray, *Time*

Now available in hardcover and flexible binding!

AT BOOKSTORES EVERYWHERE

HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY
www.houghtonmifflinbooks.com

THE MAIL

WAR ZONES

Jane Mayer, in her piece on Osama bin Laden's family ("The House of bin Laden," November 12th), quotes an intelligence officer as saying that no thought was given to detaining any of bin Laden's relatives in the United States: "That's called taking hostages," he said. "We don't do that." Actually, we have done that. Following the attack on Pearl Harbor, the United States secretly abducted some one thousand two hundred civilians of Japanese descent—men, women, and children—from several Latin-American countries, where they were citizens or legal residents, with the collusion of their governments. In many cases, local non-Japanese were permitted to take over their homes and businesses. The abductees were sent north aboard United States military vessels, and held as hostages in American prison camps for the duration of the war. (The Roosevelt Administration believed that the American public was less likely to learn of the use of foreigners as hostages, and less likely to object.) Many were traded to Japan for prisoners of war and other Americans held there. Only fifty years later, after historians pieced together the evidence—and after the filing of a class-action suit, in which I was co-counsel—did the government apologize, and provide token compensation to some of the surviving victims. Today, as we decide how best to fight our enemies—and what we will give up to do so—their story is worth remembering.

Paul Mills
Los Angeles, Calif.

Roger Angell's article about *The New Yorker's* cartoons during the Second World War, and his reference to the magazine's pony-sized overseas edition—a third smaller, without advertisements—brought back grim and good memories ("Uniform Bliss," November 12th). In November of 1944, my outfit, the 102nd Infantry Division, 406th Regiment, 1st Battalion, Charlie Company, 2nd Platoon, was fighting bitterly near Gereonsweiler, Germany, just west of the Rhine. We were in two-man foxholes outside the town and under such intense fire that our supplies had to be brought up by jeep as far as the driver could get, and then heaved toward us. And, along with the K-rations and ammunition, we would find a few issues of *The New Yorker* pony edition, *Time's* pony edition, and maybe a copy of *Stars & Stripes*. The cartoons by Charles Addams and Peter Arno gave a kind of ironic balance to the horror, and helped us to survive it all.

Homer Hooks
Lakeland, Fla.

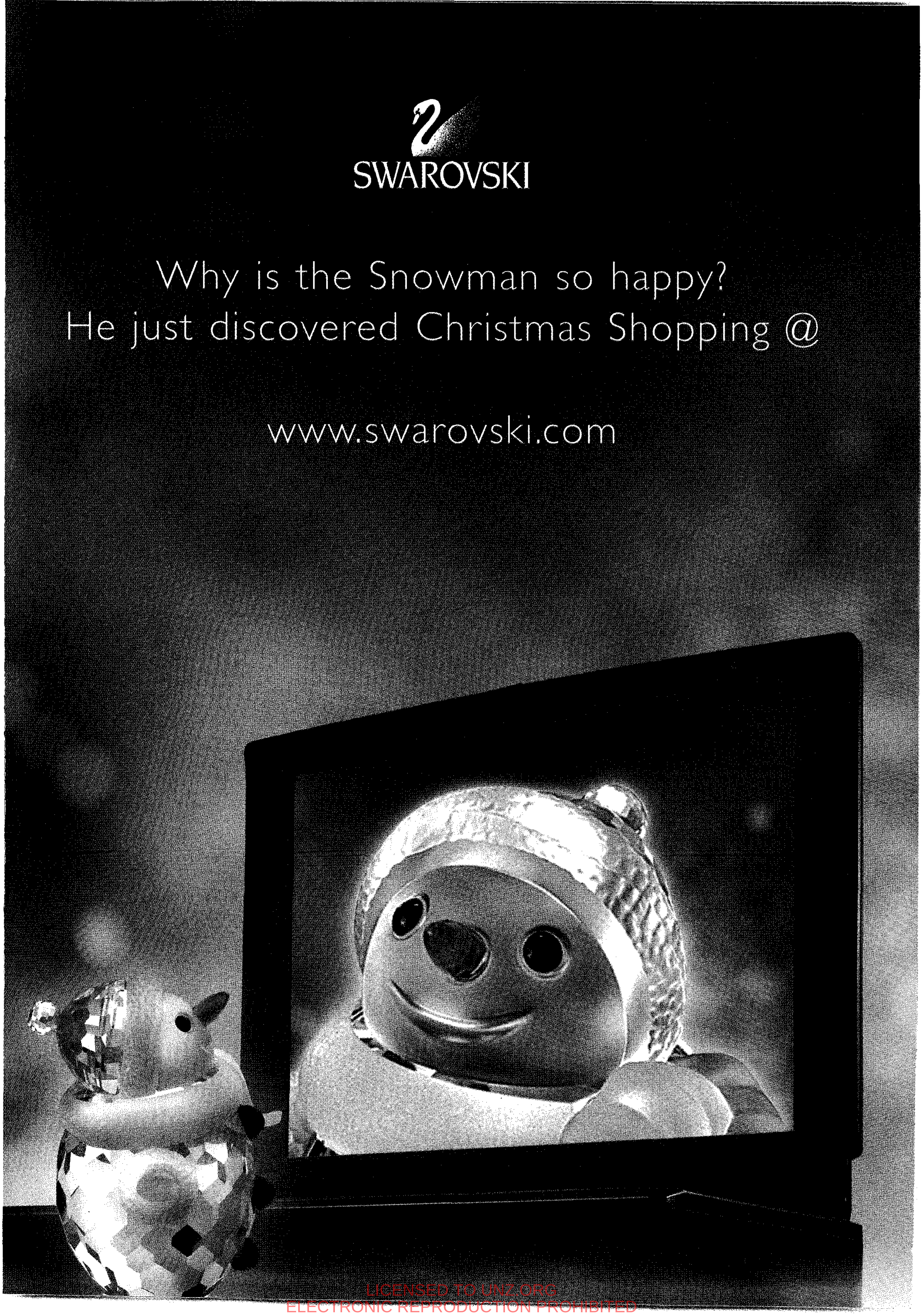
Under normal circumstances, I am a great proponent of freedom of speech and of the press, but we are now at war. Whether or not Seymour M. Hersh's account of the October 20th raid by the Rangers and Delta Force into a Taliban-held complex—which he terms a "near disaster"—is true, it does little besides encourage the Taliban ("Escape and Evasion," November 12th). If Hersh is privy to insider comments on the war effort, let him pass them along to commanders who can benefit by the critique. But to publish them in a public forum could endanger soldiers in the war zone, and perhaps even constitute a threat to public safety here at home—which is, in fact, a war zone of another kind.

Cynthia Wildberger
Frederick, Md.

CORRECTION: "The House of bin Laden" (November 12th) stated that Yeslam Binladin "paid for flight instruction for an acquaintance at Huffman Aviation, the training school in Venice, Florida, that many of the suicide hijackers attended." In fact, Yeslam Binladin provided financial support to a friend who took classes at a different flight school—in Pensacola, not Venice.

•

Letters should be sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number via E-mail to themail@newyorker.com. They can also be faxed to 212-286-5047. Letters may be edited for length and clarity, and may be published in any medium; we regret that owing to the volume of correspondence we cannot reply to every letter.


SWAROVSKI
Why is the Snowman so happy?
He just discovered Christmas Shopping @
www.swarovski.com

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE
OPENINGS & PREVIEWS

Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.

KIKI & HERB: THERE'S A STRANGER IN THE MANGER!
Just in time for the holidays, a fresh dose of cabaret satire from the duo otherwise known as Justin Bond and Kenny Mellman. In previews. (Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. 307-4100.)

MARC SALEM'S MIND GAMES, TOO
The "mentalist and mind artist" returns to New York with more experiments in nonverbal communication. In previews. (Duke Theatre, 229 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

PSYCH
In Evan Smith's new comedy, a psychology grad student who moonlights as a dominatrix is seized by paranoia. Staged by Playwrights Horizons. In previews. (Signature Theatre, 555 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

ROADSIDE
From the York Theatre Company, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt's new musical, set in a travelling tent show in the Old West. Two previews on Nov. 28. Opens Nov. 29 at 8. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-5820.)

SEXAHOLIX . . . A LOVE STORY
John Leguizamo's new solo show. In previews through Dec. 1. Opens Dec. 2 at 6. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

OPENED RECENTLY

AND GOD CREATED GREAT WHALES
Rinde Eckert stars in an encore staging of his two-character musical-theatre work, in which a composer struggles to finish an opera based on "Moby-Dick" before he succumbs to a degenerative disease. (45 Bleecker Theatre, 45 Bleecker St. 253-9983.)

BY JEEVES
There's no stopping the unrelenting bonhomie of this lame amusement by Alan Ayckbourn and Andrew Lloyd Webber, in which P. G. Wodehouse's shambolic Bertie Wooster (John Scherer) and his ingenious, haughty factotum, Jeeves (well played by Martin Jarvis), take the stage. Wodehouse's comic world is peopled by the stick figures of privilege—chinless wonders, blowhard judges, daft flappers, philistines. Here, his artificial merry-go-round is topped by a theatrical artificiality whose sight gags huff and puff in an attempt to stir some ripples of surprise on the still water of the story. Andrew Lloyd Webber's melodies are generic, and Alan Ayckbourn, who, as the director, works manfully to whip a little fun into this listless tale, is less persuasive as a lyricist. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/12/01.) (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			28	29	30	1
2	3	4				

THE COMPLETE WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (ABRIDGED)
Three actors perform thirty-seven plays and a hundred and fifty-four sonnets in under two hours. (Century Center, 111 E. 15th St. 239-6200.)

DANCE OF DEATH
Helen Mirren and Ian McKellen square off in Strindberg's depiction of the blasted heath of matrimony, and they do battle magnificently. Mirren, playing a former actress (if there is such a thing as a former actress), is droll and wicked, and McKellen, in his deep embrace of the role of an army captain who comes face to face with his own mortality, is a life force. Directed by Sean Mathias. (10/22/01) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

DRUMMER WANTED
In Richard Maxwell's latest play, a loner and percussionist ponders personal-injury law after he is hit by a car. (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5933.)

ELAINE STRITCH AT LIBERTY
In her extraordinary one-woman show (co-created with *The New Yorker's* theatre critic John Lahr), the Broadway star once and for all confirms her status as a living legend as she sings songs and tells tales about the ups and downs of her long life in the theatre (her first break, as Ethel Merman's understudy in "Call Me Madam," her iconic turn in Stephen Sondheim's "Company," her struggles with booze and with love). But terrific songs, hilarious gossip, and intimate confessions aside, Stritch, with her inimitable voice and uncanny timing, ends up capturing more than a single lifetime. Instead her show is the synthesis of so much that is rich and rewarding and heartbreaking about life on the stage. George Wolfe is the director. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 260-2400.)

EVERETT BEEKIN
Richard Greenberg's play enacts one family's journey from the gritty sidewalks of the Lower East Side in the nineteen-forties to the bland promised land of California in the nineties, where, as one character says, "the afternoons are eighteen hours long." Along the way, much is lost. Robin Bartlett and Bebe Neuwirth play two sisters whose sense of disconnectedness is such that it is as though they were cursed by words uttered by their grandmother before they were even born: "My daughters, let me advise you one thing: don't be related to nobody." Greenberg is articulate in evoking a melancholy that goes beyond words, as he was in his masterly "Three Days of Rain," a few years ago, but this time the work doesn't cut as deep—it's a portrait of devastation done in pastels instead of oils. Directed by Evan Yionoulis. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

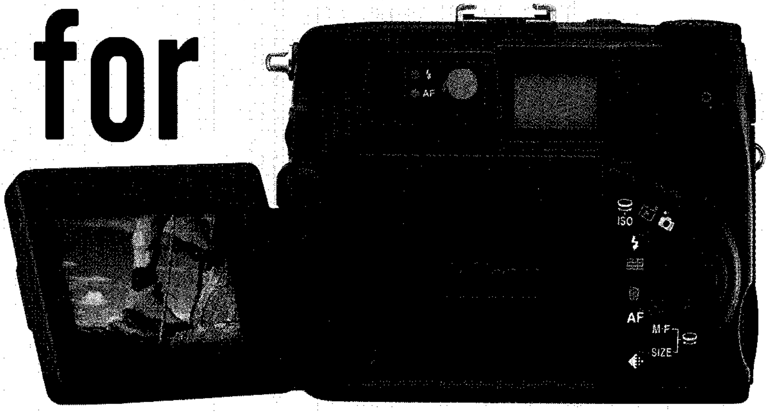
45 SECONDS FROM BROADWAY
Neil Simon is in his element in his new comedy, which is part love letter, part elegy to a Broadway that ain't what it used to be. Set in the legendary coffee shop of the Edison Hotel, in the heart of the theatre district, the play revolves around a loud, successful comedian named Mickey Fox (Lewis J. Stadlen), who is squarely based on Jackie Mason, and it's peopled by the kind of characters you might run into at the real Cafe Edison, among them a producer; a couple of matinée ladies; a peculiar, mysterious couple; a novice actress; and a struggling playwright. Simon has the dynamics of the place right, but the humor here is superficial and stale—it's canned chicken soup whose expiration date has long passed. The cast, directed by Jerry Zaks, includes Louis Zorich and Rebecca Schull as the benevolent owners of the coffee shop, Bill Moor, David Margulies, and Marian Seldes. (11/26/01) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

THE GLORY OF LIVING
When the lights go up on Rebecca Gilman's play, a fifteen-year-old named Lisa (Anna Paquin) sits on the couch in a mobile home in Tennessee, lip curled, trying to ignore the sounds of her mother fornicating behind a curtain. Gilman strives for a disarming rawness, and in the first act she achieves it almost too well. (You want to call the cops.) Once Lisa leaves the couch for a life of kidnapping and murder with her dominating husband (Jeffrey Donovan), it's astonishing to watch Paquin's cherubic face contort into expressions of anger and fear. Donovan matches her convincing range, as a beastly man smart enough to manipulate others but not smart enough to foresee the consequences. Surprisingly, it's when the cops are finally called that the air goes out of the play. The portentous symbols lurking on the periphery arrive with a thud at center stage, and the disjointed characters coalesce into mouthpieces for Gilman's preachy feminism and cheap nihilism. Philip Seymour Hoffman gets credit for the able direction. (MCC, 120 W. 28th St. 206-1515.)

HEDDA GABLER
This "Hedda," starring Kate Burton and directed by Nicholas Martin, is all surface brightness—it twinkles rather than burns. Jon Robin Baitz's colloquial

©2001 Nikon Inc. Simulated display.

The status quo is left tired, bewildered and searching for answers.

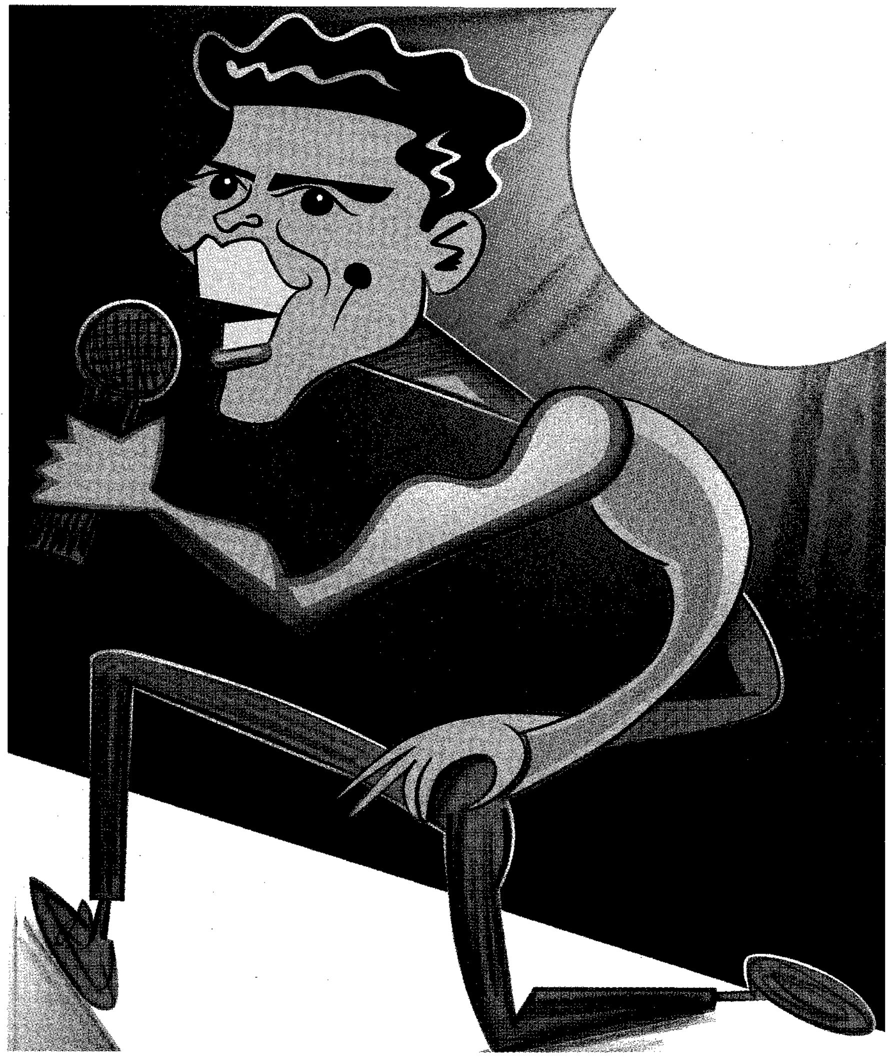


Nikon
WE TAKE THE WORLD'S GREATEST PICTURES. YOURS.

Nikon
Zoom Nikkor

Ever since we introduced our new Coolpix® 5000 digital camera, the status quo has not been quite the same. That's because this camera has a 5 megapixel CCD to capture crisp, brilliant images with ease. A high-resolution 3x Zoom-Nikkor lens (28-85mm equivalent). A top shutter speed of 1/4,000 second. A built-in multi-mode flash and hot shoe. And a variable-angle LCD for incredibly easy viewing. Because at Nikon, good enough has never been good enough. **The New Digital Coolpix 5000.**

www.nikonusa.com



John Leguizamo is back on Broadway in a new solo show, "Sexaholix."

ROBERT RISKO

adaptation of Ibsen's drama leaves little room for shading or depth, and the entire cast suffers under Nicholas Martin's heavy-handed and misguided direction, as does the audience. (10/22/01) (Ambassador, 219 W. 49th St. 239-6200.)

IRISH REPERTORY THEATRE
"The Streets of New York," Charlotte Moore's musical adaptation of the nineteenth-century Irish playwright Dion Boucicault's drama. Through Dec. 30. ♦ "That and the Cup of Tea: An Evening with Carmel Quinn," a new one-woman show starring the Irish singer and storyteller. Through Dec. 9. (132 W. 22nd St. 727-2737.)

LITTLE HAM
A musical based on the Langston Hughes play, which is set in Harlem in 1936. With music by Judd Woldin, lyrics by Richard Engquist and Mr. Woldin, and a book by Dan Owens. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 563-2565.)

MAMMA MIA!
This smorgasbord of song, the brainchild of Benny Andersson and Björn Ulvaeus, the male half of the seventies supergroup ABBA, is nothing but hokum—a chucklehead pleasure. Andersson and Ulvaeus have shrewdly allowed their platinum hits to be sent up by Catherine Johnson's book, which is simply a slick cartoon that connects the dots between the band's No. 1 singles. (11/5/01) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 563-5544.)

METAMORPHOSES
Ovid said, "All things change, nothing perishes," and Mary Zimmerman's fluid and beautiful interpretation of several legends from his fifteen-book history of the world is reassuring proof. Her modern staging, which charmingly and wittily incorporates colloquial language and costumes that range across time, confirms the enduring and elemental power of myth. Here—on a stark set composed only of a large crystal chandelier, a battered manorial door, a suspended image of sky and clouds, and an oblong, twenty-seven-foot pool—real love, thwarted, begets love in other forms; kindness is rewarded in unexpected ways; and evil often backfires. (Second Stage, 307 W. 43rd St. 246-4422.)

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING
It's gimmick Shakespeare, and it really works. The accomplished Aquila Theatre Company has set the Bard's comedy in London in an "Avengers"-influenced swinging sixties. The story is advanced with the help of some go-go choreography, and "Hey Nonny Nonny" sung to a bossa-nova beat is just plain cool. What is not at all tricked up is the language, which is beautifully spoken, dramatically revealing, and crystalline in effect. (Manhattan Ensemble Theatre, 55 Mercer St. 239-6200.)

NOISES OFF
Jeremy Sams's revival of Michael Frayn's 1982 backstage comedy, a farce within an antic farce, is blissful fun. As the dysfunctional troupe of the travelling show "Nothing On," every member of the excellent cast—Patti LuPone, Peter Gallagher, Richard Easton, Faith Prince, Edward Hibbert, Katie Finneran, T. R. Knight, Thomas McCarthy, and Robin Weigert—shines in roles that lesser comedians would surely find daunting. Frayn's construction requires spot-on comic timing, and with the help of the director Jeremy Sams, this production delivers it—and then some. The laughs rumble through the audience from start to finish. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

POETRY
Lou Reed (book, music, and lyrics) and Robert Wilson (direction and design) have teamed up with Hamburg's Thalia Theatre for a musical inspired by the life and work of Edgar Allan Poe. Nov. 29-30 and Dec. 4 at 7:30 and Dec. 1 at 2 and 7:30. Continues through Dec. 8. Performances are in German and English with English surtitles. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 718-636-4100.)

PUPPETRY OF THE PENIS
It's one thing for a man to develop the ability to stretch his scrotum until it's the size of a dinner plate, but another to share this talent with the world. These two Australians, Simon Morley and David (Friendy) Friend, profess embarrassment at the success of their "little pub show," but it's still a con: fifteen minutes into their act they are utterly naked and out of ideas. They can't go on, but they do. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 239-6200.)

QED
Peter Parnell's play, starring Alan Alda as the physicist Richard Feynman, buzzes with life—a fitting quality for a play about a man who was living proof of the idea that "everything is interesting if you look at it deeply enough." Set in 1986—the year of the Challenger explosion, whose causes Feynman helped to investigate—"QED" (the title comes from the theory of quantum electrodynamics, for which Feynman won the Nobel Prize, in 1965) takes us through an afternoon and evening in Feynman's office at Caltech, where he talks about such subjects as photons, drumming, the Manhattan Project, cancer, and "South Pacific." Alda's performance, which makes much use of that scrunchy-eyed smile of his, is one of utter charm. Directed by Gordon Davidson, and also with Kellie Overbey as one of Feynman's students. Sundays and Mondays only. (11/26/01) (Vivian Beaumont, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

REBEL WITHOUT A PAUSE
The performance artist Reno, in her latest show. Mondays at 8. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710.)

THE SHAPE OF THINGS
Gretchen Mol, Paul Rudd, Rachel Weisz, and Frederick Weller are in the cast of the Almeida Theatre Company staging of Neil LaBute's latest play. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

SHINY HOT NIGHTS:
MORE SONGS OF JONI MITCHELL
The performance artist John Kelly stars in a follow-up to his 1997 one-man paean to the singer. Saturdays at 8. (Fez, 380 Lafayette St. 533-2680.)

[SIC]
Soho Rep kicks off the season with a comedy by Melissa James Gibson about a trio of aging prodigies. (46 Walker St. 479-7979. Closes Dec. 8.)

SPEAKING IN TONGUES
A new play by Andrew Bovell (who co-wrote the film "Strictly Ballroom"), which is described as a "psychological thriller, murder mystery, and partner-swapping satire." Karen Allen and Kevin Anderson lead the cast. Mark Clements is the director. (Gramercy Theatre, 127 E. 23rd St. 307-4100.)

THOU SHALT NOT
The psychological thriller "Thérèse Raquin" was Émile Zola's first experiment in naturalism; this ambitious musical retelling of the novel, by Susan Stroman (the director and choreographer), David Thompson (who wrote the book), and Harry Connick, Jr. (who wrote the music), is an experiment in Expressionism. Stroman wants dance to be the narrative engine of the musical, but it seems inadequate to the brooding psychology of Zola's lovers, Laurent (the strapping and charismatic Craig Bierko) and Thérèse (Kate Levering). The show never faces the moral horror of its origins, and it refuses to embrace Zola's notion that sexual pleasure leads to brutality and destruction. At final count, we have one drowning, one stroke, one gang rape, and two suicides in a show that concludes with a ghost swinging from a lamppost marked "Bourbon" and "St. Peter." What Zola imagined as the heart's wilderness Stroman and her team re-create as a theme park of self-destruction. (11/5/01) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200.)

TINTYPES
A revival of the 1981 musical, from the Melting Pot Theatre Company. (McGinn Cazale, Broadway at 76th St. 279-4200.)

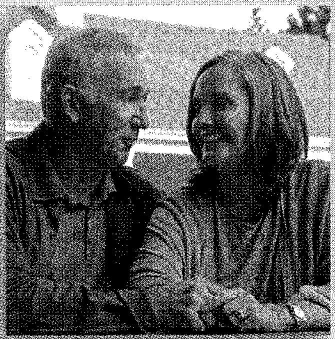
Now you can get the benefit of Fidelity sector fund investing in your annuity.

Did you know that you can invest in a family of Fidelity VIP sector funds in your Fidelity[1] Tax-Deferred Variable Annuity?

Which means that you can invest tax deferred in the specific industry sectors that you think may provide a long-term performance advantage. You can even switch among the funds tax free — an especially important benefit in volatile markets.

Plus, you'll get the expertise and assistance you need to integrate sector funds into a diversified annuity portfolio.

Put the strength and expertise of Fidelity to work on your annuity to help you see yourself succeeding.



Introducing Sector Funds in a Fidelity Annuity

Get the expert help you need to make the most of your annuity.

- Seven new Fidelity sector funds to choose from
- 28 other Fidelity and non-Fidelity annuity funds available
- Transfer your annuity to Fidelity tax free[2]

Fidelity Investments®

Call 1-800-544-4713 or visit a Fidelity Investor Center

[1] Fidelity refers to Fidelity Investments Life Insurance Company and in NY, Empire Fidelity Investments Life Insurance Company. The term "VIP" refers to Variable Insurance Products. Investing in sector funds may be more volatile due to their narrow investment concentration. Investments in VIP sector funds transferred or withdrawn in less than 60 days will be assessed a 1% redemption fee, which is retained by the fund.

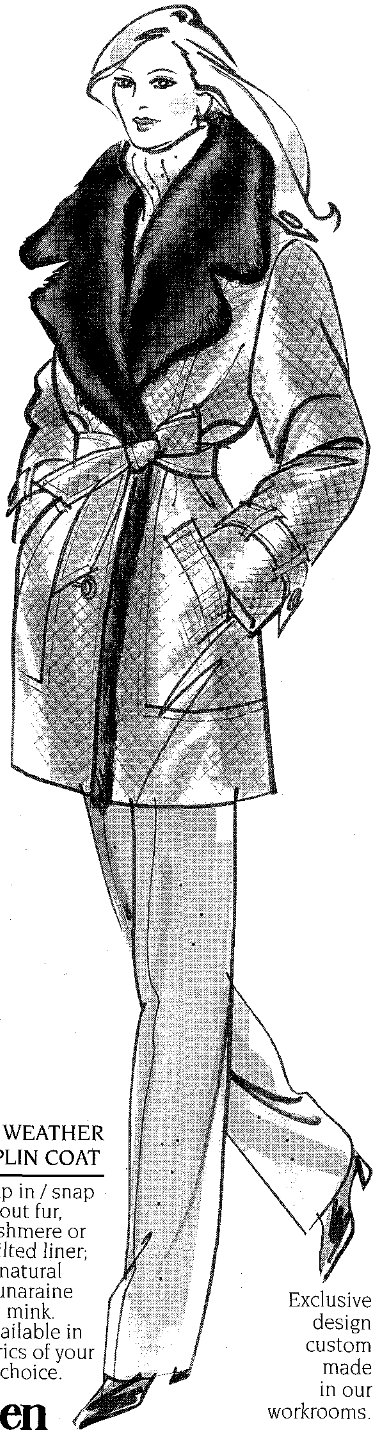
[2] Before transferring, check with your current annuity provider to see if it will assess a surrender charge.

The sector fund portfolios may not be available in all states.

Variable annuity values and investment returns will fluctuate and you may have a gain or loss when money is withdrawn. Taxable amounts withdrawn prior to age 59½ may be subject to a 10% penalty tax.

For more information, including charges and expenses, call 1-800-544-4713 for a free prospectus. Please read it carefully before investing or sending money. Fidelity Retirement Reserves (policy form no. NRR-96100, et al.) is issued by Fidelity Investments Life Insurance Co. For NY residents, Retirement Reserves is issued by Empire Fidelity Investments Life Insurance Co., NY, NY. Fidelity Brokerage Services, Member NYSE, SIPC, Fidelity Insurance Agency, Inc. and Fidelity Investments Insurance Agency of Texas, Inc. are the distributors.

143326



When only the best will do

ALL WEATHER POPLIN COAT

Snap in / snap out fur, cashmere or quilted liner; natural lunaraine mink. Available in fabrics of your choice.

Exclusive design custom made in our workrooms.

Ben Thylan furs

150 W 30th Street • New York 10001
(212) 753-7700 • 18th Floor
Fax: (212) 643-2082
Website: www.benthylanfurs.com
Email: jthylan@aol.com
Please call for appointment

UNDERNEATH THE LINTEL

This one-man show, written by Glen Berger and performed by T. Ryder Smith, manages to be both a funny tale of a Dutch librarian's midlife crisis and a serious, intriguing look at the value of any one life. After a book is returned to the library a hundred and thirteen years overdue, the librarian becomes obsessed with finding out how and why. He eventually comes to believe that the Wandering Jew was the errant borrower, whose late return of the volume is one of a series of clues he's left in a desperate attempt to document his existence. Whether the audience buys this or not is irrelevant—it's the power of the librarian's belief that he can create a meaningful whole out of a few bits of ephemera that's being explored. Either way, the play is certainly, as billed, "An Impressive Presentation of Lovely Evidences." Directed by Randy White. (Soho Playhouse, 15 Vandam St. 239-6200.)

URINETOWN

The amount of fun to be had at this musical, by Greg Kotis (book and lyrics) and Mark Hollmann (music and lyrics), is in direct proportion to the unpleasantness of its title. Its central idea is that an evil corporation controls all the toilets in a city that bears some resemblance to New York, but the show is really no more and no less than a terrifically spirited sendup of musicals and their conventions, as self-conscious and gag-happy as a Warner Bros. cartoon (not only does a sign saying "Secret Hideout" hang above a secret hideout; the sign has an arrow on it). (10/1/01) (Henry Miller, 124 W. 43rd St. 239-6200.)

WHERE'S MY MONEY?

John Patrick Shanley's dark comedy about two bush-league divorce lawyers from Brooklyn. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

THE WOMEN

Scott Elliott directs a cast that includes Kristen Johnston, Rue McClanahan, Cynthia Nixon, Jennifer Tilly, Mary Louise Wilson, and Jennifer Coolidge, in Clare Boothe Luce's 1936 satire. With costumes by Isaac Mizrahi. (11/19/01) (American Airlines Theatre, 227 W. 42nd St. 719-1300.)

WONDER OF THE WORLD

A farcical saga of a manic faux-naïve chatterbox, Cass (the fetching and excellent Sarah Jessica Parker), who goes to Niagara Falls in search of a new life after leaving her husband of seven years, Kip (Alan Tudyk). The playwright David Lindsay-Abaire's soi-disant wacky humor offers no revelations, no admissions, no questions, only startling juxtapositions. He sets up a comic equation that he resolutely refuses to factor out, paints his characters into fantastical narrative corners, then extricates them via some implausibility that shocks the audience without enlightening it. The show's one incidental delight is the touching Kevin Chamberlin, who, as Captain Mike, the Niagara tour-boat guide who falls for Cass, brings a palpable sweetness and a welcome complexity to the otherwise aimless comic playing. (11/12/01) (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

Performances of "The Nutcracker" continue. The boys and girls at the usually staid Christmas party are full of Russian verve and pluck in Balanchine's version, and his candies, fairies, and flowers are fragrant with the bloom of romance. In "The Nutcracker," Tchaikovsky was at the peak of his powers as a fabulist, and Balanchine rose to meet him. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Nov. 28-29 at 6, Nov. 30 at 8, Dec. 1 at 2 and 8, Dec. 2 at 1 and 5, and Dec. 4 at 6. Through Dec. 31.)

ALVIN AILEY AMERICAN DANCE THEATRE

Nov. 28 at 8: The opening gala. "Caravan," "Pas de Duke," and "Revelations." ♦ Nov. 29 at 8: "Night Creature," "Sweet Bitter Love," "Following the Subtle Current Upstream," and "Grace." ♦ Nov. 30 at 8: Ronald K. Brown's "Serving Nia," one of two world premières this season, ups the ante on his explosive, non-stop "Grace," from 1999. Again, traditional West African dance's undulating torso; bent, flying limbs; and low center of gravity move at hip-hop speed. And, again, the dancers cluster and disperse to the propulsive, overlapping beats of the American and African music. But in "Serving Nia" that music is most often jazz—Roy Brooks, Branford Marsalis, and Dizzy Gillespie. In response, Brown multiplies the moments of vivid chaos and graces the dancers with eccentricities. A woman repeatedly swipes at her neck as if at a mosquito bite, and a man slices his arm into his belly like he's hit a jammed turnstile. "When you're on the stage and there are the lights and the makeup, it's easy to think this is about you," says Brown. "So these are reminders that there's something larger." "Blues Suite" and "Revelations" complete the program. ♦ Dec. 1 at 2: "Night Creature," "Chocolate Sessions," "Following the Subtle Current Upstream," and "Revelations." ♦ Dec. 1 at 8: "Blues Suite," "Serving Nia," and "Caravan." ♦ Dec. 2 at 3: "Serving Nia," "Night Creature," "Chocolate Sessions," and "Grace." ♦ Dec. 2 at 7:30: "Caravan," "Following the Subtle Current Upstream," and "Revelations." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212. Through Dec. 30.)

BALLET HISPANICO

The Upper West Side company's première this season—Ramón Oller's "Bésame," performed to Latin-American popular songs—may not shed much light on its ancient subject, lost and found love, but it does suggest a promising future for the fusion of modern dance and ballet. Oller combines ballet's articulate legs with a weighted, pliant torso and craggy arms as wide-spanning as wings. The dance's several linked duets are sculptural without being stiff, and plush without being goopy. Repertory works by Ann Reinking, David Rousséve, Pedro Ruiz, and Oller fill out the program. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Nov. 27 at 7:30, Nov. 28-30 at 8, Dec. 1 at 2 and 8, and Dec. 2 at 2 and 7:30. Through Dec. 9.)

IMPROVISATION FESTIVAL/NY

Seventy-five dancers practiced in the art of being here now overtake several venues in the East Village and the Lower East Side for the next two weeks. The international cast includes Jess Curtis, K. J. Holmes, Yvonne Meier, Jennifer Monson, and the duo Roseane Chamecki and Andrea Lerner. (Danspace Project, St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave., at 10th St. 674-8194. Nov. 29-30 and Dec. 2 at 8:30. **Note:** For information about other festival events, call Movement Research, at 539-2611.)

NIGHT LIFE
CONCERTS

ELTON JOHN

In the wake of "Songs from the West Coast," an album heralded as a welcome return to form, the flamboyant king of classic rock triumphantly holds court at the Garden. Expect costume changes, boas, and other Liberace-style excesses. (Madison Square Garden. 307-7171. Nov. 27-28 at 8.)

"NEW YORK STEEL"

In the stereotypical romantic view, New York City is the home of fey, clove-smoking beatniks in berets and fabulously dressed scenesters raving to techno in the pre-dawn hours. Underneath it all, however, New York is a blue-collar city, and the blue-collar gang digs heavy metal—and lots of it. To benefit those who served and died in the World Trade Center disaster, a wide range of decidedly old-school metal luminaries gather, including a reunited Twisted Sister and the unfortunately named Anthrax. (Hammerstein Ballroom, Manhattan Center, 311 W. 34th St. 564-4882. Nov. 28 at 8.)

"JAMMIN' ON THE HAMMOND: AN ORGAN SUMMIT"

The reigning master of the Hammond B3 electric organ, Jimmy Smith, won't be on hand at this gathering, but plenty of his disciples will be, including Dr. Lonnie Smith, Jimmy McGriff, Rhoda

Scott, and Joey DeFrancesco. The support team is worth seeing all by themselves: notable sidemen for these shows include the guitarists Pat Martino, John Abercrombie, and Randy Johnston; the saxophonists Hank Crawford, Houston Person, James Carter, and Ronnie Cuber; and the drummer Idris Muhammad. (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. Nov. 29 at 8 and Dec. 1 at 8.)

ARDOIN FAMILY BAND
A night of *la musique créole,* a foot-stomping string-fed precursor to contemporary zydeco. (La Belle Époque, 827 Broadway, at 13th St. For more information, call 685-7597. Dec. 2 at 7:30.)

CLUBS

Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives; it's advisable to call ahead to confirm engagements.

B. B. KING BLUES CLUB & GRILL
237 W. 42nd St. (997-4144)—Nov. 30-Dec. 1: **Dr. John,** whose gruff, back-porch take on R. & B. has been much imitated but never matched. After last year's nod to Ellington, "Duke Elegant," the keyboard wizard returns with a new album, "Creole Moon." With the help of the fiddler Michael Doucet and the guitarist Sonny Landreth, it's a rousing tribute to the music of southwestern Louisiana. Dec. 2: The Southern-fried fusion group Dixie Dregs, led by the guitarist **Steve Morse,** provides an evening of fret-board histrionics.

BOTTOM LINE
15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Nov. 30-Dec. 1: **Jane Siberry.** The eccentric Canadian singer-songwriter (sample title: "Everything Reminds Me of My Dog") delivers three nights of otherworldly, and often extraordinary, inventiveness. She's on tour in support of her latest, self-released album, "City."

BOWERY BALLROOM
6 Delancey St. (533-2111)—Nov. 28: Led by Mark Oliver Everett (who calls himself E), the **Eels** have managed over the course of three astounding albums—"Beautiful Freak," "Electro-Shock Blues," and "Daisies of the Galaxy"—to create that rarest thing in contemporary pop: a unique sound. Everett, a bearded misfit who often performs in jeans and a hooded sweatshirt (hood up, of course, just like in junior high), constructs tunes around shaggy bass lines and buzzing guitars. At a recent show in Germany, the director Wim Wenders, who shot a video for the band's recent U.K. import, "Souljacker," joined them onstage, playing the congas. With the former teen-age wonder and Radish front man **Ben Kweller.** He has long since left his grunge days behind and has, over the past few years, been exploring a wide variety of music. He's been known to toss off a bluegrass version of the Vanilla Ice single "Ice Ice Baby." Nov. 30: Formed in New York City in 1974 and disbanded in 1978, the **Dictators** may not have their own special vitrine in the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, but they are nonetheless one of the cornerstones of American punk. Led by the rock-fanzine editor Andy (Adny) Shernoff and the wrestler turned rocker Handsome Dick Manitoba, the group offers thrashing, humorous music played at high volume—and with high spirits.

BROWNIES
169 Avenue A, at 10th St. (420-8392)—Nov. 29: A bill of driven rock and roll, with the sparkling neo-Brit pop of Boston's **Auto Interiors** and the downtown New York City power trio **Shelby,** featuring Kenny Cummings on guitar and vocals, who crank out snappy little songs that address such timeless subjects as lost love, desire, and the whereabouts of Loudon Wainwright. Dec. 1: The sophisticated accordion-driven Continental punk of Brooklyn's **Barbez,** the Western-influenced Spanish-English musings of **Cordero,** which features former members of Man . . . or Astro-Man? and Rock*A*Teens, and **Big Lazy,** the elegantly gritty instrumental trio led by the extraordinary guitarist Stephen Ulrich.

KNITTING FACTORY
74 Leonard St., between Broadway and Church St. (219-3055)—Nov. 29-30: The local hardcore musicians in **Sick of It All** have been practicing their particularly aggressive brand of stealthy punk since the early eighties. Having survived the fickle tides of fashion and many an accusation that their burly output boasted more vitriol than actual melodies, Sick of It All still adhere to a Marine-like aesthetic without frills or apologies. Dec. 3-4: The members of the **Dirty Dozen Brass Band** are Crescent City revisionists who put the stomp into everything they play, from Jelly Roll Morton to Michael Jackson. James Brown aside, the Brass Band's tuba player may be the hardest-working man in show business.

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—Nov. 30: The forty-nine-year-old Brazilian guitarist **Vinicius Cantuária** spent the early part of his career writing songs for such superstar compatriots as Caetano Veloso and Gal Costa. For the past six years, though, he's lived in New York City, rubbing elbows with a radical set of musicians, including Bill Frisell, Arto Lindsay, David Byrne, and Laurie Anderson. As a result his bossa nova has an avant-garde edge, but it never loses its quiet power.

VILLAGE UNDERGROUND
130 W. 3rd St. (777-7745)—Nov. 30: **Ian Hunter,** the charismatic former lead singer of the great seventies glam rockers Mott the Hoople, may not have reached the commercial success of such peers as David Bowie and Queen, but his cynical, self-effacing, regular-Joe lyrical style figured prominently in the gestation of British punk rock, which followed his years with Mott. And Hunter's most recent album, "Rant," was one of the truly pleasant surprises of last year: an album by a middle-aged rocker that didn't sound either stale or artificial. Dec. 1: The guitarist **Richard Lloyd** was a pioneer

BORDERS®

BOOKS • MUSIC • MOVIES • CAFE

Discover the Classical Essentials at Borders

Antonio Vivaldi
Glorias
Stephen Cleobury & George Guest, Conductors
London Classics / Double Decker
In a comprehensive introduction to Vivaldi's sacred music, Stephen Cleobury and George Guest lead the renowned choirs of King's College and St. John's College.
$15.99

Johann Sebastian Bach
Mass in B Minor/Mass in F
Kurt Redel & Eugen Jochum, Conductors
Philips
The Munich Pro Arte Orchestra and the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra and Chorus offer truly classic renditions of two of Bach's towering sacred pieces.
$15.99

George Frideric Handel
Messiah Highlights
Sir George Solti, Conductor
Penguin Classics
This single-disc overview of Handel's most popular work features Solti at his most theatrical and an amazingly trained, 100-member chorus that captures all of the work's majesty and power. Includes liner notes by Garrison Keillor.
$9.99

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart
Great Choral Works
Sir Colin Davis, Conductor
Philips
This epic entry in the Duo series from Philips presents two discs for the price of one and features stirring renditions of Mozart's choral masterpieces, including the *Requiem, Great Mass,* and *Coronation Mass.*
$15.99

George Gershwin
Rhapsody in Blue/An American in Paris
Lorin Maazel & Arthur Fiedler, Conductors
Penguin Classics
With piano maestro Ivan Davis's jubilant take on *Rhapsody in Blue* and performances by the Boston Pops and the Cleveland Orchestra, this recording is a fitting tribute to the genius of an American master. Includes an essay by author David McCullough in the liner notes.
$9.99

© 2001 Borders, Inc. 11939

BORDERS
classical
essentials

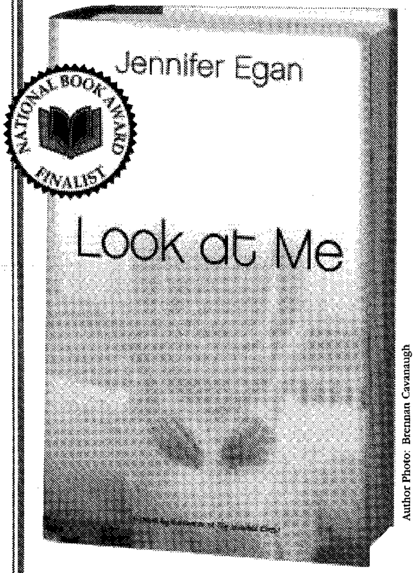
Borders Classical Essentials. Whether you're starting your classical library or looking for a worthy addition, *Borders Classical Essentials* offers artistry and elegance from the world's finest performers. From Albinoni to Wagner this music will delight aficionados and novices alike. For a comprehensive listing of all *Borders Classical Essentials* recordings, look for the full catalogs in our stores. To find a Borders store near you, call 1-888-81BOOKS. Or shop at www.borders.com.*

* Prices may vary online.

Accolades abound for

JENNIFER EGAN's

"quintessentially American vision of America"*



Author Photo: Brennan Cavanaugh

"Comic, richly imagined, and stunningly written."
—*The New Yorker**

"A haunting, sharp, splendidly articulate novel."
—Janet Maslin, *The New York Times*

"Emotionally arresting and slyly suspenseful."
—*Newsday*

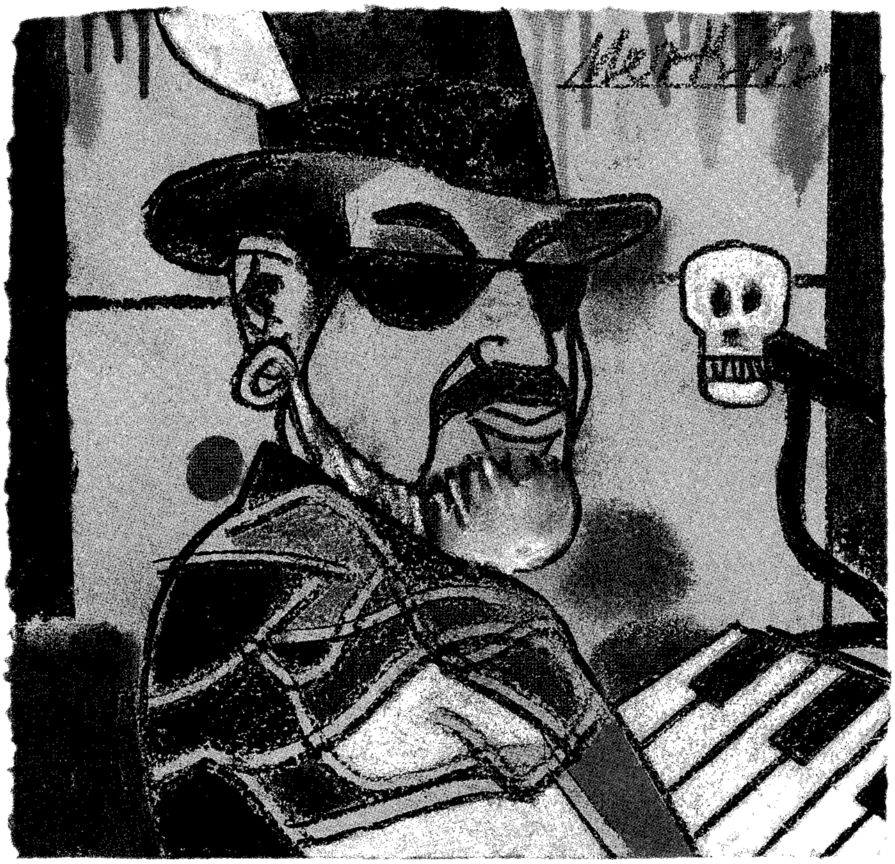
"The real thing—brave, honest, unflinching."
—Francine Prose, *The New York Observer*

NAN A. TALESE DOUBLEDAY
Available wherever books are sold
www.nanatalese.com

of the New York City punk scene during his days as the foil to Tom Verlaine and his more ethereal fret work in the band Television. Following brief Television reunions, Lloyd has released some eccentric solo material, the latest of which is "The Cover Doesn't Matter."

JAZZ AND STANDARDS

ALGONQUIN HOTEL
59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—Through Dec. 1: The vocalist **Paula West** has a winning combination of Nancy Wilson-like élan, easy swing, and mountain-spring diction. Her show features a repertoire that jaunts easily from standards and offbeat show tunes to a dual reading (by alternating verses) of "Night in Tunisia" and "Caravan." The **Eric Reed** trio assists. Dining.



The New Orleans piano dynamo Dr. John, at the B. B. King Blues Club & Grill.

RICHARD MERKIN

BIRDLAND
315 W. 44th St. (581-3080)—Nov. 27-Dec. 2: The spirit of prewar Paris will fill Birdland as a corps of Django-phile guitarists and sundry instrumentalists including Boulou and Elios Ferre, Alain Jean Marie, Angelo Debarre, Frank Vignola, Jon Burr, Ola Kvenberg, and the saxophonist James Carter (on Nov. 30 only) salute the brilliant Gypsy guitarist as part of the **Second Annual Django Reinhardt Festival.** The veteran guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli joins in on the final night. Dining.

BLUE NOTE
131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Through Dec. 2: It's always a big treat to watch the swinging septuagenarian drummer **Elvin Jones** express his rhythmic whims with his muscular band the Jazz Machine. But it's positively stunning to hear him with the still-avant-garde pianist **Cecil Taylor** (at the late shows only) in what has become something of an annual meeting. It is not to be missed.

CARLYLE HOTEL
Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound murals, and the magisterially puckish **Bobby Short.** On Mondays the café is home to **Woody Allen and the Eddie Davis New Orleans Jazz Band.** ♦ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **Barbara Carroll** is in attendance.

FEINSTEIN'S AT THE REGENCY
540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (339-4095)—Through Dec. 22: Back on his home turf, the pianist **Michael Feinstein** presents a program of holiday songs. He's also introducing a new singer, **Maude Maggart.**

IRIDIUM
1650 Broadway, at 51st St. (582-2121)—Through Dec. 2: The pianist **McCoy Tyner's** chords still thunder, and his single-note passages continue to whip around the keyboard like a marathon runner. Like the drummer Elvin Jones, the other surviving member of John Coltrane's "classic quartet," Tyler may not be ageless, but he is growing older with defiance as well as grace. His magnificent modal onslaughts will be leavened by the Latin-jazz variations of **Dave Valentin's** flute. Mondays belong to the electric-guitar innovator **Les Paul.**

TONIC
107 Norfolk St. (358-7503)—Nov. 29: This year the supple and ever-resourceful saxophonist and clarinet player **Marty Ehrlich** released one of his most compelling recordings yet: the expressly lyrical "Song." He's also assembled one of his most agile bands in the pianist **Uri Caine,** the bassist **Michael Formanek,** and the drummer **Billy Drummond,** making this downtown appearance a major event.

VILLAGE VANGUARD
178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Through Dec. 2: **Greg Osby** is the modern bandleader to put your money on. He's an altoist with his own sound—bright and metallic-toned, with a rhythmic energy that follows its own skewed metronome—and he's fast becoming the Art Blakey of his day, collecting a coterie of bright young players around him. The most dazzling of

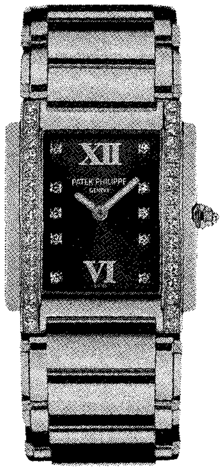
them all may be the pianist **Jason Moran,** a wily, unpredictable improviser who meshes perfectly with Osby, and from the recent evidence of his own recent recording, "Black Stars," is the next major jazz talent to watch closely. The **Vanguard Jazz Orchestra** holds sway on Mondays.

ART
MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. (879-5500)—**"Pieter Bruegel the Elder, Drawings and Prints."** Fifty of Bruegel's sixty-one known drawings, many of them paired with the engravings (by other talented hands) for which they were designs, range from acutely poetic landscapes to surreal fantasies that were influenced by Hieronymus Bosch. While taking the dimmest possible view of human character, he embraced raw human energy with a zest that feels all-forgiving. His landscapes comprehend the grandeur and the scraggliness of nature in equal measure. Through Dec. 2. ♦ Some artists were not meant for retrospectives. In the case of Paul Signac (1863-1935), an acolyte and understudy of Georges Seurat, faint praise would have been more flattering. The young Signac, a determined avant-gardist of middling talent, hitched himself to Seurat's star in 1884. From then on, he served as cheerleader for their willfully formulaic style. Signac's own Pointillist efforts, especially the placid harbor scenes of the eighteen-nineties, have an appealing kind of stippled, calming brightness. Through Dec. 30. ♦ **"Quintet of Remembrance,"** a handsome and pretentious video by Bill Viola, is the first work in its medium to enter the Met's collection. It is a silent sixteen-minute projection in slow motion of a one-minute performance by five people. Standing together, they enact tragic emotions, in reaction to an unidentified, evidently harrowing offscreen event. Viola says that he was inspired by emotive stylings in Renaissance paintings. Insufficiently awed viewers may be hard put not to giggle at the actors' solemn mugging, which suggests a high-rent answer to the male-model movie comedy "Zoolander." The woman on the left appears to be attempting to channel Maria Falconetti (who was a lot better) from Carl Dreyer's "The Passion of Joan of Arc." Through May 5. (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:30, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 9.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—An Alberto Giacometti retrospective reacquaints us with the Swiss sculptor's iconic skinny statues while emphasizing his paintings and his less esteemed Surrealist objects of the nineteen-thirties. Revision is not achieved. Except for "The Palace at 4 A.M." and "Woman with Her Throat Cut"—two 1932 marvels that bespeak bolt-from-the-blue inspiration like that of Coleridge's "Kubla Khan"—the objects show Giacometti in a weakly pandering mode. The paintings, mostly portraits from the nineteen-fifties, expend obsessive energy to visually skimpy ends. But the great statues are more engaging than ever. These tragicomic presences don't so much stand in the world as stand up to it, ravaged by the very space around them but maintaining vestigial subjectivity in the thrust of a chin, the tilt of a hip, and the set of a shoulder—calling to the heart. Through Jan. 8. (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, and Thursdays, 10:30 to 5:45; Fridays, 10:30 to 8:15.)

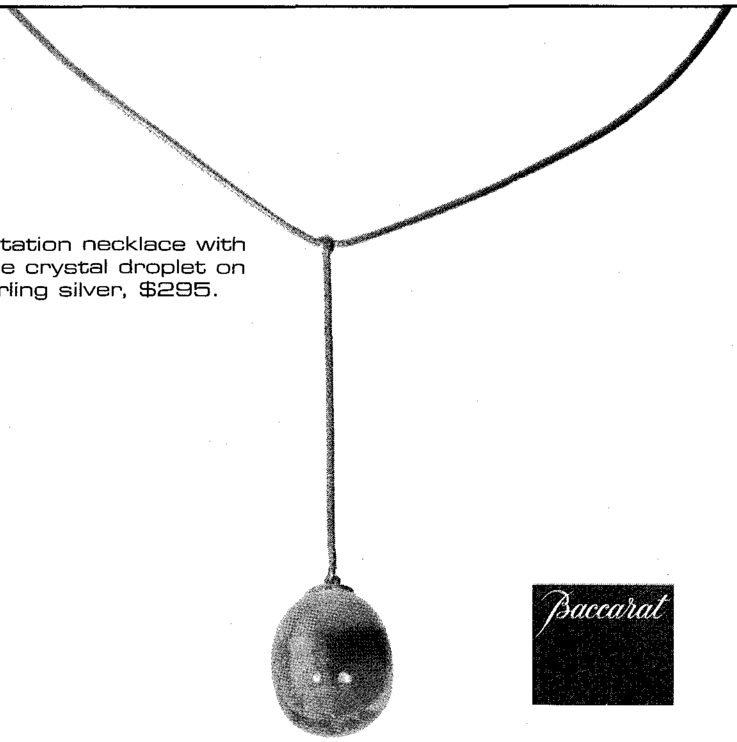
GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (423-3500)—The retrospective **"Norman Rockwell: Pictures for the American People"** arrives at the end of a two-year tour—during which serious critical interest in the great cornball illustrator arose, scored some points, and went back into retirement. Rockwell's genius as a visual storyteller proves almost as immune to critical appreciation as to snobbish animus. His three hundred and twenty-two *Saturday Evening Post* covers—arrayed here with some of their deftly painted originals—imagine an America



PATEK PHILIPPE
GENEVE

Twenty~4®
by Patek Philippe available
in 18 karat gold or steel

For information: Patek Philippe, Dept. 703,
One Rockefeller Plaza, New York, New York 10020. Tel: (212) 218 1240. www.patek.com



Tentation necklace with
Jade crystal droplet on
sterling silver, $295.

Baccarat

For information, please call 800-777-0100.
New York Aspen Dallas Greenwich Houston Palm Desert San Francisco South Coast Plaza Troy
www.baccarat.fr

whose chief quality is winsome tolerance: people who are mildly at odds with life or each other but are, after all, perfectly O.K. Even in wartime, his congenital, at times daunting, optimism never faltered. Nor did his hardworking pictorial mastery, with its implicit flattery of popular taste—as if Americans deserved no less than an Escoffier to prepare their hot dogs. Through March 3. ♦ For **"Brazil: Body & Soul"** the Thomas Krens team has gone to new extremes, utterly transforming the museum and leaving one awed by the mega-exhibition's scope, design, audacity, and cost. The rotunda is now a Stygian theatre, with a massive baroque altarpiece in its center. From there, viewers ascend past ranks of polychromed Madonnas, carved lions, ex-votos, and tribal videos and arrive, finally, at a celestial ring of white rooms, where the baroque (which lasted nearly three centuries in Brazil) abruptly gives way to modernism. Through Jan. 27. (Open Sundays through Wednesdays, 9 to 6; Fridays and Saturdays, 9 to 8.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART
Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-3676)—**"Over the Line: The Art and Life of Jacob Lawrence"** smashingly reintroduces us to an artist who, when he died last year at the age of eighty-three, could have seemed an overfamiliar icon (or token, even) of African-American artistry: earnest social realist in mission, generic modernist in style. That estimate overlooks Lawrence's intensity as a truth teller. His Depression-era Harlem vignettes bite with savage joy, and his classic sixty-painting suite, "The Migration of the Negro" (1941), is more moving and informative than ever. Less impassioned later works still grip the viewer with the artist's determination to get his subjects exactly right. Blunt physicality (of touch and scale) is essential to their urgency—a quality that often leaks away in reproductions. Above all, the Lawrence of this show no longer feels like a special case in American art: his enterprise is the bone and sinew of what we are. Through Feb. 3. ♦ **"Into the Light: The Projected Image in American Art, 1964-1977."** This historical survey focusses on early experimentation with film projections, as well as with sound, live video feeds, and holography. Through Jan. 6. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, and weekends, 11 to 6, Fridays, 1 to 9.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM OF ART
Eastern Parkway (718-638-5000)—Slinkys and Tupperware share equal billing with Pollock and Calder in **"Vital Forms: American Art and Design in the Atomic Age, 1940-1960,"** an innovative show dedicated to organic forms in art and design in the mid-twentieth century. In the main gallery, the objects are grouped by affinity rather than medium, so an Ellsworth Kelly painting in biomorphic black and blue hangs above a white Noguchi sofa and near a pair of Charles James ball gowns. In one of the show's most arresting moments, a photograph of a postatomic mushroom cloud is installed near a Barnett Newman painting from 1946 titled "Pagan Void," its gaping center a wrenching Rorschach of anxiety. Through Jan. 6. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NEUE GALLERIE
Fifth Ave. at 86th St. (628-6200)—Like the Frick, the Gardner, and other small collector-driven museums, this new institution benefits not only from a tight focus and a distinctive space but also from a built-in cult of personality. Over the next few years, viewers will get to know the taste of founders Ronald Lauder and the late Serge Sabarsky intimately. An introductory survey, **"New Worlds: German and Austrian Art, 1890-1940,"** makes it clear that the founders bought wisely and with great luck in their (and now the museum's) eras and areas of interest, particularly German Expressionism, the Vienna Secession, and the Bauhaus. Egon Schiele is the best represented artist here, and perhaps the most representative, confronting sex, struggling with color, reflecting the day's questions of style and technique, and throwing in a little serious angst. Several of his watercolors, with their sharp-edged, stylized, and shaded characters, look like panels from a graphic novel. Through Feb. 18. (Open Mondays, Fridays, and Saturdays from 11 to 7, and Sundays 1 to 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays, from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.

HELEN FRANKENTHALER
New, dense, watercolorlike liquid acrylics on paper, up to five feet long, by the woman who invented color-field painting nearly half a century ago. The works justify their collective title, "The Lighthouse Series," with various impressions of light in dimness. Some verge on monochrome, without losing their faintly smoldering undercolors. The execution is fast and splooshy, the feeling as wet as all-day rain, and the tone dignified, to a fault, in the genteel Frankenthaler way, even in works where fiery reds prevail. At a time when color-field is back in favor, she reminds everybody that she was always the class act of the outfit. Through Jan. 12. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. 794-0550.)

"THE FIGURE"
A motley stoop-sale spirit pervades this strange, lively assortment of paintings and drawings. There are plenty of treasures, including Guy Pène du Bois's portrait of a wide-eyed flapper, the late Gregory Gillespie's portrait of his wife, and a self-portrait by the young Franz Kline. There's also some questionable semi-kitsch, notably one of Lorraine Shemesh's underwater swimmers, rendered in a dappled, Photo-Realist manner, at once luminous and excruciatingly corny. Through Dec. 20. (Stone, 113 E. 90th St. 987-4997.)

Short List

PER KIRKEBY
Werner, 4 E. 77th St. 988-1623.
Through Jan. 26.

ROY LICHTENSTEIN
Mitchell-Innes & Nash, 1018 Madison Ave.,
at 78th St. 744-7400. Through Jan. 12.

GABRIEL OROZCO
Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. 977-7160.
Through Dec. 29.

MARK ROTHKO
Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. 421-3292.
Through Jan. 5.

GALLERIES—CHELSEA

OLAF BREUNING
"Primitiv" pairs symbols of tribal societies with the primitive state of youth—the show's central photos and movie depict four surfers in fur suits with horned helmets. A two-room installation called "Apes" offers a path through a dark jungle, with a group of the surfers' hairy ancestors sitting around a fire. The flickering light and ambient noises that surround them transport the viewer, if not to the rain forest, then to the zoo, or a very fun version of the Museum of Natural History. The photographs are listless, but the film's amusing and the installation is satisfying; in general, Breuning's work seems stronger on MTV-like production values than on ideas. Through Dec. 1. (Metro Pictures, 519 W. 24th St. 206-7100.)

WILLEM DE KOONING
A glorious show of work from 1987, which was perhaps de Kooning's last good year—but who knows? Our appreciation keeps edging deeper into the twilight of the Master's Alzheimer's. (He had stopped working by 1990.) By now, all medical gossip is moot. The late, late style's formerly disconcerting look—slowly swooping and unpredictably veering ribbons of paint, majestically

"MALICIOUSLY FUNNY!"
-Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

STOCKARD CHANNING → JULIA STILES

THE BUSINESS OF STRANGERS

IFC FILMS PRESENTS AN i5 PICTURE IN ASSOCIATION WITH HEADQUARTERS A PATRICK STETTNER FILM THE BUSINESS OF STRANGERS
STOCKARD CHANNING JULIA STILES FREDERICK WELLER CASTING NICOLE ARBUSTO AND JOY DICKSON COMPOSER ALEXANDER LASARENKO COSTUME DESIGNERS KASIA WALICKA MAIMONE AND DAWN WEISBERG
PRODUCTION DESIGNER DINA GOLDMAN ASSOCIATE PRODUCER RAMSEY FONG LINE PRODUCER DERRICK TSENG EDITOR KEIKO DEGUCHI DIRECTOR OF PHOTOGRAPHY TEODORO MANIACI EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS SCOTT McGEHEE AND DAVID SIEGEL
PRODUCED BY SUSAN A. STOVER AND ROBERT H. NATHAN WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY PATRICK STETTNER
R RESTRICTED UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN
DOLBY DIGITAL
THEBUSINESSOFSTRANGERS.COM
© 2001 IFC Films, LLC
i5 IFCFilms
OPENS DECEMBER 7 IN SELECT CITIES

composed—has become a sturdy and influential fact of visual culture. With familiarity comes surrender to the paintings' frontal, streaming radiance. You don't exactly look at them. They happen to you like visual music, often with chords of the damnedest colors. One canvas does wonders with just red and yellow. Another makes purple and caramel seem as if they're all that human happiness requires. Through Dec. 22. (Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. 243-0200.)

DAMON LEHRER

In his New York solo début, the prodigiously gifted Lehrer shows off his Old Masterish skills and sky-high ambition. The show's centerpiece is an eighteen-foot-long operatic tableau. Against a mountainous backdrop that could be Arizona or Galilee, young men and women pose in a solemn, secular Deposition. The premise feels shaky—despite Lehrer's insistence, it's hard to believe that altarpiece traditions can be imported wholesale into the twenty-first century. The absence of irony is as striking—and perversely admirable—as Lehrer's silky, painterly panache, which is on a level seen more often in the Frick than in Chelsea. Through Dec. 1. (Tatistcheff, 529 W. 20th St. 627-4547.)

Short List

MARCO BRAMBILLA
Urbach, 526 W. 26th St. 627-0974.
Through Dec. 8.
JOHN CURRIN
Rosen, 525 W. 24th St. 627-6000.
Through Dec. 15.
RICHARD SERRA
Gagosian, 555 W. 24th St. 741-1111.
Through Dec. 15.

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

GHADA AMER

Amer, who was born in Egypt, returned there recently to work on this "Encyclopedia of Pleasure," transcribing and illustrating Ali Ibn Nasr Al Katib's eleventh- or twelfth-century book of the same title. Her small drawings, full of stitching and stickers, are rarely as explicit as the text, which has been embroidered in gold on piles of white cloth-covered boxes. Viewers have to dance a bit, bending and shuffling around her installation, to read its occasionally Kama Sutra-esque advice. The impossibility of studying more than one side of a box at a time makes it easy to get a passage out of context—and to get Amer's most topical suggestion. If, as she says, "this book was written by a Muslim, centuries ago, and is forbidden today, according to Muslim law," then the interpretation of sacred texts must involve similar acrobatics. Through Dec. 22. (Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. 343-7300.)

STAN DOUGLAS

In case you thought the seventies were all about disco and "Charlie's Angels," this Canadian artist wants you to know that their secret meaning is somehow related to "the current distribution of power." He seeks to prove his point with a video remake of "Journey Into Fear," a Second World War-era film retooled by Daniel Mann in 1975, with the oil crisis as a backdrop. Douglas set his version aboard a cargo ship, contrasting talky shots of a man and a woman (pithy quotes about a fictional entity called the World Charity Organization abound) with exterior scenes of the vessel. Through Dec. 22. (Zwirner, 43 Greene St. 966-9074.)

KENNY SCHARF

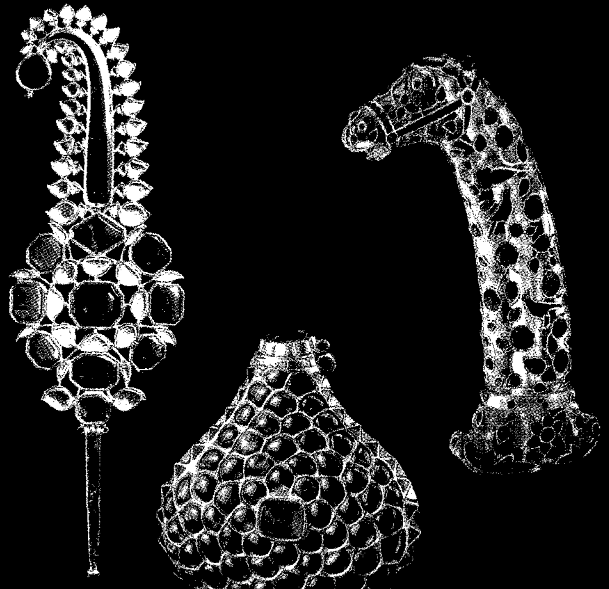
This show opens with a portrait of Scharf's dealer, the gallery owner Tony Shafrazi—a work requiring just the sort of diplomacy that drove Sargent from portrait-painting. Scharf took care of that by making his dealer (as he did almost all of his subjects) into an icon: "Maharaji Shafrazi" floats against a bright, futuristic Middle Eastern city, in an ornate frame. Others venerated include Ed Ruscha, RuPaul, and Cindy Sherman, as an "Angel in Hell." It isn't all celebrities: a monumental "Family Portrait," nearly twenty feet wide, shows Scharf and his wife and children hovering among symbols of the good life and recent history, including houses, a dog, a Cadillac, and the burning World Trade Center. The painting affirms Scharf's brand of kooky traditionalism twice over: he paints from life, and his loved ones prove to be his ideal subjects. Through Dec. 1. (Shafrazi, 119 Wooster St. 274-9300.)

"HEAVENLY VISIONS: SHAKER GIFT DRAWINGS AND GIFT SONGS"

The nineteenth-century drawings in this strange and beautiful show have more in common with New Age channelling than with the no-nonsense aesthetics we have come to know as Shaker style. The drawings were termed "gifts" because their images were received in ecstatic visions (the shaking behind the term Shakers) and later transcribed in pen and ink or watercolor. Incredibly ornate and meticulously rendered, they combine decorative motifs, often floral, with tiny script, sometimes in legible (if eye-straining) English and others in an inscrutable notation resembling Arabic. Some appear to be instructions, while others resemble architectural layouts (a handful even take the elliptical shape of a thought balloon). But regardless of their imagery the drawings share a hypnotic allure. Through Dec. 15. (The Drawing Center, 35 Wooster St. 219-2166.)

"GREEN ON GREENE"

The high modernists, as Robert Rosenblum reminds us in a suavely chatty catalogue essay, eschewed the color green, preferring the unmixed virtues of primary hues. In our more happily miscegenational era, the color of eeriness, chlorophyll, and cash has crept back into its rightful place on the palette of artists such as Julian Schnabel, Gerhard Richter, Richard Tuttle, and—of course—Ellsworth Kelly. This incongruously blue-chip collection was meant to serve as a farewell to the gallery's SoHo digs, which now look like they may remain open a few months longer. Through Dec. 15. (Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. 431-3685.)



Royal Splendor
"TREASURY OF THE WORLD"
Jeweled Arts of India in the Age of the Mughals
Now through January 13, 2002
THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART
Friday and Saturday 9:30 a.m. - 9 p.m. • Sunday, Tuesday - Thursday 9:30 a.m. - 5:30 p.m. • Closed Monday
Fifth Avenue at 82nd Street • 212.535.7710 • For an online preview visit www.metmuseum.org
Broadcast Sponsor of The Metropolitan Museum of Art
4 NBC WNBC NEW YORK
Tickets not required for special exhibitions.
Organized by The al-Sabah Collection, Kuwait National Museum, in collaboration with The Metropolitan Museum of Art.
Made possible in part by the Gail and Parker Gilbert Fund.
Indemnity granted by the Federal Council on the Arts and the Humanities.
Left to right: Turban ornament, second half 17th century; small bottle, early 17th century; and dagger hilt, late 16th-early 17th century, all from The al-Sabah Collection, Kuwait National Museum.

Short List

PATTY CHANG
Tilton/Kustera, 49 Greene St. 941-1775.
Through Dec. 8.

ANDREA ZITTEL
Inglett, 100 Wooster St. 343-0573.
Through Dec. 15.

"WIDELY UNKNOWN"
Deitch Projects, 18 Wooster St. 343-7300.
Through Dec. 22.

AUCTIONS AND ANTIQUES

SOTHEBY'S
Nov. 28 at 10:15 A.M.: American paintings, drawings, and sculpture. While the morning session includes works by such artists as Heade, Hassam, and Frieseke, the standout of the sale is "Mr. and Mrs. William Vaughan of Aurora, Illinois," by the folk artist Sheldon Peck (1797-1868), which is estimated to sell for approximately two million dollars. ♦ Nov. 28 at 2: Georgia O'Keeffe's iconic "The Barns, Lake George" is the highlight of the afternoon sale, which also includes works by Hopper, Demuth, Rockwell, and Avery. ♦ Nov. 29 at 10:15 A.M.: The sporting library of Edward Sands Litchfield. In addition to a first edition (from 1653) of Izaak Walton's "The Compleat Angler," the collection includes a first edition of Audubon's "The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America" (expected to bring up to four hundred thousand dollars) and books such as Skues and Overfield's "The Way of a Man with a Trout," which includes actual fly ties bound into the text. ♦ Dec. 1 at 10 A.M. and 2: An auction of wine. ♦ Dec. 1 at 10:15 A.M. and 2: A sale of twentieth-century art works, furniture, and decorative objects features "Deux Petits Léopards," a bronze by Rembrandt Bugatti. After the final session of the sale, which concludes at approximately 3 P.M., the house offers a selection of works in glass by Louis Comfort Tiffany. (York Ave. at 72nd St. 606-7000.)

CHRISTIE'S
Nov. 29 at 10 A.M. and 2: A sale of American paintings, drawings, and sculpture, including Childe Hassam's "Dock Scene, Gloucester" (expected to bring more than a million dollars) and watercolors by Winslow Homer. ♦ Dec. 4 at 10 A.M. and 2: Jewelry. (20 Rockefeller Plaza, at 49th St. 636-2000.)

PHILLIPS
Nov. 26 at 7: A special, one-lot auction of Jamie Wyeth's "September 11," a painting created in response to the World Trade Center tragedy. (All proceeds from the sale will go to the Twin Towers Fund.) A reception precedes the sale at 6. ♦ Dec. 3 at 10:30 A.M. and 2:30: The house offers its first New York sale of jewels, a selection of items from the mid-nineteenth century to the present. (3 W. 57th St. 570-4830.)

SWANN
Nov. 29 at 10:30 A.M.: "Printed and Manuscript Americana," including books, maps, diaries, and ephemera. A second edition of Audubon's "Birds of America" and a selection of Latin-American items are featured in the sale. (104 E. 25th St. 254-4710.)

NEW YORK INTERNATIONAL ANTIQUARIAN FINE ART FAIR
The city's newest fine-art fair, featuring a wide selection of paintings, silver, photographs, Judaica, Islamic art, furniture, textiles, and much more. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 30-Dec. 4. For more information, call 759-2500.)

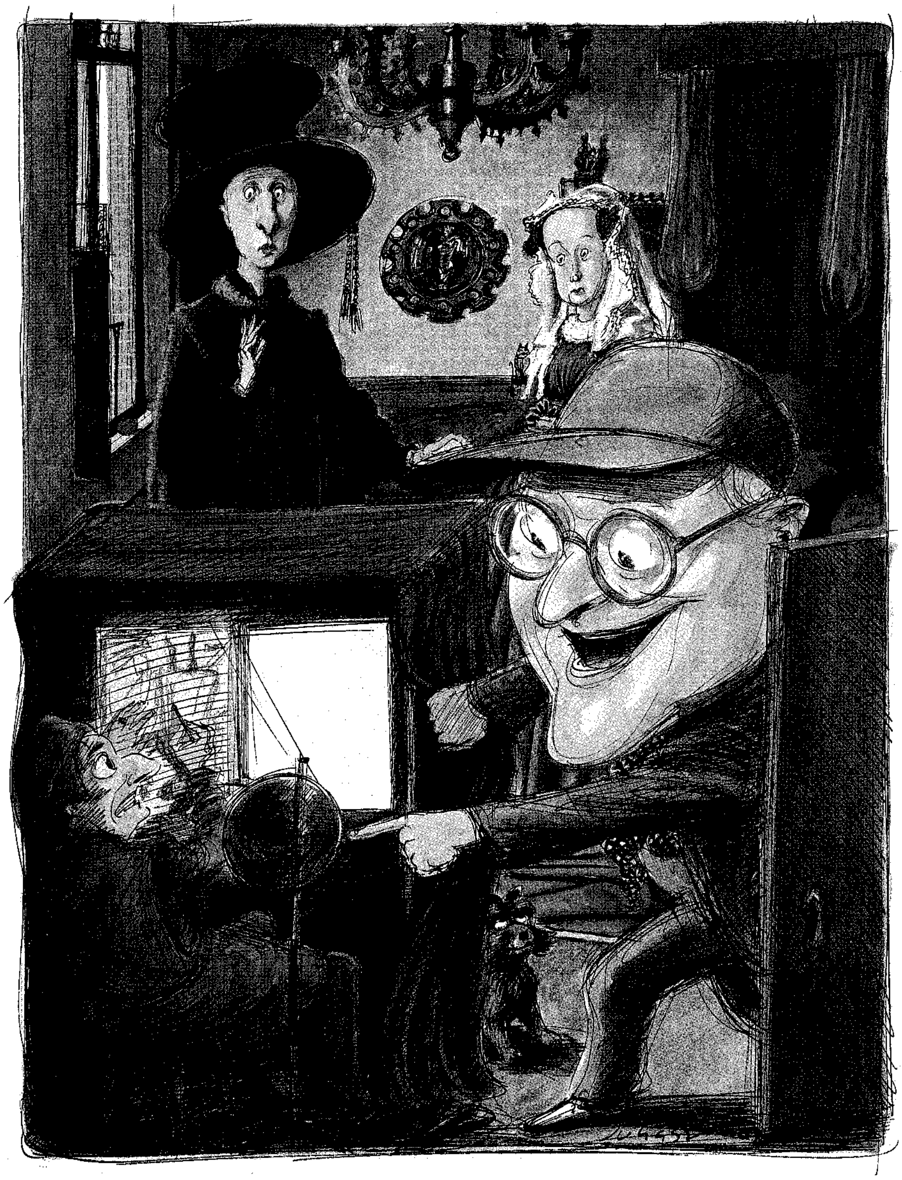
PHOTOGRAPHY

WYNN BULLOCK (1902-1975)
"Realities and Metaphors" is New York's first Bullock show since a 1976 retrospective at the Met. It offers plenty of his signature nudes in landscapes, including "Child in Forest" (1951), from the opening pages of Stieglitz's "The Family of Man," and a large collection of lesser-known work made at the beginning and end of his career. Aaron Siskind-like abstract studies of nature are not entirely unexpected, but several solarized portraits from the forties, reminiscent of Man Ray's, seem refreshingly out of character. Through Jan. 5. (Miller, 20 W. 57th St. 397-3930)

LEO RUBINFIEN
When most photographers have their cameras packed away in overhead compartments, Rubinfien is taking pictures—of the sunrise from an airplane window, partially obscured by the wing; a fellow-passenger curled in a window seat, viewed from the aisle; a family stranded on a layover. With a tender eye, he observes the spaced-out zone his fellow-travellers retreat into, half-asleep even when awake. Some of the images convey a mood of vague excitement, others a dystopia of rootlessness. Through Dec. 22. (Mann, 210 Eleventh Ave. 989-7600.)

JÖRG SASSE
Gerhard Richter once wrote of his realist canvases that he was "practicing photography by other means"; the same could be said of Sasse and painting. The artist collects amateur snapshots and digitally manipulates them, producing lush prints mounted on acrylic glass which hover between mediums. The pictures' numeric titles sound like file names, echoing their anonymous, archival origins. In "5891," a bright nighttime light is reflected in water, recalling Whistler's "Nocturne in Black and Gold," and in the beach scene "9109," the pixels could be Impressionist brushstrokes but for the obdurate flatness of their surface. Through Jan. 12. (Lehmann Maupin, 39 Greene St. 965-0753.)

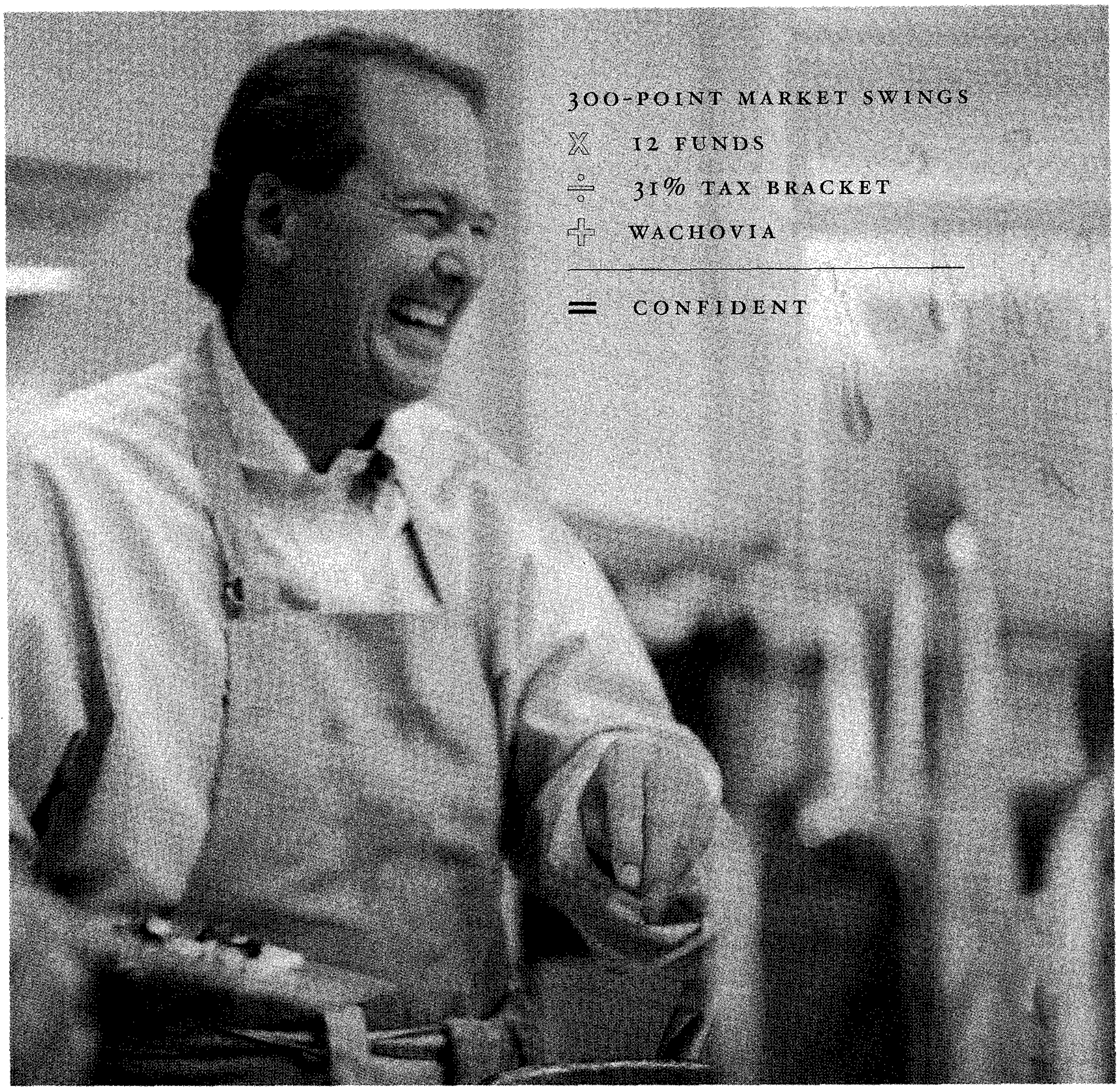
THOMAS WREDE
These initially confusing scenes, picturesque landscapes interrupted by incongruously prosaic household fixtures, could easily have been digitally constructed or staged, but they document existing spaces. Wrede, who lives in Münster, Germany, solicited owners of homes with intact panoramic photographic wallpaper—a fad of the nineteen-sixties and seventies—through a newspaper advertisement, and visited a dozen of them, many of whom have also hung onto other bits of period décor. His coöperative subjects set out flowers on a table under the Brooklyn Bridge, tidied a beachfront desk, and cleaned a sink and toilet afloat in a blue lake strewn with water lilies. Wrede's questions about photographic style arrive just in time to help viewers consider—which will look dated first, the Gursky or the couch? Through Dec. 22. (Cristinerose, 529 W. 20th St. 206-0297.)



A NEW PERSPECTIVE *David Hockney's revolutionary theories about the use of optical devices by the Old Masters get a healthy airing at a two-day conference this week, featuring the artist, the physicist Charles Falco, the writer Lawrence Weschler, and other panelists, who are slightly more skeptical of Hockney's conclusions (see Above and Beyond).*

VICTOR JUHASZ

©Wachovia Corporation

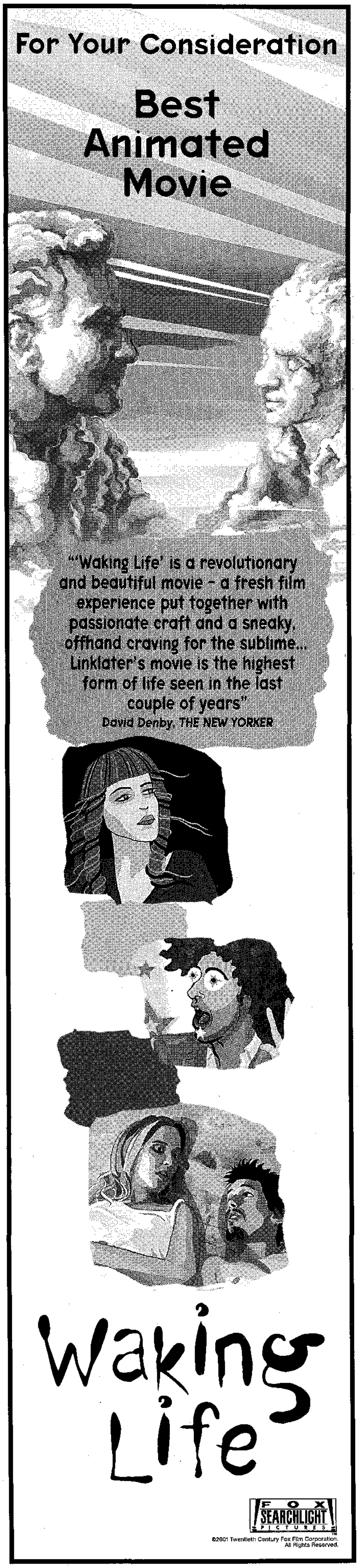

300-POINT MARKET SWINGS
× 12 FUNDS
÷ 31% TAX BRACKET
+ WACHOVIA
= CONFIDENT

The world is full of companies offering financial advice. But few have 120 years of experience and $226 billion in assets under management. Wachovia has entered its third century of managing wealth, and never have our capabilities been so broad or focused. Seasoned advisors lead teams of top-tier investment, risk management, credit and estate planning specialists to optimize your opportunities, and minimize your taxes.

BE CONFIDENT THAT YOUR WEALTH MANAGEMENT SOLUTIONS WORK FOR YOU.

LET'S GET STARTED.®

WACHOVIA


For Your Consideration
Best Animated Movie
"'Waking Life' is a revolutionary and beautiful movie - a fresh film experience put together with passionate craft and a sneaky, offhand craving for the sublime... Linklater's movie is the highest form of life seen in the last couple of years"
David Denby, THE NEW YORKER
Waking Life
FOX SEARCHLIGHT PICTURES
©2001 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All Rights Reserved.

INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY
1133 Sixth Ave., at 43rd St. 857-0000—**"Helmut Newton: Work,"** a retrospective; **"The Construction of the Paris Opera: Photographs of Delmaet and Durandelle"**; and **" 'Greed' and Other Recent Acquisitions"** are on show through Dec. 30. (Open Tuesdays through Thursdays, 10-5; Fridays, 10-8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10-6.)

Short List

IMOGEN CUNNINGHAM
Stevenson, 338 W. 23rd St. 352-0070.
Through Jan. 5.
JOEL MEYEROWITZ
Meyerowitz, 580 Broadway, 625-3434.
Through Dec. 15.
TRACEY MOFFATT
Morris, 465 W. 23rd St. 727-2752.
Through Dec. 8.
"HERE IS NEW YORK"
Here Is New York, 116 Prince St. 334-6684.
Through Dec. 24.
"SEPTEMBER 11 PHOTO PROJECT"
September 11 Photo Project, 26 Wooster St.
358-3423. Through Dec. 24.

CLASSICAL MUSIC
OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA
"La Traviata," with Krassimira Stoyanova (her début, as Violetta), Alfredo Portilla, and Anthony Michaels-Moore; Maurizio Benini conducts. (Nov. 28 at 8 and Dec. 1 at 12:30.) ♦ **"Madama Butterfly,"** with Veronica Villarroel, Jane Bunnell, Walter Fraccaro, and Kim Josephson; Marco Armiliato. (Nov. 29 and Dec. 4 at 8.) ♦ Otto Schenk's production of Strauss's **"Arabella,"** with Renée Fleming, Barbara Bonney, Raymond Very, Hans-Joachim Ketelsen, and Eric Halfvarson; Christoph Eschenbach. (Nov. 30 at 8.) ♦ **"Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg,"** with Karita Mattila, Jill Grove, Ben Heppner, Matthew Polenzani, James Morris, Thomas Allen, and René Pape; James Levine. (Dec. 1 at 6.) (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

TEATRO GRATTACIELO: "RISURREZIONE"
Franco Alfano—best known for completing the final act of Puccini's "Turandot"—got his first taste of fame in 1904 with this fervid score, a rather streamlined treatment of Tolstoy's novel "Resurrection" (no philosophical discourse here). Teatro Grattacielo, now in its fifth year of mounting one-night-only concert stagings of neglected verismo operas, performs at Alice Tully Hall, conducted by Fiora Contino; the singers include Allison Charney, Virginia Dupuy, Michele Fiammardente, and Michael Corvino. (721-6500. Nov. 30 at 8.)

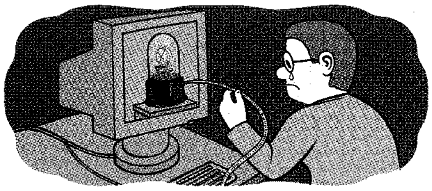
"THE SCRIMSHAW VIOLIN"
In the inaugural production of Nine Circles Chamber Theatre, Jonathan Levi's story about a rabbi whose encounter with a mysterious woman rekindles his passion for the violin—with disturbing consequences—is adapted by the composer Bruce Saylor and the violinist Gil Morgenstern. (92nd St. Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5500. Dec. 3-4 at 8.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC
Sergey Ivanovich Taneyev (1856-1915) is probably best known for being the only composer whom Tchaikovsky would allow to criticize his work, and for the cause of his death (he caught pneumonia at the funeral of Scriabin, his former pupil). But he was also a formidable musician in his own right, and his Symphony No. 4—which has a big, Tchaikovskian hit tune—is one of the pillars of Neeme Järvi's Philharmonic concerts. The other is the Brahms Violin Concerto (with Gil Shaham); the concert opens with Weber's winsome over-

BOOK CURRENTS
Taking Stock of the Downturn

In the current economic malaise, looking back to similar times in the past is irresistible. In **THE END OF GLOBALIZATION: LESSONS FROM THE GREAT DEPRESSION** (Harvard), Harold James points out one of the more amusing side effects of downturns through history—the countervailing boom in articles about economic crises. His own thesis is less doom-laden than the title suggests, but he points out some telling parallels. The Great Depression ended a long period during which the nineteenth-century technologies of rail, steam, and telegraphy integrated the world's economies as never before. In the thirties, governments pursued protectionist trade policies and limited immigration. Now technological advances have once again led to global integration, but the situation is fragile, endangered by left-wing antiglobalists and right-wing nationalists.



Even if there is a crash, writes Maury Klein in **RAINBOW'S END: THE CRASH OF 1929** (Oxford), that doesn't necessarily mean that we're in for another economic disaster. Economists are still unsure that the 1929 stock-market crash caused the Depression, and employment and industry were initially not much affected. Klein chronicles the weeks leading up to Black Tuesday flurry by flurry, but he prefers to see the crash as the inevitable culmination of a decade in which Americans—transported by motion pictures and titillated by clever advertising and a burgeoning array of consumer goods—had been "encouraged to dream." Then, as now, new investors flooded into the stock market, and there was false optimism about a new paradigm that created astronomical stock valuations. When the crash came, Groucho Marx was among those cleaned out. "All I lost was two hundred and forty thousand dollars," he joked. "I would have lost more but that was all the money I had."

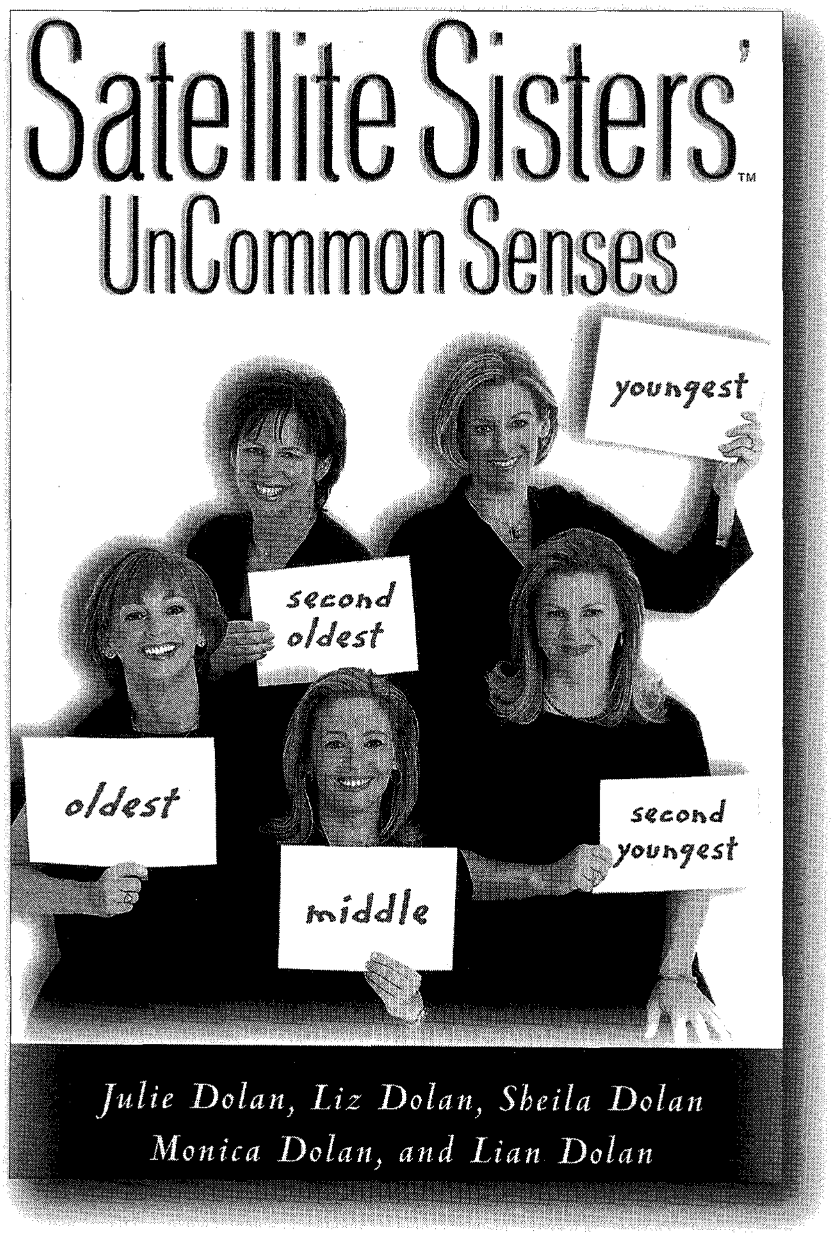
—*Leo Carey*

MICHAEL KUPPERMAN

© Barnes & Noble, Inc.

Prices effective at store locations through 12/9/01

See WHAT'S NEW
at Barnes & Noble.


Satellite Sisters'™
UnCommon Senses
youngest
second oldest
oldest
middle
second youngest
Julie Dolan, Liz Dolan, Sheila Dolan
Monica Dolan, and Lian Dolan

**Satellite Sisters'
UnCommon Senses**
*by Julie Dolan, Liz Dolan,
Sheila Dolan, Monica Dolan
& Lian Dolan*

Every week on National Public Radio, the savvy sisters of the Dolan family share their unique insights on the ideas and issues of our times. Julie, Liz, Sheila, Monica, and Lian all draw on their collective perspective growing up in a large family and from their current vantages in four cities on two continents.

Pub. Price: $24.95
Our Price: $19.96
Readers' Advantage Price: **$17.96**

BARNES & NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS

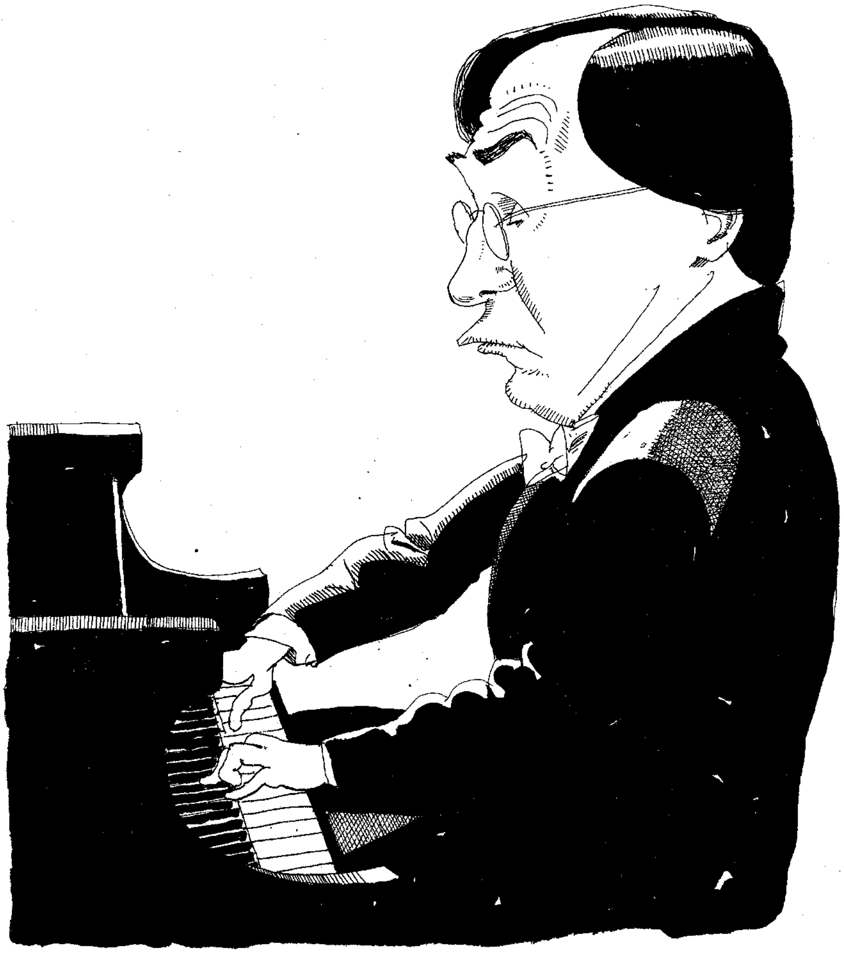
Join Readers' Advantage℠ and save an additional 10% in-store and 5% online.

www.bn.com

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ture to "Oberon." (Avery Fisher Hall. 721-6500. Nov. 29 and Dec. 1 at 8 and Nov. 30 at 2.)

COLLEGIATE CHORALE
Ned Rorem has enjoyed a lifelong love affair with the poetry of Walt Whitman; the limpid melodies of his settings bring to life both the poet's lusty physicality and his profound hatred of war. In a concert dedicated to the memory of Robert Shaw, the Chorale's founder, Robert Bass conducts the première of a new Whitman sequence, "Now, Voyager," featuring the bass-baritone John Cheek and the baritone Kurt Ollmann. Cheek and the soprano Heidi Grant Murphy are the soloists in one of Shaw's signature pieces, Brahms's "German Requiem," which completes the program. With the Orchestra of St. Luke's. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Nov. 28 at 8.)



Pierre-Laurent Aimard plays Liszt and Ligeti at Carnegie Hall on Dec. 3.

JOE CIARDELLO

THE DESSOFF CHOIRS
The ensemble, directed by Kent Tritle, presents a holiday concert of Christian and Jewish music from Italy and Spain, by such composers as Victoria, Gabrieli, and Salamone Rossi. (Immanuel Lutheran Church, Lexington Ave. at 88th St. 831-8224. Nov. 30 and Dec. 1 at 8.)

RUSSIAN CHAMBER CHORUS OF NEW YORK
Despite his towering achievements in piano and symphonic works, religious music remained at the heart of Rachmaninoff's style, its influence radiating out into all of his other pieces. The Vespers, Op. 37, is one of the crowning glories of Russian church music; the chorus, directed by Nikolai Kachanov, presents it at the Cathedral of St. John the Divine. (Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. 662-2133. Dec. 1 at 7:30 and Dec. 2 at 3.)

ORCHESTRA OF ST. LUKE'S
Charles Mackerras, joined by the singers Stephanie Blythe, Paul Groves, Sanford Sylvan, John Cheek, and the New York Concert Singers, conducts the orchestra in Berlioz's dramatic oratorio "L'Enfance du Christ." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Dec. 2 at 2.)

CHORAL SYMPHONY SOCIETY
The Society, along with the New York Cantata Singers, performs Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," conducted by David Labovitz. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Dec. 2 at 7. Tickets at the door.)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Wolfgang Sawallisch conducts a concert performance of Bartók's one-act opera, "Bluebeard's Castle" (with the singers Petra Lang and Kolos Kovats), preceded by Richard Strauss's early, rarely heard tone poem "Macbeth." (Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Dec. 4 at 8.)

RECITALS

JENNIFER ALYMER
The soprano, the winner of the 2001 Alice Tully Vocal Arts Debut Recital, presents a program of Weill, Poulenc, Shostakovich (the "Satires," Op. 109), Bolcom, and others. Kenneth Merrill is the pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. 721-6500. Nov. 28 at 8.)

CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER
In its latest pair of "Double Exposure" concerts, the Society's musicians (including the pianist Anne-Marie McDermott and the percussionist Daniel Druckman) present music by Sebastian Currier (the elegant, elusive "Whispers") and two string quartets by György Kurtág. (Rose Rehearsal Studio, Rose Building, Amsterdam Ave. at 65th St. 875-5788. Nov. 29 at 6:45 and 8, with a wine reception in between.) ♦ The bassoonist Milan Turkovic, the cellist Fred Sherry, and others present new works by Aaron Jay Kernis, Wynton Marsalis, and Elliott Carter ("Remembering Mr. Ives," an homage to his cantankerous mentor), along with music by Mozart and Beethoven. (Alice Tully Hall. 875-5788. Dec. 2 at 5 and Dec. 4 at 7:30.)

BARGEMUSIC
Nov. 29 and Dec. 1 at 7:30: Music by Brahms, Schubert, and Mendelssohn (the Piano Trio in D Minor), along with the première of a work by the violinist Mark Peskanov and the soprano DeBorge Pinnington. ♦ Nov. 30 at 7:30 and Dec. 2 at 4: Sonatas, bagatelles, and a piano trio (the "Ghost"), all by Beethoven, played by Peskanov, the cellist Rupert Buchner, and the pianist Phillip Bush. (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 718-624-2083.)

KITCHEN HOUSE BLEND
The Kitchen's resident big band, made up of virtuosos from the jazz, rock, and classical genres, presents new music by Mary Ellen Childs, Frank London, and Matthew Shipp. (512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Nov. 29-30 and Dec. 1 at 8.)

GUARNERI STRING QUARTET
The eminent quartet, recently rejuvenated by the appointment of the cellist Peter Wiley, presents music by Beethoven, Lutoslawski (the String Quartet, an intimate, mercurial work of sadness and surprise), and Schumann (the Piano Quintet, with Anne-Marie McDermott). (Metropolitan Museum of Art, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Dec. 1 at 8.)

ZEHETMAIR STRING QUARTET
A young European ensemble, founded by the violinist Thomas Zehetmair (a leading soloist and contemporary-music advocate), makes its New York début in music by Haydn, Schumann (the rhapsodic Quartet No. 3 in A Major), and Karl Amadeus Hartmann. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. 288-0700. Dec. 2 at 5.)

PIERRE-LAURENT AIMARD
This young French pianist, who secured his reputation with incandescent recordings of works by *Messiaen and Ligeti, makes his Carnegie Hall re*cital début with music of the twentieth century (by Debussy, Ligeti, and Berg) along with Romantic works by Beethoven (the "Appassionata") and Liszt. (247-7800. Dec. 3 at 7:30.)

DAVID DEL TREDICI
The Abby Whiteside Foundation presents the puckish American composer-pianist, known for his works based on "Alice in Wonderland" and on modern gay life. The highlight of the program is the première of a song cycle, "Lament for the Death of a Bullfighter," in which Del Tredici accompanies the soprano Hila Plitmann. (Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall. 247-7800. Dec. 4 at 8.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

"ART AND OPTICS"
A few years ago the artist David Hockney was struck by similarities between nineteenth-century drawings by Jean-Auguste-Dominique Ingres and those of the pop artist Andy Warhol, who often traced images off of projected slides. After much research and collaboration (most notably with the physicist Charles Falco), Hockney developed a radical theory that as early as 1420 painters were using mirrors, lenses, and other optical devices to help them capture reality. On Dec. 1-2, starting at 9 A.M., Hockney, Falco, the writer Lawrence Weschler (who has chronicled, partly in these pages, Hockney's thinking), the artists Chuck Close and Aberlardo Morell, and other concerned parties gather to explore and debate the subject. The event will also include demonstrations, by Hockney and others, of the techniques under discussion. Sponsored by the New York Institute for the Humanities. (Tischman Auditorium, New York University Law School, 40 Washington Sq. S. For more information, visit www.artandoptics.com.)

READINGS
Nov. 28 at 7:30: By the former civil-rights leader and Washington insider Vernon E. Jordan, Jr., from his memoir, "Vernon Can Read!" (Barnes & Noble, Broadway at 82nd St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Nov. 29 at 7: By the writers Sara Gran and Tara Wray, from their short fiction. (K.G.B., 85 E. 4th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Nov. 29 at 8: By the novelists Sigrid Nunez, Peter Cameron, and Paul LaFarge, from their work. (National Arts

CLASSICAL NOTES

RUNNING THE NUMBERS

Manfred Eicher, the visionary record producer behind the ECM label, has a knack for creating albums that exude spiritual beneficence: every element of production, from the choice of music and the quality of the performances to the sober liner notes and stark black-and-white photography, contributes to the effect. His latest project, "Morimur," a radical reinterpretation of Bach's Partita in D Minor for Solo Violin, recently shot to the upper reaches of Amazon.com's best-seller list, right up there with Enya and Britney Spears—a serious-music phenomenon the likes of which hasn't been seen since a decade or so ago, when people stopped their cars on the side of the road to listen to Górecki's doomy Symphony No. 3 wafting out of their radios.

"Morimur" (the title, which means "We die," comes from a fragment of a Latin epitaph, "We die in Christ"), a collaboration between the Baroque violinist Christoph Poppen and four singers from the Hilliard Ensemble, a renowned British early-music group, may be the ultimate Eicher product. Recorded in a resonant Austrian monastery, it intersperses the movements of the famous Partita with fragments of Lutheran chorales that may have inspired them; the mix evokes a traditional church service, from the opening Scripture readings to the prayers and benediction. The finale is an ecstatic communion: Poppen repeats the Partita's concluding Chaconne, while the singers accompany him with rhythmically altered versions of the chorales.

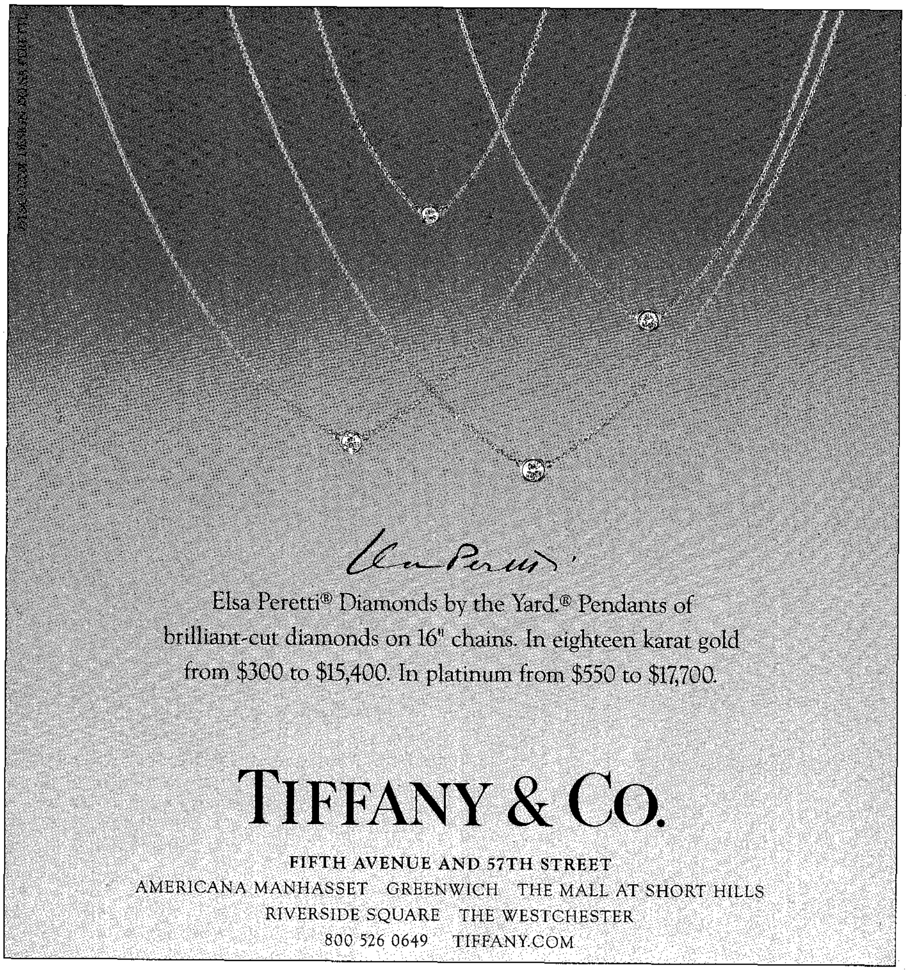
The inspiration for the project is the research of a violin pedagogue, Helga Thoene, who spent years analyzing the composer's six violin sonatas and partitas for numerological clues to his working method. The Chaconne, she believes, is an elaborately encoded memorial to Maria Barbara Bach, the composer's first wife, who died unexpectedly while he was away from home. Far-fetched or not, the thesis makes for beautiful music. The Hilliard singers intone the chorales with soft and silken timbres, giving them a timeless, otherworldly sound. Poppen, who clearly relishes the challenge of the polyphony buried in Bach's complex fingerings and rolled chords, achieves a dazzling range of expression almost entirely through *rubato* and bow work alone. The devout Bach, who was given to frequent rearrangements of his works, would surely have applauded "Morimur"'s rapt spirituality. What he would have thought of finding himself in the company of Britney Spears is anyone's guess.

—Russell Platt

Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Nov. 30 at 7: By the poets Jeffrey Young and Jean Valentine. (Center for Book Arts, 28 W. 27th St. No tickets necessary.) ♦ Dec. 2 at 2: By the poet Eileen Myles, from the later verses of James Schuyler. (Wave Hill, 249th St. at Independence Ave., the Bronx. 718-549-3200.)

TALKS

Nov. 29 at 8:15: Felix Rohatyn, the former chairman of the Municipal Assistance Corporation of the City of New York, prognosticates on the national economy. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 415-5500.) ♦ Dec. 4 at 4:30: Sylvia Earle, of the National Geographic Society, and John Tanacredi, the author of "Limulus in the Limelight," join the sculptor Brian Nissen for a discussion about *Limulus polyphemus*, or the horseshoe crab. Nissen's limulus-inspired art work will be on display through Dec. 20. (Graduate Center, City University of New York, Fifth Ave. at 34th St. 817-8215.)



Elsa Peretti

Elsa Peretti® Diamonds by the Yard.® Pendants of brilliant-cut diamonds on 16" chains. In eighteen karat gold from $300 to $15,400. In platinum from $550 to $17,700.

TIFFANY & CO.

FIFTH AVENUE AND 57TH STREET
AMERICANA MANHASSET GREENWICH THE MALL AT SHORT HILLS
RIVERSIDE SQUARE THE WESTCHESTER
800 526 0649 TIFFANY.COM

Makes a great gift.
On the other hand, you've been very, very good this year.
d ISC

The Bose® Wave® radio/CD is an ideal gift for your favorite music lover. But listen to it once, and you may not want to give it away. After all, the Wave® radio/CD can fill any home this holiday season with lifelike, full stereo sound. And yet it's small enough to fit on an end table, on a kitchen counter — just about anywhere.

There really is nothing like the Wave® radio/CD. In fact, the *Oregonian* says, "the system remains one of those little unexplained miracles of acoustic physics." The miracle is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology, and it's what produces such clear, room-filling sound from such a small enclosure. It even won its team of engineers the "Inventor of the Year" award.

The Wave® radio/CD is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Try the Wave® radio/CD or Wave® radio risk free in your home for 30 days. If you are not completely satisfied, return it for a full refund, no questions asked. Call 1-800-539-2073, ext. T7957, and ask about our payment plan, which lets you make **12 low interest-free monthly payments.** The Bose Wave® radio/CD will make your favorite music lover — who just might be you — very, very happy.

For Free Shipping order by Dec. 31, 2001.

1-800-539-2073, ext. T7957

For information on all our products: **www.bose.com/t7957**

Please specify color when ordering:
Wave® radio/CD: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray
Wave® radio: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray

Name Address
City State Zip
Day Phone Evening Phone

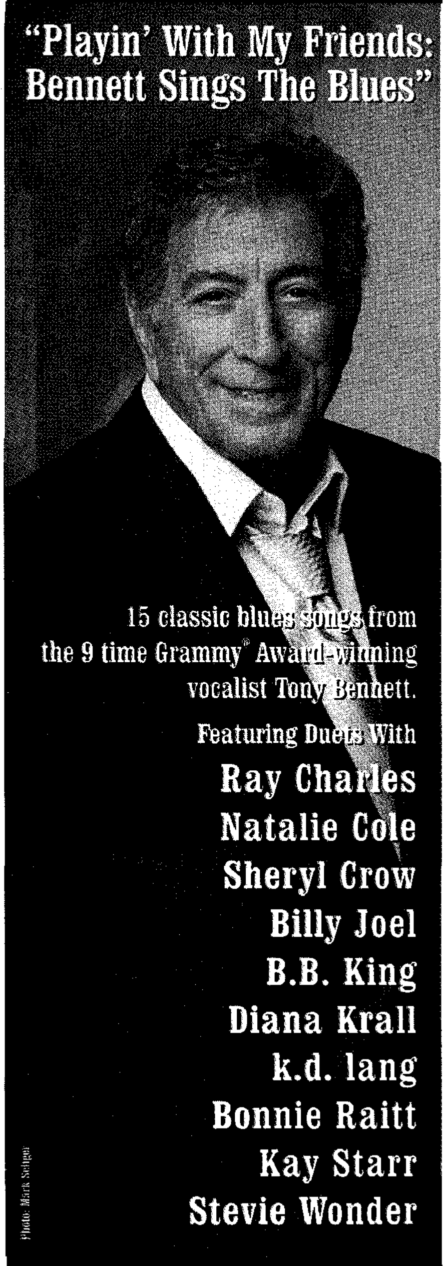
Mail to: Bose Corporation,
Dept. CDD-T7957, The Mountain,
Framingham, MA 01701-9168

BOSE® Better sound through research®

©2001 Bose Corporation. Patent rights issued and/or pending. The Wave® radio design is also a registered trademark of Bose Corporation. Installment payment plan and free shipping offer not to be combined with any other offer or applied to previous purchases. Payment plan available on credit card orders only and subject to change without notice. Quote: *Oregonian*, 3/5/99.

Get ready for the
album event of the year.

"Playin' With My Friends:
Bennett Sings The Blues"



15 classic blues songs from
the 9 time Grammy® Award-winning
vocalist Tony Bennett.

Featuring Duets With
Ray Charles
Natalie Cole
Sheryl Crow
Billy Joel
B.B. King
Diana Krall
k.d. lang
Bonnie Raitt
Kay Starr
Stevie Wonder

Photo: Mark Seliger

Produced by Phil Ramone
Executive Producer: Danny Bennett

www.tonybennett.net
www.columbiarecords.com

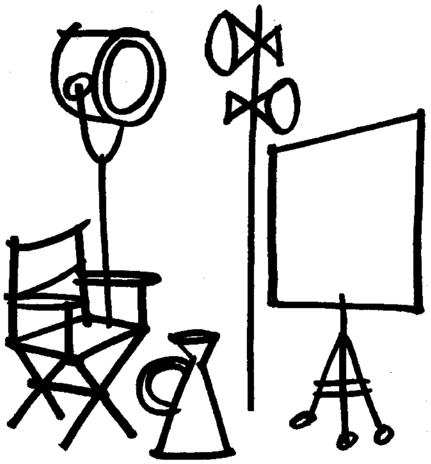
New album in stores now

Columbia and ® Reg. U.S. Pat. & Tm. Off. Marca Registrada./RPM Records is the exclusive trademark of RPM Artists, Inc./© 2001 Sony Music Entertainment Inc.

On sale at

BORDERS®
BOOKS • MUSIC • MOVIES • CAFE

For a store near you or to place an order call 1-888-81-BOOKS or shop online anytime at www.borders.com. Online prices may vary.



MOVIES OPENING

ABCD
A drama about Indian-American teen-agers and their immigrant parents. Opening Nov. 30.

THE AFFAIR OF THE NECKLACE
Charles Shyer directed this bio-pic of Jeanne De La Motte Valois (Hilary Swank), a woman whose assertion of her noble ancestry created a scandal in pre-Revolutionary France. Also with Adrien Brody, Christopher Walken, and Simon Baker. Opening Nov. 30.

BEHIND ENEMY LINES
An action picture in which a Navy officer (Gene Hackman) leads a rogue mission to rescue a downed pilot (Owen Wilson). John Moore directed. Opening Nov. 30.

CODE UNKNOWN
Reviewed this week in The Current Cinema. Opening Nov. 30. (Quad Cinema.)

THE INDEPENDENT
Jerry Stiller as "the most prolific independent film producer of all time" in a comedy directed by Stephen Kessler. Janeane Garofalo plays his wife. Roger Corman, Ron Howard, and others appear as themselves. Opening Nov. 30.

IN JULY
Fatih Akin directed this romantic comedy about a physics teacher from Hamburg who pursues a Turkish girl throughout Central and Eastern Europe. In Bulgarian, German, and Turkish. Opening Nov. 30. (Quad Cinema.)

TEXAS RANGERS
A Western set in 1875, with James Van Der Beek, Rachael Leigh Cook, Dylan McDermott, and Ashton Kutcher. Opening Nov. 30.

FILM NOTES

AMÉLIE
A waifish Parisienne discovers her mission in life: to bring unexpected happiness to others, and so to herself. Such is the story of Amélie (Audrey Tautou), and the simplicity of it—not to mention its dangerous surfeit of sweetness—appears to have touched a universal nerve. (In truth, the saga of the movie's success is more telling than anything in the movie itself.) Tautou is clearly a find, although one wonders what Mathieu Kassovitz, who plays the object of her affection, made of his role; it was Kassovitz who, in 1995, yanked French cinema up to date with his baring of ethnic hostilities in "La Haine." The Paris of this new movie lies at the other extreme, although what nags at you most is not the neighborly charm but the itchy, unsettled manner of the director, Jean-Pierre Jeunet. How far should we trust a plea for benevolence when it feels like a box of tricks? In French.—*Anthony Lane* (Reviewed in our issue of 11/5/01.) (Angelika Film Center, BAM Rose Cinemas, and Paris.)

BOMBAY EUNUCH
A fascinating documentary by the filmmaker Alexandra Shiva about the plight of a group of impoverished eunuchs in India. The film eloquently conveys the day-to-day challenges of a small marginalized community where prostitution and panhandling are the basic means of survival. The contradictory nature of their lives—they walk the poverty-stricken streets in brightly colored saris and perfect makeup (imagine Diana Ross easing on down the road as Ma Joad in "The Grapes of Wrath")—is vivid and jarring. The movie never condescends—it dignifies these social outcasts with a street-smart focus on their bravery and humor. In English, Hindi, and Tamal.—*Bruce Diones* (The Screening Room.)

THE DEVIL'S BACKBONE
The Mexican director Guillermo del Toro's supernatural melodrama takes place against the backdrop of the Spanish Civil War, in a poverty-stricken orphanage, where the ghost of a young boy resides. The movie overreaches when it attempts to be a political allegory but becomes hauntingly atmospheric as it settles down and simplifies its intentions. Del Toro's elegant pacing and gothic touches imbue the proceedings with a cool mystery. In Spanish.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

DOMESTIC DISTURBANCE
A movie for divorced dads who want to believe that their ex-wife married a monster. John Travolta plays, rather too sincerely, the father who believes his son (a chronic liar) when the son says he's witnessed his new stepdad commit a murder. Imagine a thriller so predictable that it's over before it starts.—*B.D.* (First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

EASY LIVING
One of the most pleasurable of the romantic slapstick comedies of the thirties, and full of surprises. Jean Arthur is the working girl whose life is completely changed when a sable coat, thrown out a millionaire's window, lands on her head. The movie is a wonderful fluke: the script by Preston Sturges is in his manic, everybody-with-something-to-say style; the director, Mitchell Leisen, tempered it with smooth takes and elegant clothes and sets, including a lily-shaped bathtub. The film has impish, sweet moments (such as the half-asleep heroine's delayed reaction after a kiss from the hero—Ray Milland) and at least one classic slapstick sequence (the little glass doors in an Automat fly open and people lunge for the free food).—*Pauline Kael* (Museum of Modern Art; Dec. 1 and Dec. 3.)

THE ENDURANCE
A documentary about Sir Ernest Shackleton's 1914 Antarctic expedition—a triumph of human will, or, more literally, the ultimate example of sang-froid. Caroline Alexander wrote the concise narration, and the director, George Butler, takes care to etch the awesome physical realities at the bottom of the world. His camera hovers inches above the frigid dark-blue waters and pans across a merciless horizon of frozen sea. Frank Hurley, the expedition's original documentarian, performed a small miracle by saving his photo negatives and film reels. The scenes he shot of the men exercising the Canadian sled dogs and working furiously to extract their trapped ship are the gem within the film's careful casing.—*Michael Agger* (59th Street East Cinema and Village East Cinemas.)

HARRY POTTER AND THE SORCERER'S STONE
J. K. Rowling, having drawn even reluctant readers back to the lonely pleasure of a book, is now witnessing their dispersal; her creation, Harry Potter, has finally arrived onscreen, and with him comes a slew of merchandise and, soon enough, a video game. The movie is exactly what you would expect: spirited, efficient, glazed with effects, and almost servile in its fidelity to the novel. Harry is played by Daniel Radcliffe, who, though a touch too old for the part, fills it with unfazed amiability; more successful still, perhaps, are Emma Watson and Rupert Grint, enjoying themselves as his sidekicks. A roll call of British actors infests the staff at Hogwarts School: Richard Harris, Maggie Smith, and Alan

Rickman, with the already well-built Robbie Coltrane finding fresh girth as the rumbustious Hagrid. The movie takes its time—the director, Chris Columbus, and his screenwriter, Steve Kloves, seem most interested in portraying good companionship—and yet the final half-hour feels rushed and unarousing. Even before the film opened, the grosses were assured, and yet, for all the magic—the broomsticks, the bank staffed by goblins, and the troll in the bathroom—the work itself remains oddly unmagical, grounded in mortal fun.—*A.L.* (11/19/01) (Chelsea Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Orpheum VII, Olympia I and II, 72nd Street East, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

HEIST
David Mamet's debonair safecracking movie is high-grade fun all the way through. As Joe Moore, a steely but convivial Boston thief, the great Gene Hackman dispels the Mamet chill (the portentous and equivocal atmosphere of such films as "House of Games" and "The Spanish Prisoner"). Hackman, age seventy-one, sends waves of energy through the entire production. Mamet plays his usual games—the characters are always turning the tables on one another—but this time he's much more involved in the physical life of what he's showing us. The cast includes Rebecca Pidgeon as a hipster moll; Delroy Lindo as Hackman's loyal old friend; and Ricky Jay as a witty utility man who is so quick that he can, without preparation, throw himself in front of a moving car in order to divert the police. Only Sam Rockwell, as a young sleaze, is a disappointment.—*David Denby* (11/12/01) (Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, 19th Street East 6, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

IN THE BEDROOM
In Camden, Maine, a twenty-one-year-old college student, Frank (Nick Stahl), is having a headlong summer affair with a local woman, Natalie (Marisa Tomei), who has two little boys. Natalie is separated from her husband (William Mapother), the loutish scion of a prominent local family. When the husband kills his rival, Frank's hypercivilized parents (Tom Wilkinson and Sissy Spacek) begin to consider vengeance as a way of saving themselves from destroying each other. This Sophoclean tale, fleshed out from an intriguing, elliptical short story by Andre Dubus, draws its strength from minute observation of settings, moods, and manners in Camden and from a gradual tightening of the winch. Much of it is very quiet (the first-time director, Todd Field, is an actor and a photographer) but when it explodes, the violence, both verbal and physical, actually means something.—*D.D.* (11/26/01) (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

IT'S ALL TRUE
In 1942, Orson Welles was sent to Rio to make a film that would strengthen wartime relations between the United States and Latin America. It resulted only in irreparable damage to his career. Long believed lost, the movie has been partly reconstructed from footage found in 1985, and is wrapped in a documentary that explains its unlikely beginnings and untimely end. The film was to be a hybrid of three stories: a documentary about the Rio carnival, a fable of a boy and a bull, and a dramatized account of a protest in which four Brazilian fishermen sailed along the coast to Rio to demand justice from the Brazilian President. This last section was plainly the strongest, and—thanks to the unstinting efforts of Richard Wilson, Bill Krohn, and Myron Meisel—can now be shown as a continuous story, albeit without Welles's planned narration. It would never have been one of his major works, but the swiftness and urgency with which the tale is told, and the potent composition of even the simplest scenes, reveal the touch of the Master.—*A.L.* (Guggenheim Museum; Nov. 30 and Dec. 1.)

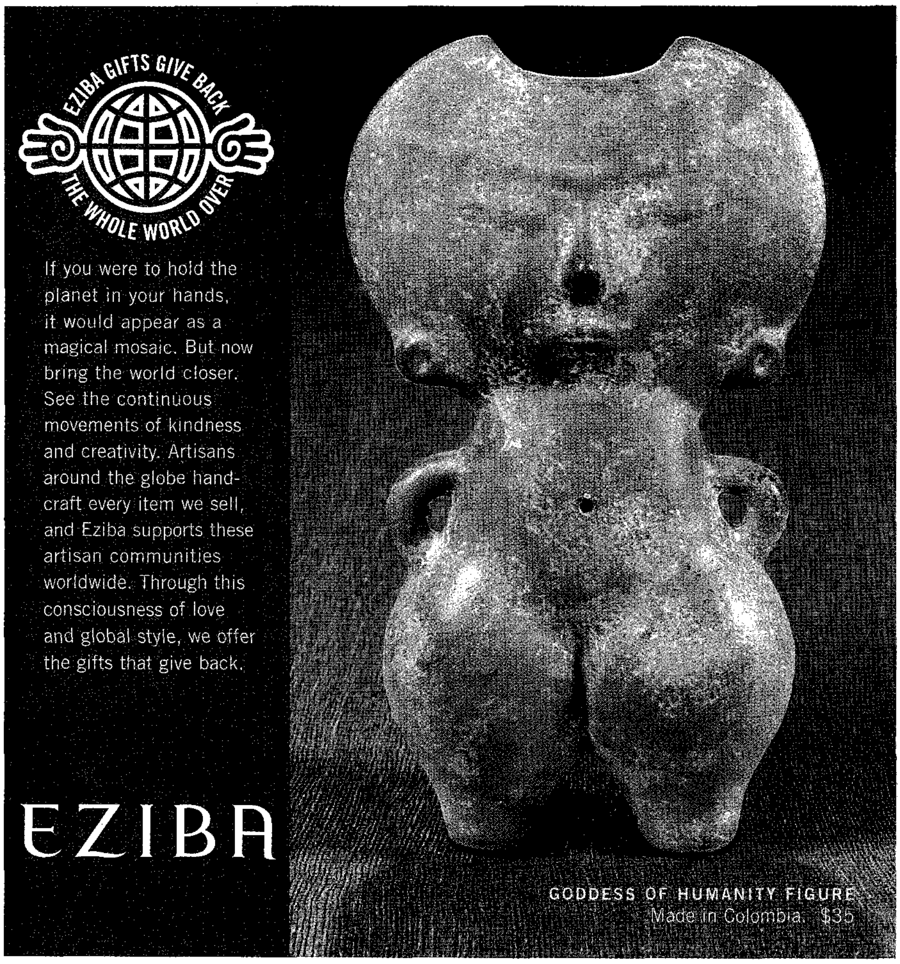
JUNG (WAR) IN THE LAND OF THE MUJAHEDDIN
In this lacerating Italian documentary, Afghan men, women, and children living under the control of the Northern Alliance address the camera without hesitation or artifice—they have developed a genius for tirade, the art of defeated populations. Made by Fabrizio Lazzaretti, Alberto Vendemmiati, and Giuseppe Petitto, the documentary was shot in 1999 and 2000, during an earlier phase of the war between the Northern Alliance and the Taliban, and it chronicles the attempts of a Milanese surgeon, Gino Strada, to set up a decent hospital. Massive, bearded, and profane, Strada is the most persistent and humane hero in any recent movie, but one's interest is held most forcefully by the Afghans, particularly a prematurely aged woman, photographed through the prison-bar lattice opening of her burka, who insists that the Afghans "want to die, but not even death wants the people of Afghanistan." In Dari and Italian.—*D.D.* (11/26/01) (Cinema Village.)

K-PAX
As a creature named Prot who may have dropped in from another planet, Kevin Spacey has a good moment with a dog, kneeling down with the frisky beast and interpreting its barks as speech. But that's about it. What should have been spooky fun is mainly soft-brained and painstakingly earnest. Jeff Bridges, looking about thirty pounds heavier than usual, plays a workaholic psychiatrist who cannot figure out whether Prot is truly an alien or just a head case. Meanwhile, Prot liberates all the bedraggled psychotics who live in the mental ward with him. The director, Iain Softley, uses the lunatics as a kind of comic chorus—an offensive idea masquerading as daring humanism.—*D.D.* (Beekman, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Orpheum VII, and Union Square.)

LIFE AS A HOUSE
Kevin Kline gives a persuasive and ornery performance as a middle-aged failure who devotes himself to building a dream house on the golden cliffs of California. He plays an architect who doesn't think much of himself but is determined to follow his own path, and Kline's face is lit by anger in ways that we've never seen from him in movies. Much of the picture, until the tear-dripping conclusion, is charming. As the house goes up, various people drop in to saw a few boards, flirt, or make mischief. Kristin Scott Thomas, relaxing onscreen for the first time, plays George's rueful ex-wife. Hayden Christensen is his sixteen-year-old son—pierced, eyeshadowed, and drugged.—*D.D.* (10/29/01) (Chelsea West, Cinema 2, East 86th Street Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, Empire 25, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

THE MAN WHO WASN'T THERE
The latest Coen-brothers project is shot in smooth, glittering monochrome: a calmly told tale of murder without mayhem. We are on the brink of the nineteen-fifties, with its distinctive fears and badges of honor: Big Dave (James Gandolfini) can still lay claim to a good war record, while his wife, in all honesty, reports a visit from outer space. Billy Bob Thornton plays Ed, a barber living quietly with his wife (Frances McDormand) in northern California. He tries his hand at blackmail, and the plan misfires—justice catches up with him in the end, although, even then, he is the wrong man. Unfortunately, Thornton is so cool in the role that you simply don't believe that he would pass unnoticed. The whole film has the air of a clever, unthrilling conceit—a guided tour of film noir, without the sweat and compulsions of the real thing. With Tony Shalhoub, stealing the picture as a lawyer deluxe.—*A.L.* (11/5/01) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, New York Twin, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.)

LE MILLION
René Clair at his exquisite best; no one else has ever been able to make a comedy move with such delicate, dreamlike inevitability. René Lefèvre plays the poor young painter who has a winning lottery ticket—only he hasn't quite got it; it was in the pocket of a coat that was sold to a secondhand


EZIBA GIFTS GIVE BACK THE WHOLE WORLD OVER

If you were to hold the planet in your hands, it would appear as a magical mosaic. But now bring the world closer. See the continuous movements of kindness and creativity. Artisans around the globe handcraft every item we sell, and Eziba supports these artisan communities worldwide. Through this consciousness of love and global style, we offer the gifts that give back.

EZIBA

GODDESS OF HUMANITY FIGURE
Made in Colombia. $35

shop. The entire 1931 film, which Clair adapted from a stage musical, is the hero's chase after the ticket, with his creditors, his girl (Annabella), his friends, and the police chasing after him. This movie is lyrical, choreographic, giddy—it's the best French musical of its period. In French.—*P.K.* (Walter Reade Theatre; Dec. 2-3.)

MONSTERS, INC.

A thoroughly charming movie from the artists and storytellers at Pixar which wins you over with its jazzy, retro title sequence and then introduces the pun-filled world of Monstropolis, where creatures of all description toil in factories, collecting the screams of children. The visual invention is on par with Pixar's previous effort, "Toy Story 2," but the crazy quilt of cultural references and back-door subversiveness of that movie gets toned down for something more sugary. John Goodman and Billy Crystal give voice to the two heroes, but the gold star goes to John Ratzenberger (Cliff from "Cheers") for his homespun Abominable Snowman.—*M.A.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Cinema 1, East 86th Street Cinema, 84th Street Sixplex, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Olympia I and II, 34th Street Theatre, Union Square, and Ziegfeld.)

Owen Wilson and Gene Hackman in "Behind Enemy Lines."

MARK ZINGARELLI

MULHOLLAND DRIVE

A woman wanders away from a car wreck and into a strange house. Little old people scurry under the foot of a door, squeaking like mice. Yes, it's a David Lynch project. This one began life as a TV pilot; you can just imagine the aghast faces of the network executives as they saw what they had commissioned. In the event, the elongated weirdness, stretching to two and a half hours, feels discomfortingly at home on the larger screen; if you ever wanted to see an epic horror soap, this is what it would look like. Many established Lynch motifs are in place, most of them summoned from one corner or another of the nineteen-fifties: the innocent blonde (Naomi Watts), the baffled brunette (Laura Elena Harring), the clueless cop (Robert Forster). Addicts of the director will tie themselves in knots trying to pick the lock of the film; the rest of us can lie back and enjoy the spooking. With Justin Theroux and, as a tough old landlady, Ann Miller. Yes, *that* Ann Miller.—*A.L.* (10/8/01) (Angelika Film Center, Chelsea Cinemas, East 85th Street, First & 62nd Cinemas, Kips Bay Theatre, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

NOVOCAINE

Noir without the lighting. Steve Martin plays a dentist who falls for one of his patients; trouble ensues. All the hardboiled elements are here: the voice-over narration of the good guy gone bad, the femme fatale, the supportive girlfriend, the unavoidable murder. But, as the writer-director David Atkins twists the clichés of the genre, his film becomes a mishmash of numbing comedy and incoherent motivations.—*B.D.* (Angelika Film Center, Empire 25, and Lincoln Square.)

THE ONE

The "X-Files" alumnus James Wong and his partner Glen Morgan concoct a pointless martial-arts film for Jet Li that even the Rock wouldn't touch. (He backed out to do a prequel to "The Mummy Returns.") Li's considerable acrobatic skills are hampered by the overdone computer-generated effects—his performance is humorless and stunt-driven. The screenplay is some gobbledygook about parallel worlds that lacks the imagination Wong and Morgan brought to their previous movie, "Final Destination."—*B.D.* (Chelsea West, 84th Street Sixplex, First & 62nd Cinemas, 42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Union Square.)

SHALLOW HAL

The Farrelly brothers try to be sensitive and miss the mark big time. The devilish-looking comedian Jack Black, as a sexist loser who wants a physically perfect woman, receives a mystical hypnosis from the (literally) gigantic self-help guru Tony Robbins. While the rest of the world registers an unhappy three-hundred-pound blonde, Black sees a slender Gwyneth Paltrow, and his apparent generosity draws other women to him, too. The Farrelly brothers constantly make the jokes about fat women that they praise Black for not making, thereby reinforcing the very distaste that the movie is ostensibly trying to overthrow. Black is funny when he's dancing or bopping along the street, but the script calls for him to be crass and incapable of noticing anything, and Jason Alexander as his sidekick—an even more hopeless loser—screams and waves his arms endlessly. Paltrow, however, is lovely; when she plays the unhappy big girl (she's encased in layers of padding), her forlorn hopefulness is heartbreaking.—*D.D.* (Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, Murray Hill Cinemas, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 64th and 2nd, 62nd & Broadway, and Union Square.)

TAPE

Richard Linklater turns out a nifty adaptation of a single-set play by Stephen Belber (who also wrote the screenplay). It all takes place, in real time, in a dreary East Lansing motor hotel. An unusually animated Ethan Hawke plays a smart young drug dealer reuniting with an old high-school buddy (Robert Sean Leonard) who has become a film director. Leonard's character is the kind of pompous success who wants people to think well of him but may actually be a bit of a louse underneath; back in high school, he took the drug dealer's girlfriend away and may or may not have date-raped her. As the two men grapple, the girlfriend (Uma Thurman)—now an assistant district attorney—shows up in the motel room. You can see the theatrical manipulations coming, but you are held by the knife thrusts of aggression and the reversals at the end.—*D.D.* (Angelika Film Center and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

WAKING LIFE

Like many revolutionary films, it has its longueurs, but Richard Linklater's first animated work, a painterly extension of reality, is astoundingly lovely and touching. He shot the material as a live-action feature and then turned the footage over to a team of animation artists, headed by Bob Sabiston, who enhanced and decorated each sequence. The resulting interplay between words and animation is both haunting and startlingly witty. What we see is an unformed young man (Wiley Wiggins) walking around Austin, Texas, where he encounters the coffeehouse Kierkegaards and ecstatically articulate bums who populated Linklater's initial triumph, "Slacker." (Most of the participants are local celebrities, not actors.) The young man thinks he's awake, but actually he's caught in an endless dream. Since the talk he hears is directed toward themes of reverie, apprehension, and death, we begin to wonder, after a while, if we are not witnessing his last moments of consciousness.—*D.D.* (11/12/01) (BAM Rose Cinemas, Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, and Union Square.)

ALSO PLAYING

FAT GIRL
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas and Quad Cinema.
FROM HELL
Chelsea Cinemas, Empire 25, 59th Street East Cinema, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Village East Cinemas.
MOULIN ROUGE
Empire 25, 64th and 2nd, and Village East Cinemas.
RIDING IN CARS WITH BOYS
Empire 25, Lincoln Square, 64th and 2nd, and Union Square.
SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK
East 85th Street, Empire 25, First & 62nd Cinemas, Lincoln Square, Murray Hill Cinemas, 19th Street East 6, and Village Theatre VII.
SPY GAME
Empire 25, Kips Bay Theatre, Lincoln Square, Metro Cinema 1 and 2, New York Twin, 19th Street East 6, Orpheum VII, 34th Street Theatre, and Village Theatre VII.
TRAINING DAY (10/15/01)
42nd Street E Walk, Kips Bay Theatre, Orpheum VII, 64th and 2nd, and Union Square.
TREMBLING BEFORE G-D
Film Forum.
VA SAVOIR
Cinema Village and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.
THE WAY WE LAUGHED
Film Forum.

THEATRE ADDRESSES

Unless noted, call 777-FILM for show times.

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St.
Astor Plaza, 44th St. at Broadway.
BAM Rose Cinemas, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn.
Beekman, Second Ave. at 66th St.
Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd St.
Chelsea West, 333 W. 23rd St.
Cinemas 1, 2, and 3, Third Ave. at 60th St.
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th St. (924-3363).
East 85th Street, First Ave. at 85th St.
East 86th Street Cinemas, Third Ave. at 86th St.
84th Street Sixplex, Broadway at 84th St.
Empire 25, on 42nd St. near Eighth Ave. (398-3939).
59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th St.
Film Forum, W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110).
First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd St.

What does
$1.5 trillion
of client
assets mean?

Trust. Trust that is given in exchange for comprehensive planning and tailored solutions. Trust that is inspired by our extensive research and ability to spot true opportunities for our clients. Trust that our financial advisors will always deliver sound counsel. Trust that will not be lost. Trust that is UBS.

UBS
Financial Services Group

UBS|PaineWebber

UBS Warburg

UBS
Asset Management

© UBS AG 2001. In the United States, the services referred to above are provided by UBS AG and certain of its subsidiaries, including UBS PaineWebber Inc. and UBS Warburg LLC, each of which is a registered broker-dealer and a member of SIPC.

THE NEW YORKER ONLINE

www.newyorker.com

September 11th and Its Aftermath

PLUS: Dozens of Web exclusives featuring *New Yorker* authors and artists, including

Edward Koren
Eavan Boland
Art Spiegelman
Pauline Kael
W. G. Sebald
Gilles Peress
Malcolm Gladwell
Philip Gourevitch
Paula Fox
Louis Menand
Rebecca Mead
E. L. Doctorow
Barry Blitt
Lillian Ross
Ken Auletta
Nicholas Lemann
Alice Munro
Elizabeth Kolbert
and more

AND: A calendar of *New Yorker* events across the country

42nd Street E Walk, 42nd St. near Eighth Ave.
Kips Bay Theatre, Second Ave. at 32nd St.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, Broadway at 63rd St.
Lincoln Square, Broadway at 68th St.
Metro Twin, Broadway at 99th St.
Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th St.
New York Twin, Second Ave. at 67th St.
19th Street East 6, Broadway at 19th St.
Olympia I and II, Broadway at 107th St.
Orpheum VII, Third Ave. at 86th St.
Paris, 4 W. 58th St. (688-3800).
Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th St.
Pioneer, 155 E. 3rd St. (254-3300).
Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th St.
The Screening Room, 54 Varick St. (334-2100).
72nd Street East, Third Ave. at 71st St.
64th and 2nd, Second Ave. at 64th St.
62nd & Broadway, *62 W. 62nd St.*
State, Broadway at 45th St.
Sutton 1 and 2, Third Ave. at 57th St.
34th Street Theatre, 312 W. 34th St.
Union Square, Broadway at 13th St.
Village East Cinemas, Second Ave. at 12th St.
Village Theatre VII, Third Ave. at 11th St.
Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center (875-5600).
Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th St.

REVIVALS, CLASSICS, ETC.

Titles with a dagger are reviewed above.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF THE MOVING IMAGE
35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria (718-784-0077)—Through Dec. 16: "Master Class: The Art of Film Editing," screenings followed by discussions with the films' editors. Dec. 1 at 2: "Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon" (2000, Ang Lee). ♦ Dec. 2 at 1: "Beloved" (1998, Jonathan Demme). ♦ Repertory nights. Dec. 1-2 at 6:30: "M" (1931, Fritz Lang; in German).

BAM ROSE CINEMAS
30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (718-777-3456)—Nov. 28 at 7:30: "Metropolis" (1926, Fritz Lang; in German). ♦ Nov. 29 at 5 and 8 and Nov. 30 at 2, 5, and 8: "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965, Federico Fellini; in Italian). ♦ Dec. 1 at 2, 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Prodigal Son" (1981, Sammo Hung; in Cantonese). ♦ Dec. 2 at 2, 5, and 8: "Once Upon a Time in China" (1991, Tsui Hark; in Cantonese). ♦ Dec. 3 at 4:30, 6:50, and 9:10: "Nine Days in One Year" (1961, Mikhail Romm; in Russian). ♦ Dec. 4 at 7:30 and 9:30: "Heat" (1963, Larissa Shepitko; in Russian).

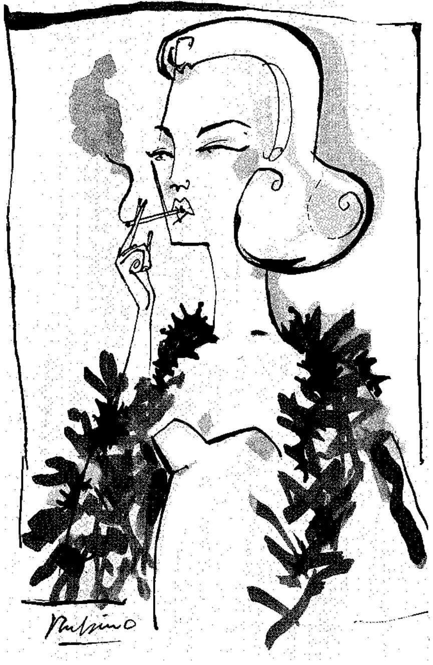
CINEMA CLASSICS
332 E. 11th St. (677-5368)—Nov. 28-30: "Wings of Desire" (1988, Wim Wenders; in German). ♦ Dec. 1-3: "Grand Illusion" (1937, Jean Renoir; in French).

FILM FORUM
W. Houston St. west of Sixth Ave. (727-8110)—Nov. 27-28 at 1, 2:50, 4:40, 6:30, 8:20, and 10:10: "Lola" (1961, Jacques Demy; in French). ♦ Nov. 30-Dec. 4 at 1:30, 3:10, 4:50, 6:30, 8:10, and 9:50: "Bay of Angels" (1963, Demy; in French).

FLORENCE GOULD HALL
55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—A tribute to Jeanne Moreau. Dec. 4 at 12:30, 3:30, 6:30, and 9: "Hands Off the Loot" (1953, Jacques Becker; in French).

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM
Fifth Ave. at 89th St. (360-4321)—Through Jan. 11: "Brazil on Screen." All films are in Portuguese. Nov. 28 and Dec. 1 at 7: "It's Not All True" (1986, Rogério Sganzerla). ♦ Nov. 30 at 7 and Dec. 1 at 3: "It's All True" (†).

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART
Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Through Nov. 30: A Paolo and Vittorio Taviani retrospective. All films are in Italian. Nov. 29 at 1: "Elective Affinities" (1996). ♦ Nov. 29 at 3 and Nov. 30 at 8: "Fiorile" (1993). ♦ Nov. 29 at 6: "Resurrection" (2001). ♦ Nov. 30 at 2:30: "A Man for Burning" (1962). ♦ Nov. 30 at 6: "Marriage Outlaws" (1963). ♦ Through Dec. 26: "A Wonderful Town: New York in Film." Dec. 1 at 1 and Dec. 3 at 6: "Easy Living" (†). ♦ Dec. 1 at 3 and Dec. 2 at 5: "Manhattan" (1979, Woody Allen). ♦ Dec. 1 at 5 and Dec. 4 at 2:30: "All About Eve" (1950, Joseph L. Mankiewicz). ♦ Dec. 2 at 1: "Miracle on 34th Street" (1947, George Seaton). ♦ Dec. 2 at 3: "It Should Happen to You" (1954, George Cukor). ♦ Dec. 3 at 1: "Lovers and Lollipops" (1955, Morris Engel and Ruth Orkin). ♦ Dec. 3 at 3 and Dec. 4 at 6: "Pushing Hands" (1992, Ang Lee; in Mandarin and English).

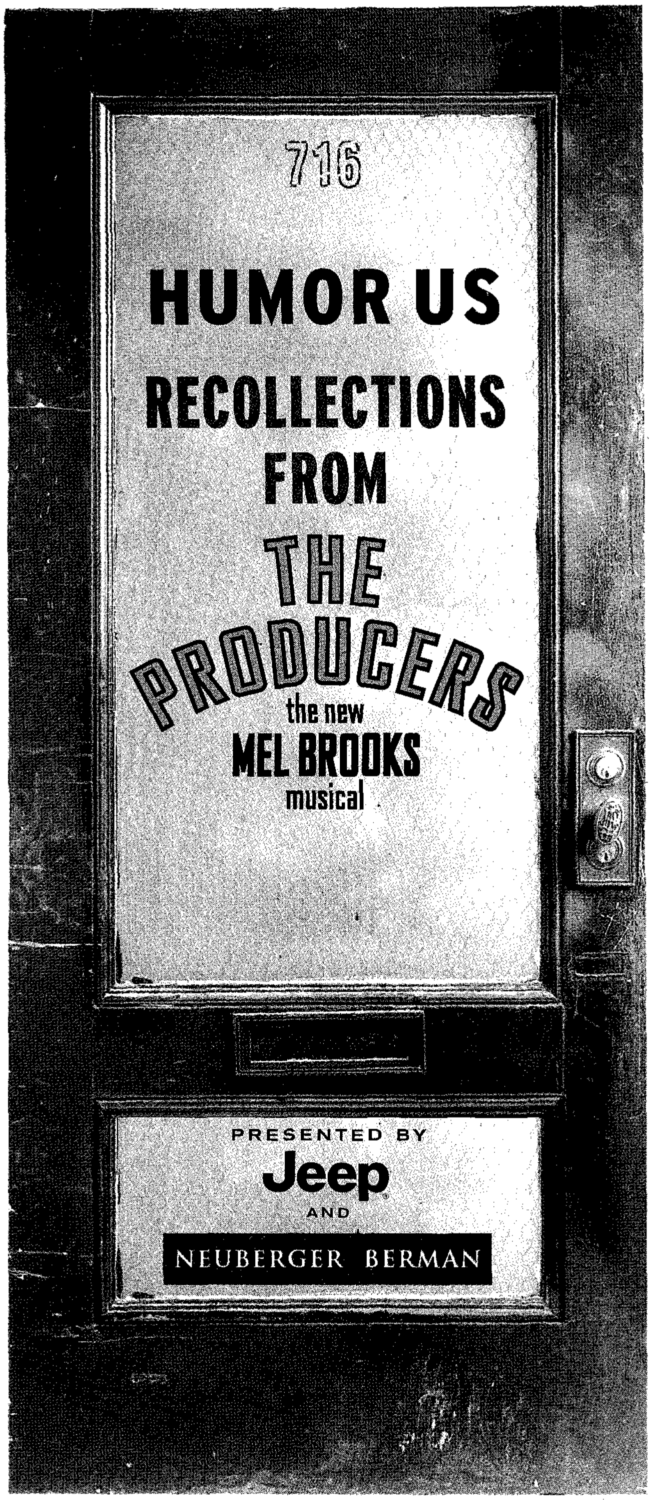


FEMME VITALE *More than any other big-screen deity, Jeanne Moreau expressed the wisdom born of ravaging amorous experience. She moved through the movies of the French New Wave like a sure yet unpredictable Fate, and found her most essential role in Jacques Demy's "Bay of Angels" (showing at Film Forum). Under a blond wig that helps brighten her moodiness, she sweeps up a relative greenhorn (Claude Mann) in her whirl of gaming and erotic risk. The film's peak moment is a trope out of a Welles film noir, as Demy photographs Moreau in a series of mirrors, racing toward her lover.*

NATIONAL MUSEUM OF THE AMERICAN INDIAN
1 Bowling Green (514-3737)—Nov. 29 at 6 and Dec. 1 at 1: "Dead Man" (1995, Jim Jarmusch). The director will introduce the Nov. 29 screening.

WALTER READE THEATRE
Lincoln Center (875-5600)—Through Dec. 6: "Silence to Sound." Nov. 28 at 1 and Nov. 29 at 4 and 8:30: "Seventh Heaven" (1927, Frank Borzage). ♦ Nov. 28 at 3:15 and Nov. 29 at 2 and 6:15: "Street Angel" (1928, Frank Borzage). ♦ Nov. 30 at 1 and Dec. 2 at 4: "The Jazz Singer" (1927, Alan Crosland). ♦ Nov. 30 at 3 and Dec. 2 at 2: "Glorifying the American Girl" (1929, John W. Harkrider and Millard Webb). ♦ Dec. 1 at 2 and 6:15: "The Road to Life" (1931, Nikolai Ekk). ♦ Dec. 1 at 4:15 and 8:30: "Monte Carlo" (1930, Ernst Lubitsch). ♦ Dec. 2 at 6 and Dec. 3 at 3: "Applause" (1929, Rouben Mamoulian). ♦ Dec. 2 at 8 and Dec. 3 at 1: "Le Million" (†). ♦ Dec. 4 at 1: "Tide of Empire" (1929, Allan Dwan). ♦ Dec. 4 at 2:45: "I Was Born, But . . ." (1932, Yasujiro Ozu).

CORNEL RUBINO


716
HUMOR US
RECOLLECTIONS
FROM
THE
PRODUCERS
the new
MEL BROOKS
musical
PRESENTED BY
Jeep
AND
NEUBERGER BERMAN

To say that “The Producers” is funny is a gross understatement. Hysterical is more like it. Mel Brooks’ partner in crime, Thomas Meehan, reflects on the show’s outrageous sense of humor, and cast members share anecdotes from their hyperproductive lives.

TRIUMPH OF THE MEL

"Rhythm," says Mel Brooks. "Comedy writing is all about rhythm, about turning out jokes and lines of dialogue that have a distinctive beat to them, just as a drummer beats out musical rhythms with his drum sticks.

To be any good, a comedy writer has to have an ear for rhythm and the soul of a drummer. Or, as a friend of mine used to say about creators of any sort of art, 'You either got it or you ain't.'" And Mel, of course, is right. Comedy writing is not only about rhythms but also about primitively simple, almost atavistic rhythm and sounds that for mysterious reasons make almost everyone laugh. The drummer's basic da-dum-dum. That's why "Hackensack" is funny and "Newark" isn't. Why "Yo-Yo Ma" is a funny name and "Søren Kierkegaard" isn't.

Mel, by the way, is uniquely qualified to compare writing comedy with playing drums because, at the age of fourteen, he broke into show business as a Catskills hotel fifteen-dollar-a-week drummer—self-taught with a little help from Buddy Rich. He was a drummer for two summers until one night when the hotel's comic emcee took ill and he leaped up to the microphone and instantly became a stand-up comedian. The first joke he ever told, Mel shamefacedly admits, had to do with his very thin girlfriend: "She's so skinny that when I took her to a restaurant last night, the maître d' asked me, 'Check your umbrella?'" A cheap shot, but it's comedy rhythms absolutely right on the beat.

While Mel and I were working together on the book for the musical "The Producers," a job that took us nearly two and a half years, we were constantly breaking up at our own lines, a number of which were nothing but pure rhythm. For instance, while she was simply Ulla in Mel's classic 1968 film version of "The Producers," we decided for our own amusement to give the blonde Swedish bombshell a more elaborate moniker in the musical. "My name," she explains to Bialystock and Bloom upon showing up at their office in search of a job, "is Ulla Inga Hansen-Bensen Yonson Tallen-Hallen Svaden-Svanson." "Wait, what's your first name?" Bialystock demands. "That *vas* my first name, you vanna hear my last name?" replies Ulla. Comedy Writing 101. Hackensack, Yo-Yo, umbrella, da-dum-dum. **—Thomas Meehan**

Above left to right: Susan Stroman (director/choreographer), Glen Kelly (musical arranger and supervisor), Thomas Meehan (co-book writer), Mel Brooks (co-book writer, composer and lyricist, producer), Doug Besterman (orchestrations), Peter Gelb (Sony Classical records), Hugh Fordin (Sony Classical records), Steven Baruch (producer), Matthew Broderick and Nathan Lane (cast members).

HYSTERICALLY BLONDE

By Cady Huffman "Ulla"

No one expects Nathan Lane to be *schtupping* little old ladies in order to take their money, or Matthew Broderick to be so fragile that he has to carry a security blanket, or Brad Oscar to have a Nazi fetish, or for Gary Beach and Roger Bart to be running a gay theatrical commune out of an Upper East Side townhouse. But everyone, it seems, expects me to be the pushed up, pulled together, rose-lipped, platinum blonde Swedish bombshell, Ulla, all the time. When I come out of the St. James Theatre after a performance, bespectacled and sporting my short, "natural" blonde coif, most folks just look past me hoping to spot a member of the cast. If I *am* recognized, there is the invariable mumble of, "Who did she play?" When they find out who I am, the jaw-dropping reaction always amuses me. However, hearing: "Wow! You are so gorgeous on stage, I never would have recognized you," doesn't.

What I do have in common with Ulla is determination. It is that determination that brought me back to Broadway. Ten years ago, I earned my first Tony nomination as Ziegfeld's favorite in "The Will Rogers Follies." My fifty-foot photo was up there on Broadway alongside Keith Carradine's. Big-time agents eagerly signed me, and people-who-should-know assured me that my future lay in movies and television. So I moved to California and promptly stopped working. Lumped into the category of "blonde," my lean, curvy, size-eight body was, by Hollywood's bizarre standards, often "too fat." Ouch! I starred in a couple of independent

THIS TOO SHALL PASS

Top photo: Jimmy Katz & Sputnik/courtesy of Sony Classical records; Bottom photo: Paul Kolnik

films, did some commercials and a few guest spots on television, but nothing that was particularly satisfying or lucrative.

It has been a blessed experience from the moment casting director Vinnie Liff called and asked if I'd be interested in doing a reading for Mel Brooks and Susan Stroman, to our gay romp through previews in Chicago, to winning my first Tony Award, and to playing Ulla to this very day. No matter how long it lasts, though, I know it's sadly fleeting. Someday, someone else will play Ulla. I don't know what my professional future holds, though I'm confident I'll have one. In the meantime I'll go on and cheer the basketball teams my husband coaches, roll on the grass with my dogs, and eventually raise some kids. I'll look back on "The Producers" as a particularly glorious moment in my life. And I will love Ulla because she is eternally glamorous and has the advantage of existing only for those moments the show is being performed. So don't look for her to step out of the St. James and into a white Rolls-Royce limo anytime soon. It'll just be me, and that's the best part.

GIVE MY RE-GARTER BELTS TO BROADWAY

By Gary Beach "Roger Debris"

With twenty-twenty hindsight, everyone now says: "Of course you knew 'The Producers' was going to be a smash hit, right?" Wrong! The movie, which so many remember with such fondness, was a cult favorite at best, that only slowly gathered popularity over a thirty-year period. Its ingredients—a bunch of horny octogenarians and a show-business-savvy Hitler—didn't even seem like "naturals" for a Broadway success. Also, when the show was in its early stages, people couldn't seem to wrap their brains around the fact that Mel Brooks was writing both the music and the lyrics. I constantly heard, "I didn't know Mel Brooks wrote music." If asked, "Who do you think wrote the Oscar-nominated 'Blazing Saddles' and 'Springtime for Hitler?' the answer was usually the same. "Yeah, but a Broadway musical?"

I arrived in New York City to begin rehearsals a few days before the rest of the principals. I was standing at the piano learning "Heil, Myself" when a wardrobe assistant came rushing into the room to ask if I'd mind trying on some shoes I'd be wearing in the show. The poor dear was loaded down with boxes, so I said "of course." Out came six pairs of high-heeled pumps in a variety of shapes and colors. I was expecting something more in the "storm trooper" variety—not open-toed sling-backs! It was at that moment I knew the show was going to be an experience I'd never forget.

I discovered in short order my ladies' pump size (11 wide), my panty hose size (D), and that my face, which is rather round, is best set off by short, rather than long, rhinestone drop earrings.

My character's gown was a William Ivey Long creation that managed to be both beautiful and totally hysterical at the same time. At every performance during our out-of-town tryouts in Chicago, I would deliver my line that although I was going to a costume ball dressed as the Grand Duchess Anastasia, I thought I looked more like the Chrysler Building! The audience screamed with laughter. But the reaction was not good enough for William. He went back to the drawing board and REALLY designed a Chrysler Building. Wow, was he ever right! Now the dress stops the show.

The accompanying wig was originally supposed to have been a gray wig styled in the period of Czarist Russia. Paul Huntley designed an absolutely elegant Anastasia wig, but the moment I put it on, we all knew it was totally wrong. Please! What self-respecting drag queen would purposefully make herself look *older*? So that's when Roger Debris' wig became what it is to this day—shoulder length, swept-up, and Rhonda Fleming red! As you can see, it looks great with the earrings!

OPEN AUDITIO
TODAY
FOR THE ROLE
ADOLF HITL
NO PREVIOU
EXPERIENCE
REQUIRED

Photos left to right: Paul Kolnik

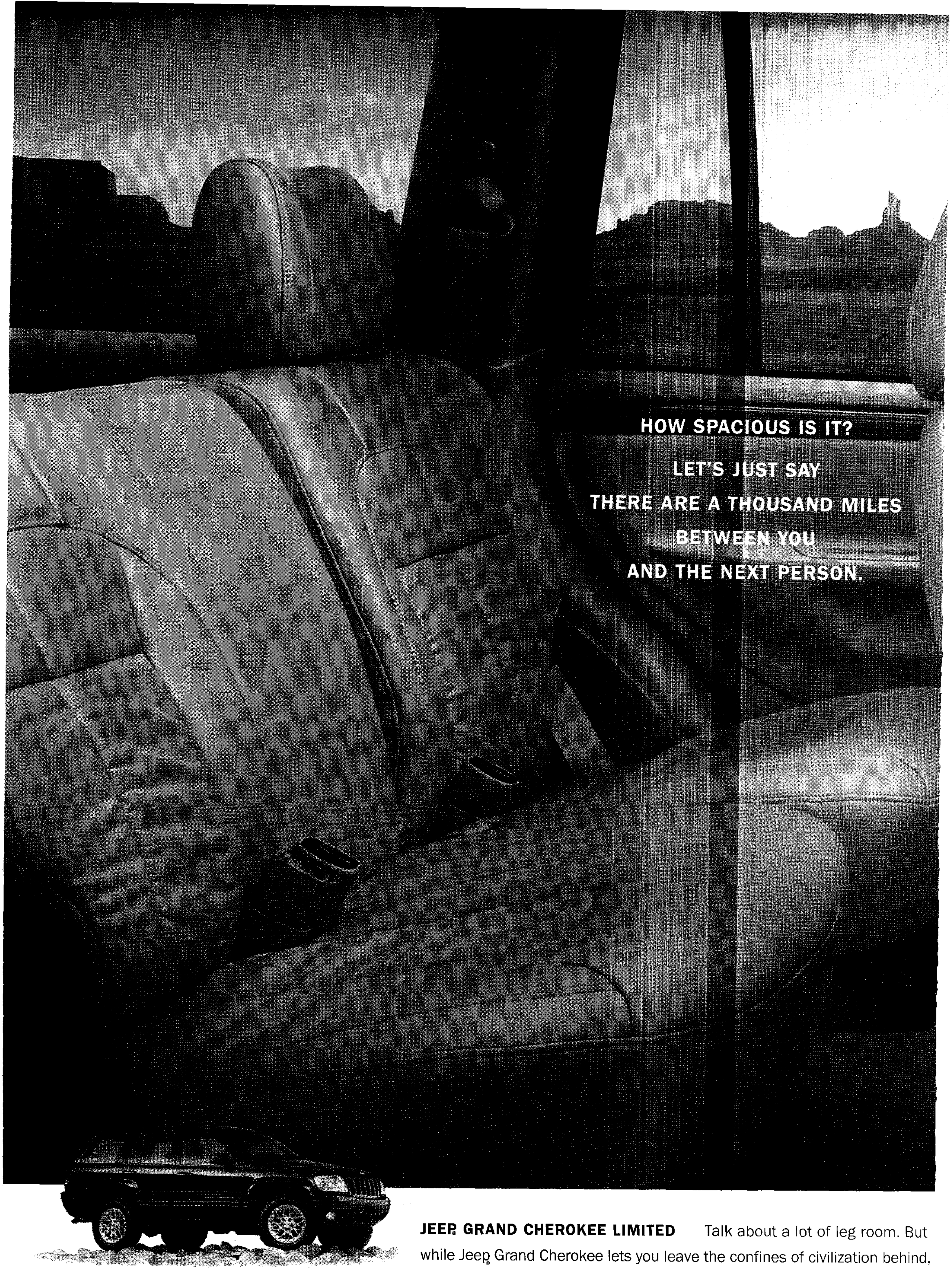
SHE'S JUST A BROADWAY BABY

By Roger Bart "Carmen Ghia"

The last thing I said to my very pregnant Shalyi as I boarded the plane to Chicago was, "Please, whatever you do, don't go into labor on February 1st. Squeeze, hang upside down, chant in tongues, but keep that baby in." I was teasing, of course, but our first preview of "The Producers" was scheduled for February 1st, which was also Shalyi's due date. I desperately wanted to be there for the delivery of our child, but I also wanted to be there for the preview.

In Chicago, the technical rehearsal was proceeding slowly but smoothly. My cell phone was usually in my pocket, poised and ready to vibrate, but my costume was so formfitting that there was no place to hide a phone when I was wearing it. The response

(continued)


HOW SPACIOUS IS IT?
LET'S JUST SAY
THERE ARE A THOUSAND MILES
BETWEEN YOU
AND THE NEXT PERSON.

JEEP® GRAND CHEROKEE LIMITED Talk about a lot of leg room. But while Jeep® Grand Cherokee lets you leave the confines of civilization behind,

Always use seat belts. Remember, a backseat is the safest place for children 12 and under. Jeep is

Jeep
THERE'S ONLY ONE

luxury is definitely along for the ride. With features like generous leather-trimmed seating, steering wheel audio controls, and Infrared Dual Zone Climate Control, the amenities go on and on. For a more spacious description, try www.jeep.com.

a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler.

("She's Just A Broadway Baby" continued)

to our dress rehearsal was beyond our wildest expectations. The audience, a couple of thousand people, went absolutely berserk!

Afterwards, a small group of us sat around on the oversized sofas in our hotel lobby, exhausted but elated. I was halfway through the first of many beers when my cell phone rang. "Shalyi's 'a popping,'" our friend Ty informed me. I couldn't believe it. It was nearly midnight and there were no more flights out of Chicago until the next morning! I began to pace the hotel lobby as if it were a hospital waiting room. I called Shalyi or Ty every half hour, but no delivery. At 5:30 A.M., bleary-eyed, I headed for the airport, happy because I would soon be holding our baby, but sad because the first preview of "The Producers" would happen without me.

Arriving on the tarmac in New York City, I checked my cell phone. There was a message from Shalyi. No baby yet, but "Hurry up, you #!$%," it said. I jumped in a cab and rushed towards the hospital. My phone rang; it was Shalyi again. "I've been able to stall things hoping you could get here." "I'll be there," I replied.

Twenty minutes later, our little girl, Eller—seven pounds and eleven ounces of pure yummieness—arrived with Stevie Wonder's "Overjoyed" playing in the background. She was swaddled and handed to me, and I held her with my heart full of joy. I had witnessed Eller's first "big entrance." It was 2 P.M. by the time I looked at my watch. "What do you think?" I asked Shalyi. "Would it be all right if . . . " "Go honey, we're fine," she interrupted. "Have a great show."

I tried to sleep on the plane back to Chicago, but the memory of the miracle I had witnessed was too overwhelming. When we landed at 5:30 P.M., I went directly to the restaurant adjacent to the theatre, knowing I would find Susan Stroman, Mel, and the rest of the gang there. I will never forget the expression on Stro's face when I walked in. It was all so remarkable.

I figured I would totally tank that night or drop a line, miss an entrance, scenery would fall on me, *something* would happen because days like this just can't be that perfect. But this one was.

SWING SHIFT

By Brad Oscar "Franz Liebkind"

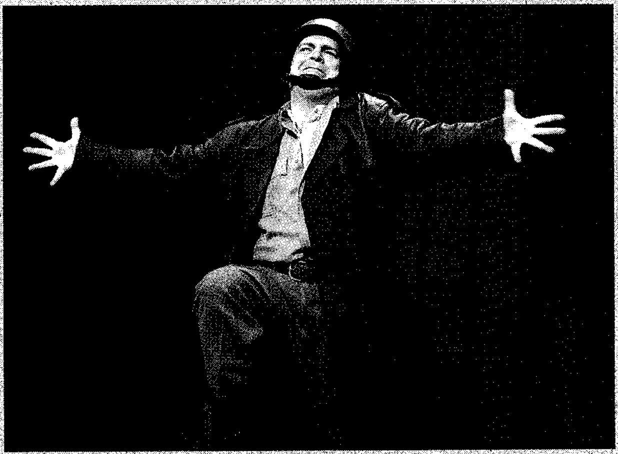
So it's the week before Thanksgiving, and I'm in Branson, Missouri playing Santa Claus in the Radio City Christmas spectacular. My agent calls. "I think you should fly in to New York for an audition next Monday." What, I ask myself, could be worth travelling on the worst weekend of the year, and spending a grand to do it? "They're still looking for a stand-by for Nathan," he says, and I'm making travel arrangements faster than you can say "Bialystock & Bloom."

There are twelve guys at the Ford Center rehearsal space that fateful Monday. We go in one at a time, read, sing, and then wait for the hopeful, "Would you please stay to move a bit?" Four of us are asked to stay and before I know it, we're finished. As I'm on my way out, the casting director tells me they may expand the track to cover Max and Franz, as well as some characters in the ensemble. Am I still interested? Interested? I'd cover Ulla just to be part of this project! The next morning, I'm in the lavatory of the airplane before takeoff back to Branson, and my cell phone rings. It's my agent. "They're going to make you an offer." I'm flying and we haven't even left the gate yet.

When I walk into the New 42nd Street Studios, I discover the true meaning of Christmas. To be in that room with the best of the best, all working at the top of their craft, is thrilling. As rehearsals proceed, my job expands. I'm now covering Max, Franz, Roger, and several men in the ensemble. The weeks are overwhelming as I learn all the material from behind a table where the swings sit, notate, and stress. We dub ourselves the "super swings," able to take on any role.

As fate would have it, I'm the first super swing to have his powers tested. It's six days before previews begin in Chicago, and the actor playing Franz suddenly needs knee surgery. I'm on. I am as surprised as everyone else how well it goes. Mel and Susan are very supportive and complimentary. As previews progress, I keep telling myself to enjoy every moment because I'll soon be back to my swing guy status. Indeed, the original actor comes back to do several shows at the end of our Chicago run.

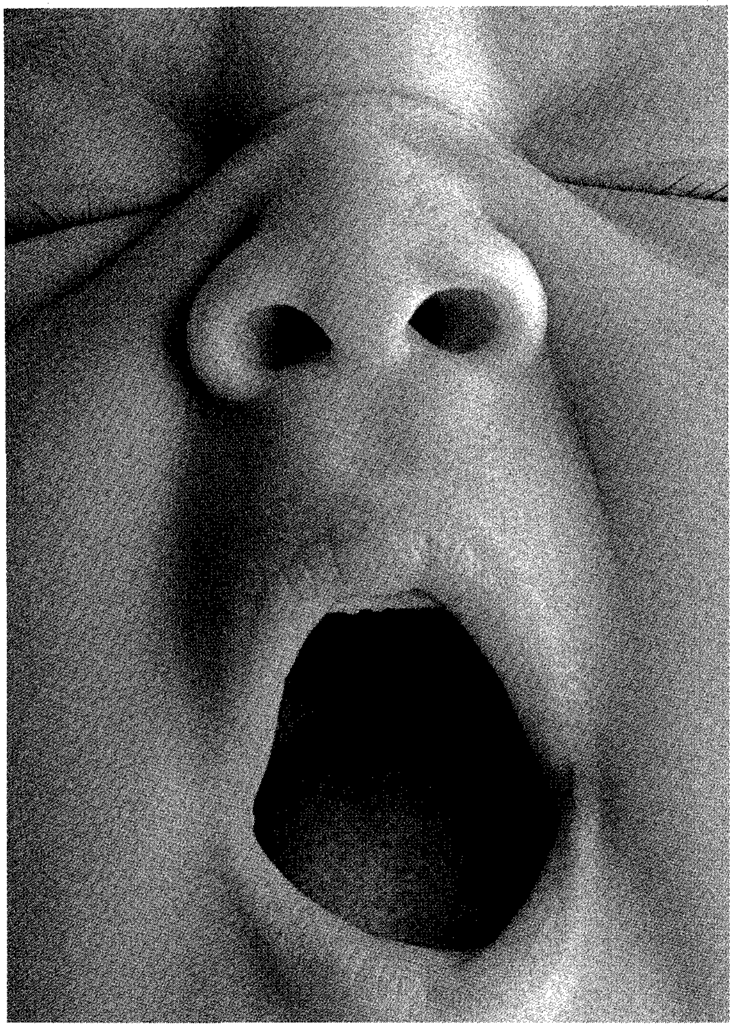
When we get back to New York, I have a message from my agent. "Hello Franz," he says. The producers want me to take over the role. I've hoped, I've dreamed, and now I have my first principal role in what is likely to be a hit.



My amazing wild ride continues. We record the album, open to unanimous praise, and break records for Tony nominations. I shall always have a special place in my heart for TV star Eric McCormack ("Will & Grace"). When he read my name—the fifth and final name in the category—I truly felt that fantasy and reality had converged. At last I understood exactly what "It's an honor to be nominated" means. Let's face it. A kid couldn't have asked Santa for a better present.

Paul Kolnik

MONEY MANAGEMENT IS WHAT WE DO.*



*Although some would tell you we also specialize in futures.

Unlike investment banks, Neuberger Berman wasn't created to underwrite stocks. For over 60 years, we've specialized in one thing: managing money. Why is that important? It means there are no hidden agendas when we buy or sell stocks for you. It means there are no distractions, either: we spend all our time sweating every detail of your portfolio, whether it's $500,000 or $50 million. And, mostly, it means we can help you realize your dreams. Not to mention your children's dreams. If you have a minimum of $500,000 to invest in a customized portfolio, and would like a free brochure on money management, call 877.232.4860. Or, for more information and a list of our offices across the country, visit us at nb.com.

NEUBERGER BERMAN

Private Asset Management

new ▶▶ nb.com

"Money management is what we do" is a service mark of Neuberger Berman, LLC. ©2001. All rights reserved. Member NYSE/NASD/SIPC. 7/01.

FOR INFORMATION, WWW.MONTBLANC.COM OR 1.800.995.4810

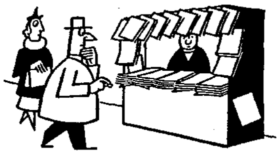
MONT
BLANC

® Montblanc

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

COMMENT
DIFFERENCES



If there is one proposition on which everyone has come to agree in the two and a half months since September 11th, it is that the campaign against international terrorism is unlike any conflict in our country's, or the world's, experience. This one is different because, among other reasons, the primary enemy is neither a state nor an insurrection against a state but a stateless conspiracy motivated by grandiose religious nihilism; because that enemy commandeers the materials and fluidity of modern civilization for use against modern civilization itself; because the enemy's nature precludes either negotiation or deterrence; because the essential aim of the conflict has the support (sometimes actual, sometimes only nominal) of almost every government in the world, free and unfree; because the means by which the campaign must be conducted include unprecedented kinds of police, financial, and public-health work as well as military action; and because defeat is unthinkable and victory difficult to define.

"This war will not be like the war against Iraq a decade ago, with the decisive liberation of territory and a swift conclusion," President Bush said in his address to Congress on September 20th. "It will not look like the air war above Kosovo two years ago, where no ground troops were used and not a single American was lost in combat." And yet the astonishment of the events of the past two weeks has been how closely they resemble conventional notions—and conventional hopes—of what war is supposed to look like. A decisive liberation of territory is precisely what has been happening in Afghanistan since November 9th. A swift conclusion—to this most visible military phase of the conflict, at least—now appears within reach. While American special forces on the ground have presumably suffered casualties, the official total of American combat deaths remains, at this writing, zero. And the most striking contrast between the Kosovo air war and the Afghan one has been that the former was actually larger.

One way in which this conflict is indeed different is that there is no antiwar movement to speak of. For nearly half a century—from 1953, when the guns fell silent in Korea, until this year—the United States never went to war, whether directly or by proxy, without significant domestic opposition. Vietnam is the most obvious example. But congressional Democrats voted overwhelmingly against the Gulf War under the first President Bush, and the Bosnia and Kosovo interventions under President Clinton faced similar objections from Republicans. Lebanon, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Grenada, Panama, Somalia—all engendered protest, often substantial and well organized. This time there has been nothing of the kind. Apart from traditional pacifists, who oppose any use of force on principle, and a tiny handful of reflexive Rip Van Winkles, almost no one objects, in broad outline, to the aims and methods of the antiterrorism campaign. Former (and unrepentant) anti-Vietnam War activists have been among the most passionate advocates of the duty of the United States to defend itself. Conservative commentators have had a frustrating time of it rounding up the usual blame-America-first suspects, because so few of those suspects are out there blaming America first. To be sure, there have been Americans who have suggested that American policies, arrogance, and heedlessness nourished the soil in which terrorism has grown. But even these critics, with very few exceptions, have been careful to affirm that none of this could possibly justify either the attacks themselves or a failure to respond vigorously to them. The United States has not taken up its campaign

THE
EMPTY
SPACE
LERY
CLOTHE
&
ACCESS

LAURENT CILLUFFO

against terrorism as a matter of choice, or in pursuit of some tertiary policy goal that is subject to rational questioning. There has been no real antiwar movement since September 11, 2001, for the same reason that there was none after December 7, 1941.

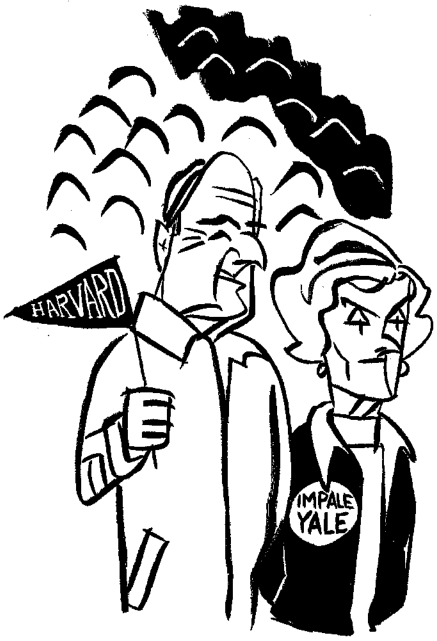
The Administration has, of course, made policy decisions that have come in for criticism and deserve to come in for more, especially the Justice Department's ukases truncating attorney-client confidentiality, detaining aliens without explanation or accountability, and establishing military courts to try (and, in theory, to order the execution of) suspected terrorists in secret and without judicial review. But, to the extent that the military campaign itself has been an occasion for something resembling dissent, that dissent has taken the form of tactical fretfulness, as noticeable on the right as on the left. Liberals worried that the bombing of Afghanistan, with its inevitable civilian casualties, would only strengthen the resolve of the Taliban, alienate the Europeans, and inflame the much cited "street" to the point of endangering the existence of moderate Muslim regimes. Conservatives worried that diplomatic oversolicitousness, an insufficient commitment of ground forces, and a reluctance to extend the war to Iraq would guarantee disaster. And some who are both liberal and conservative (or is it neither?) took both positions. ("Having found refuge in places that America will not, or cannot, bomb," *The New Republic* editorialized in its November 19th issue, "it appears the Taliban will rule Afghanistan through the winter, thereby handing the United States a humiliating and gratuitous defeat.")

The truth is that no one anticipated the extraordinary military gains of the past two weeks, and no one can know what the next two weeks—or two months, or two years—will bring. Success has its snares; triumphalism is as misleading as defeatism, and more seductive. The shape of success in Afghanistan is too conventional for comfort. The defeat of the Taliban is not the same as the defeat of Al Qaeda, with its global reach; and the defeat of Al Qaeda would not be the same as the defeat of international terrorism. The struggle has begun well, but it has only begun.

—*Hendrik Hertzberg*

NEW HAVEN NOTEBOOK
THE GAME, ONCE MORE

Picked up at unearthly hour, 8 A.M., for trip to Yale Bowl. Waiting in car: John Mallory and Peter Lattman, both Harvard Class of '92, money managers at Goldman Sachs. Major Harvard football fans. Much excitement in car—biggest game in eighty-eight years! Harvard (8–0) cannot only win Ivy League championship but record first perfect season since 1913! John especially excited. Wife just had twins. Last night, John held boy (five pounds), sang "Ten Thousand Men of Harvard." Image of father singing college song to infant stays in mind's eye across Triborough Bridge.



Football fans

TOM BACHTELL

Peter asks about past games of note. Recall one twenty-odd years ago, in Cambridge. Took daughter, age nine. Hoped Harvard would impress. Inconclusive. Spotted both mascots on sidelines. Daughter preferred Yale's bulldog to Harvard's Puritan. Harvard lost. A long afternoon.

Asked if went to 29–29 tie in 1968. Absolutely! Saw Harvard wipe out sixteen-point deficit in forty-two seconds and end sixteen-game Yale winning streak. *Harvard Crimson's* famous headline: "HARVARD BEATS YALE, 29–29." Glorious event! Remember standing, exalting, unaware that contents of horizontally held whiskey flask were pouring into fur coat of Yale gentleman sitting immediately in front. Coat soaked up whiskey nicely. Doubt man knew until later.

Ah, the memories. Describe meeting ancient Harvard All-American Hamilton Fish, class of 1910. Asked how he thought football had changed over the years. "Son," he said, "football's never been the same since they changed the shape of the ball."

John recalls that during junior year he was in charge of wheeling Fish around at age of one hundred and one at 1990 Yale-Harvard game. Wheeled him up and down the sideline to keep him close to the action. During game, unable to rise from wheelchair, crowd blocking view, Fish kept asking, "What happened?" Also kept declaring loudly, throughout game, "We have to run the ball." Apparently, Fish had huge ears that hung to his shoulders. "I guess that's what happens when you get very old," John says. "Ears are the only things that keep growing." Image of Hamilton Fish's ears remains in mind until New Haven.

Arrive 9:40. Gigantic field to west of Yale Bowl quarter full. Clusters of silver balloons. American flags. Smoke rising from barbecue grills. Students dancing atop U-Haul vans. Reserved mosh-pit ambience. Children everywhere. Cloudless sky. Footballs spiralling against it, many half-sized, with fins attached.

Our host, Oscar Anderson, Harvard '92. Big fan. Once tried to talk his way out of sister's wedding to attend H.-Y. game. Failed. Works for Canadian Imperial Bank of Commerce. Big stuff. In 1999, at height of Nasdaq prosperity, ordered up giant tent in corporate section. This year, card table set up behind car. Sign of the times. Orange-juice cartons. Entenmann's doughnuts. Celery stalks. Dish of peanut M&M's. Mixings for drinks. Try Anderson's Bloody Mary. Excellent.

Group departs for the Bowl. Note couple sitting on sofa atop U-Haul van. Game already well under way. Am told tailgate crowd waits until second half. In line with older couple. Wife wears large button: "Impale Yale." Worn every game for twenty-five years. Husband speaks of this with enthusiasm. Wife's face remains expressionless.

Arrive in time to see Yale score. Bowl more than half full. First quarter ends. Many children in section. With us, Oliver Richards, who is two and a half. Father explains game. "See the ball? We're for the guys in white." Etc. Sun sinking in west, just above rim of stadium, blinding Harvard section. Hundreds of arms extended to block out glare. Harvard scores twice. Then Yale. The stands opposite explode in sustained roar. Oliver claps happily. Father apologizes: "The boy is swayed by mass opinion."

Halftime. Harvard band—small, three sousaphones—takes to field, performs anti-Yale jokes. Public-address announces musical dramatization of President Taft (Yale man) getting stuck in White House bathtub. Leave stadium. Check on tailgate area. Heavily populated as before. Sofa above U-Haul still occupied.

Second half. True to form, stands almost full. Good game. Behind by two touchdowns, Yale gets to ten-yard line. Minute to go. Memories of Harvard scoring twice in forty-two seconds in '68. Could happen for Yale. Everybody standing. Yelling. Oliver, on father's lap, being read to, from picture book about trucks. Harvard intercepts, goes on to win, 35–23. Wild cheering.

On way down steps to field, man introduces himself. Neil Hurley. Played in 29–29 tie in 1968. Knocked senseless in fourth quarter. After game had first date with young woman he married. Kathy. Introduces her. Heartwarming! Also in line, woman carrying thick paperback of David McCullough's "Truman." Speaks crisply. "Read a lot today. I don't like football." Image of woman in stands turning pages of "Truman" while fray goes on below remains in mind's eye until playing field is reached.

Walk on field. Crowd thick. Players, both sides, still dallying. Eye black under their eyes. Girlfriends. Family. Return to car. Couple still sitting on sofa atop U-Haul. Then marooned for an hour or more in traffic leaving Bowl. Thin moon in western sky. Arrive home in New York, watch Lewis-Rahman heavyweight championship fight on television. Try to stay awake to see the Leonid meteor shower. Fall asleep, exhausted.

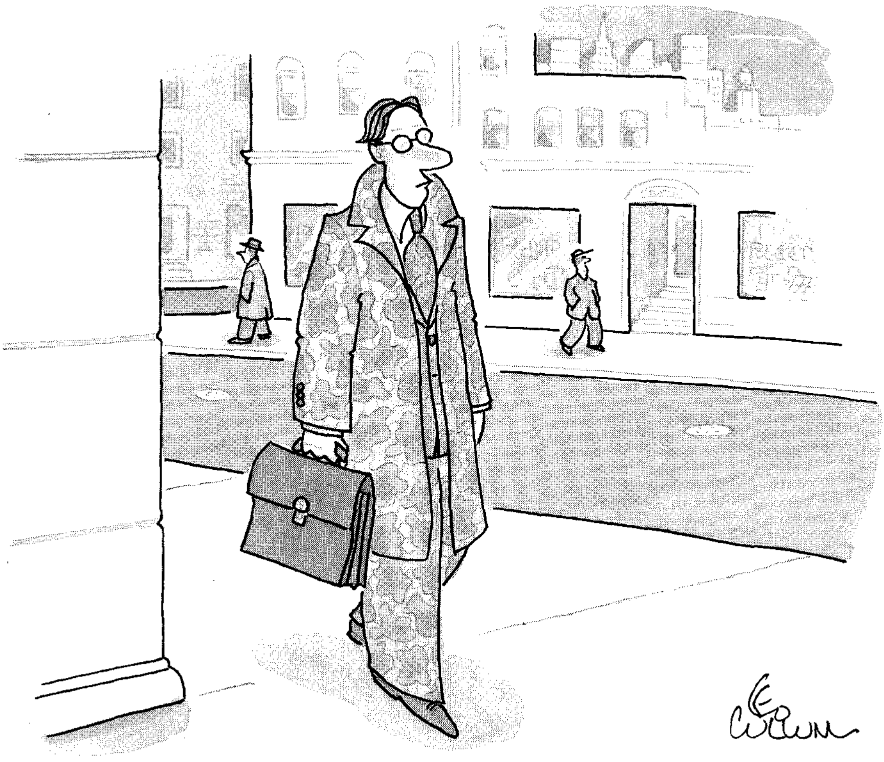
—*George Plimpton*

AT THE MUSEUMS
A FACE-LIFT ON FIFTH

When Ronald Lauder, the cosmetics heir, ran for mayor, in the nineteen-eighties, he wanted all the publicity he could get. When he decided, in the early nineteen-nineties, to establish a new museum on Fifth Avenue, he went in the opposite direction and kept the idea almost completely under wraps for years. In 1994, along with his old friend the art dealer and collector Serge Sabarsky, Lauder purchased one of the Avenue's greatest mansions—the former William Starr Miller residence, designed by Carrère & Hastings, at the corner of Eighty-sixth Street—to house both his and Sabarsky's collections of German and Austrian modern art and design. Sabarsky died in 1996, before the project had got very far, and Lauder took it over. He named the museum the Neue Galerie New York, hired Renée Price, the director of Sabarsky's gallery, to run it, and put the architect Annabelle Selldorf in charge of renovations. Then Lauder didn't say another word about it until two weeks ago, when the Neue Galerie threw open its newly cleaned doors.

"This was a museum done without committees, and things work very efficiently without committees," Lauder, who is also chairman of the Museum of Modern Art's board of trustees, said last week. He was standing in the panelled ground-floor room that has been turned into a Viennese café named for Sabarsky. Lauder started collecting Austrian art in 1957, when he bought an Egon Schiele drawing with his bar-mitzvah money; along with his brother Leonard, he eventually assembled one of the largest private collections of works by Schiele, Gustav Klimt, and Oskar Kokoschka. When he began, there was little market for Austrian and German Expressionist art in the United States. Lauder once asked Sabarsky if there were any collectors of Schiele and Klimt in this country. Sabarsky told him he knew of only two. "You have to add two more, me and my brother," Lauder said. "I already counted you," Sabarsky said.

The William Starr Miller house, which resembles a slice of the Place des Vosges, in Paris, has had an unusual history. In 1944, the Miller family sold it to Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who gave up her bigger mansion at Fifty-first Street and referred to the Miller house as "the gardener's cottage." She entertained in



the house relentlessly until her death in 1953, at which time the house was sold to the YIVO Institute for Jewish Research, which sold it to Lauder.

YIVO had filled the rooms with offices, but, to save money, never stripped away the original oak panelling. The elaborate interior details were simply covered up. Lauder asked Selldorf to restore the building as much as possible and, at the same time, to make it function as a contemporary museum, with modern lighting, mechanical systems, and elevators. The process took four years. Selldorf has gone through the building with a light hand, adding pristine, delicate touches to Carrère & Hastings's heavier, grander ones. The result is a kind of gentle modernism of utter precision, with perfect proportions.

"Ronald was in love with the building and with the idea of having it look intact," Selldorf said. "And I didn't want to make a big statement and put in a transparent elevator or something." But she was uncomfortable with pretending that her new elevator was original, so she designed its cab to look like those of the elevators in the Seagram Building—"my homage to Mies van der Rohe," she said—and then she encased the elevator shaft in white glass, which almost blends in with the white walls of the original building.

Selldorf and Price turned the former music room, which is lined with marble pilasters, into a gallery for the major Austrian paintings, and put Austrian decorative art objects, which include a grandfather clock by Adolf Loos and a chair by Koloman Moser, into the oak-panelled drawing room that runs along Fifth Avenue. The third floor, which is devoted mainly to German art and decorative objects, had to be rebuilt entirely, and Selldorf made new rooms, with exquisitely simple bare-bulb light fixtures and stark planked floors.

Lauder also turned the original panelled library into a bookstore specializing in German and Austrian art books. The bookstore will be run by Faith Pleasanton, who for years managed the late and much lamented Wittenborn art bookstore, on Madison Avenue. ("Not a day goes by when someone doesn't come in and say 'Faith!' " Renée Price said. "She knows everyone, and she knows all of the books.")

"I look around this place and try to find what is wrong, what I would do differently if I were starting all over," Lauder said. "I can't find anything I would change."

—*Paul Goldberger*

LESSONS
PIANO MAN, PART TWO

One thing Billy Joel does not do is take himself too seriously, and he wants to make sure that everyone knows it. "So I've just written a classical record, so what?" he said the other night as he waited to take the stage at Cooper Union's Great Hall, where he was leading a master class in piano. "Look at what I called the album. 'Fantasies & Delusions.' I wanted it to be just 'Delusions.' You know? Like, who the hell do I think I am? But people said, 'Oh, it's too negative, it's too self-deprecating.' " He nodded firmly. "Real Joel." Then he said, "I don't even want to call it classical. It's more like romantically influenced, instrumental, pre-twentieth-century music. I'm writing this because this music is my first love."

Joel, who was dressed all in black (form-fitting turtleneck, blazer, new jeans), is fifty-two-years old and has a graying goatee and a closely tonsured, receding hairline, which he also does not take seriously. ("There are people who actually *cut* their hair like this, like it's a look. Unbelievable.") He pointed out that the album, his first in eight years, has been No. 1 on *Billboard's* classical chart seven weeks in a row and counting. "Even with my pop albums, I've never been No. 1 for a month," he said. "This is awesome. You know who No. 2 is? Yo-Yo fucking Ma. This is a legitimate classical artist. I want to write him a letter, you know, 'I'm sorry.' This guy is a *shtarker*. How do you spell that? It means a big heavy hitter. This is the Babe Ruth of the cello, and we're keeping him out of No. 1."

Most of the undergraduates in the audience, it's safe to say, were not there to hear selections from the new album. "I don't know it," Becka Ollmann, a sophomore at N.Y.U., said. "But my dad's a singer, and he does a lot of old Billy Joel songs. My dad used to play like three hundred nights a year. In Minnesota."

The audience went nuts when Joel came out, walking across the stage the way a college football coach paces the sidelines, shoulders first and head down. He told the crowd, "When I was getting started, I wrote to the Beatles to ask what they were thinking when they wrote certain songs, and then I get this brochure back. But I wish that I had been able to ask them how to navigate the music business. There's a lot of job to the gig. I can help you kids, because I got all this stuff." He gestured to his head.

Joel's stage routine turned out to be less a master class than a standup-heavy lounge act, somewhere between Victor Borge and Andrew Dice Clay. There were deft impressions of the Rolling Stones, Procol Harum, Gordon Lightfoot, and the Beatles (he made some vaguely French-sounding noises before launching into "Michelle"). There were stories about opening for the Beach Boys, the Doobie Brothers, and Olivia Newton-John ("She had three dressing rooms—one for Olivia, one for Newton, and one for John"). After a while, Joel started taking requests for his old pop hits. He sat at the piano and played "Always a Woman," and when he finished he said, "Thank you. That'll be seventy-five thousand fricking dollars."

When the crowd was good and warmed up, Joel introduced Richard Joo, the twenty-eight-year-old pianist who performs all of Joel's compositions on the new classical album. "I just want to say that Billy Joel has always been a classical composer to me," said Joo, who has silky shoulder-length hair and wore tails. "Schubert and Mozart and Beethoven and Chopin are definitely his grandfathers and Lennon and McCartney his distant cousins." Joo sat down at a piano facing Joel's, and the two of them performed a couple of pieces from "Fantasies & Delusions." Sensing that the audience was restless during "Innamorato," a number that Joel had described as "romantic," he got up from his bench and began humping the keyboard to demonstrate while Joo played on.

"I don't play on this record and I don't sing on it," Joel said at one point. He assumed a superhero action pose and froze it. "Next one, I ain't even gonna write it."

—*Eric Konigsberg*

THE FINANCIAL PAGE
THE REAL PRICE OF OIL

Call them—as the press has—"breeding grounds," "flashpoints," or "powder kegs." Whatever name you use, the struggling economies of the Middle East and North Africa, where unemployment is routinely above fifteen per cent and economic growth is minimal, are now recognized to be potent sources of unrest, as a parade of Presidents and Prime Ministers argued two weeks ago at the U.N. General Assembly. Worrying about poverty, of course, means worrying about the causes of poverty, and in the past two months we've heard myriad explanations for Middle Eastern deprivation: Western exploitation, Arab corruption, Islamic hostility to modernization, globalization, the failure of globalization, and a dearth of Western aid. What hasn't been mentioned is oil.

Oil is usually thought of as a good thing—the only thing, in fact, keeping the Middle East and North Africa afloat. Without high oil prices, the argument goes, many of the countries in the region would sink into poverty and political chaos. But oil revenues are to the Middle East what heroin is to the junkie. Day to day, shooting up keeps you from feeling sick; over time, though, it keeps you from being healthy.

Countries like Saudi Arabia, Algeria, and Iran are textbook examples of what economists call "the resource curse." Though rich in natural resources, they are poor. Or, rather, they are poor in part because they are rich in natural resources. A 1995 study of ninety-seven developing countries by the economists Jeffrey Sachs and Andrew Warner found that the more important natural resources were to a country's economy, the lower its growth rate was. Of all the resource-rich countries they studied, only two were able to grow as fast as two per cent a year, while a host of the resource-poor nations grew much faster. "Just look around the world, and tick off the countries that are resource-rich," Warner says. "They are not rich countries, and they obviously haven't grown rapidly, because otherwise they would be." The biggest economic flops of the last decade—Russia, Argentina, Nigeria—abound in natural resources.

Why does the resource curse exist? The simplest answer is that being dependent on natural resources makes a country less likely to invest in other things that might be economically valuable, especially manufacturing. In part, this is a question of prices. When a country like Saudi Arabia is flush with natural-resource money, everything in that country becomes more expensive, including labor. It's difficult to open, say, a factory to make khakis for the Gap, because the khakis would be too expensive to compete with those made elsewhere. This hurts, because manufacturing, with its competitive pressures and its demand for technological innovation, is a key source of economic growth for developing countries. Natural resources are depleted over time, while the benefits of technological innovation actually increase.

Natural-resource wealth also depresses entrepreneurialism. It costs Saudi Arabia almost nothing to get a barrel of oil out of the ground, but that barrel, even now, can sell for seventeen dollars. It's a profit margin you'll find in almost no other business in the world. And it makes other business opportunities less attractive. People who might be inventing new products or opening shoe factories instead spend their days figuring out how to get a share of the oil money. "If you can get a reasonable income without really working, lots of people will take that," Howard Pack, an economist at the Wharton School, says. The problem is exacerbated by the fact that natural resources tend to be controlled by state-run monopolies, which pretty much insures a low level of innovation and competitiveness, and encourages people to look to the state, instead of themselves, for solutions. In Saudi Arabia, only twenty per cent of the jobs in the private sector are held by Saudis, who prefer government sinecures.

A dependence on natural resources fosters the illusion that you get rich by taking what's already there, rather than by creating something new. But the automobile, the electric turbine, and the computer chip were not there for the taking; they had to be created. There are countries that have recognized this and, in doing so, evaded the resource curse. Warner points to the example of Chile, which, despite vast copper fields, boomed in the nineteen-nineties. The growth rates of Malaysia and Indonesia over the past thirty years have far outpaced those of Middle Eastern states. And the little African nation of Mauritius became a powerhouse even though it started out with an economy that relied almost entirely on sugar exports.

These countries succeeded because they used their resource wealth to diversify their economies. They set up special export zones to encourage manufacturing. They countered the impact of high prices by devaluing their currencies. They opened their markets to free trade. And they invested heavily in education.

The oil-producing nations of the Middle East and North Africa, by contrast, have done none of these things. Their economies are still, for the most part, closed to the world. They have little or no manufacturing and, perhaps as a result, little or no technological innovation. They spend far more time fighting over how to divvy up the spoils than over how to create new wealth, which means that every economic decision becomes a political one. And they have invested very little in education. The oil producers are addicts. They prefer the comfortable squalor of staying hooked to the work it would take to kick the habit. Ultimately, the resource curse is less something they are afflicted with than something they have inflicted on themselves. Right now, the rest of the world is paying the price.

—*James Surowiecki*

CHRISTOPH NIEMANN

Design and Print
your own
Invitations & Announcements

InvitePapers.com offers a complete line of blank sculpted designs in white and ivory papers.
Our eclectic portfolio of paper essentials is perfect for those who design and print their own invitations and announcements, or greeting cards.

blank card

Professionals, calligraphers and craftspeople can now design and print their own foldovers, cards, and envelopes on custom papers.
Response-cards, placecards and informal notes, too.

Print your text here

Buy Direct from InvitePapers and Save 30% to 70%
because InvitePapers sells only designer sets *direct to the designer.*

InvitePapers.com

Dream Papers
personalized stationery & gifts
DreamPapers.com

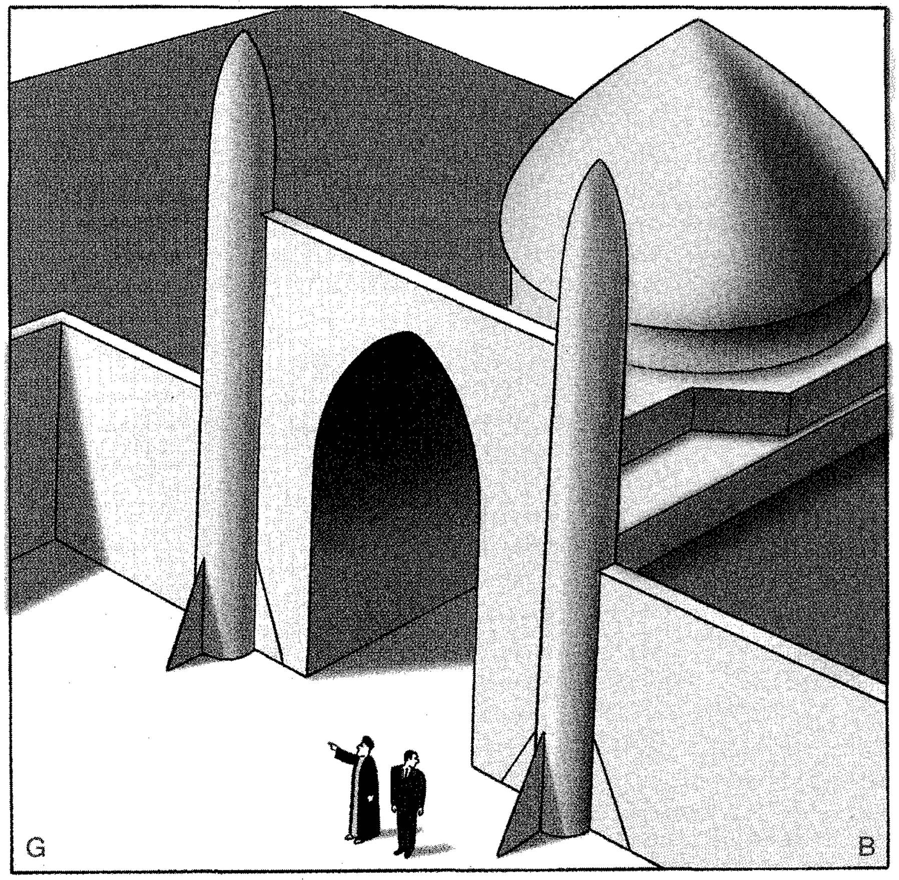
Gifts in 24
Personalized gifts for all occasions.
Personalized gifts ship in 24 hours.
Giftsin24.com

ANNALS OF NATIONAL SECURITY

THE IRAN GAME

How will Tehran's nuclear ambitions affect our budding partnership?

BY SEYMOUR M. HERSH



Clandestine production facilities are scattered throughout the country.

GUY BILLOUT

The Islamic Republic of Iran, depicted by the State Department as one of the world's most active sponsors of state terrorism, has also emerged as one of America's newest—and most surprising—allies in the war against Osama bin Laden and Al Qaeda. Another new ally has been Russia. And one of our oldest allies doesn't like it.

On October 24th, more than two weeks after the American air war began, Israel sent a government delegation to Washington for official talks. The delegation included Gideon Frank, the director-general of the Israeli Atomic Energy Commission, and Major General Uzi Dayan, the head of Israel's National Security Council, and its purpose was to warn the Americans, not for the first time, about new evidence of Iran's efforts to become, with Russia's help, the world's next nuclear power.

The Israeli message, as a participant summarized it, was characteristically blunt: the Iranian atomic-bomb program was making rapid progress, and something had to be done about it. As far as the Israelis were concerned, this meant that the Bush Administration should put Russia's support for Iran at the top of its foreign-policy agenda.

The warning poses a dilemma for the Bush Administration. Iran, which is predominantly Shiite, and has long-standing religious and political ties to Afghanistan (the Afghan population is about one-sixth Shiite), has offered to let American search-and-rescue helicopters stage operations from bases on its soil and has relayed sensitive intelligence from Afghanistan to the United States. According to one former American intelligence official, Ismail Khan, the Northern Alliance leader whose troops reclaimed the western city of Herat, is known to have been a covert asset of Iran's two intelligence services, the Islamic Revolutionary Guard Corps and the Ministry of Intelligence and Security. Both organizations have been avowedly anti-American since the seizure of the American Embassy in Tehran, in 1979, and their collaboration with the American war effort is seen as striking evidence of a larger shift toward moderation.

Since the terrorist attacks of September 11th, President Mohammad Khatami of Iran, a reformer who is seeking to improve relations with Washington, has repeatedly criticized bin Laden's interpretation of Islam and said that if the Palestinian people chose to recognize Israel's right to exist Iran would respect their wishes. The American intelligence community, however, is unsure of the extent of Khatami's independence from Iran's conservative religious leaders. The mullahs remain in control of the country's intelligence services, which finance and work closely with Hezbollah and other terrorist organizations that operate inside Israel.

Iran's secret push for the bomb and the support it has received from Russia are being closely monitored by American intelligence agencies, and American and Israeli officials have been meeting in secret since the mid-nineteen-nineties to share information on the nuclear program. (Israel has had a nuclear arsenal for decades, although it has never publicly acknowledged this.)

Iran has always denied that it is trying to build a bomb. ("I hate this weapon," President Hashemi Rafsanjani, Khatami's predecessor, told "60 Minutes" in 1997.) Nonetheless, many American and Israeli intelligence officials estimate that Iran is only three to five years away from having launchable warheads. The immediate question is whether the country has passed the point of no return—the point where its domestic capability can no longer be derailed by export controls or interdiction of potential suppliers. "They're closer to that point than we should be comfortable about—and the fact that we can't pin it down also makes me uncomfortable," one American intelligence officer told me. For now, intelligence officials believe, Iran's biggest hurdle is the laborious process of producing weapons-grade material. However, if Iran somehow managed to acquire fissile material on the Russian black market, all the careful American and Israeli intelligence estimates would be irrelevant.

Following the pattern set by Pakistan—another American ally in the war against the Taliban—Iran established a maze of covert companies to conceal its nuclear program. In the last two years, according to a former senior Pentagon official, intelligence services have observed "extensive digging" in Iran as nuclear engineers rushed to construct hidden production facilities. "We know that they're going deep and clandestine," the former official said. An Israeli official confirmed that the hidden sites "are spread all around the country." The Iranians apparently hope to minimize the potential damage from what another American intelligence official called "the Israeli version of counterproliferation"—a preëmptive air strike. (In 1981, the Israeli Air Force attacked and destroyed a new Iraqi reactor a few months before it was scheduled to come on line.)

A European diplomat who has undertaken sensitive United Nations assignments in Iran for the past two decades called Iran's push for the bomb "contradictory behavior." He said, "This is the time to call their bluff. This is a time for the U.S. to really make or break it with Iran."

Iran began its pursuit of nuclear weapons in the mid-nineteen-seventies, when Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi, flush with oil money, ambition, and American support, set up the Atomic Energy Organization of Iran and announced that his kingdom would construct twenty-three nuclear power reactors. The Shah invested an estimated six billion dollars in nuclear projects, and Siemens, the West German conglomerate, completed more than half the construction needed for the installation of two reactors at Bushehr, near the Persian Gulf. Thousands of Iranians were abroad, studying physics and related subjects. American intelligence reports indicated that the Shah also planned to

NEW YORK CITY BALLET

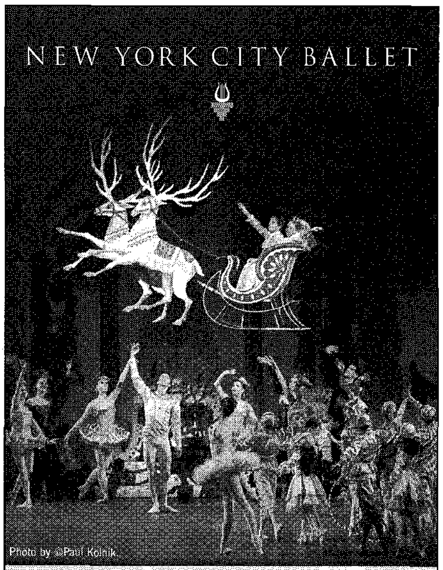


Photo by ©Paul Kolnik

GEORGE BALANCHINE'S

THE NUTCRACKER℠

Now through December 31, 2001

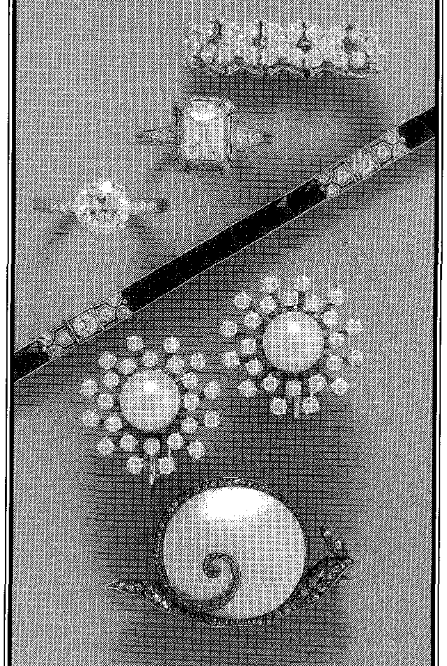
For Information
Call (212) 870-5570

PEAK PRICES: $22-$88 OFF-PEAK PRICES: $16-$80
NEW YORK STATE THEATER AT LINCOLN CENTER

Sponsored by citibank

www.nycballet.com

Antique Jewels



J. MAVEC & CO.
946 Madison Avenue at 75th Street
New York 10021 Tel (212) 517-7665
www.jmavec.com

Should they
open your present?
Or should your
present open them?

GIVE THE GIFT OF KNOWLEDGE THIS HOLIDAY SEASON. A GIFT CERTIFICATE FOR A FATHOM ONLINE COURSE. Begin with "The History of the City of New York," a new seminar created by Columbia Professor Kenneth T. Jackson. Your family and friends can delve into the little-known, fascinating events that shaped New York into the vibrant city it is today. It's just one of the many seminars and courses found on Fathom, and also available with a Fathom holiday gift certificate. Courses that are designed to fit in any schedule. Subjects range from literature to science, from technology to art history. Explore online learning from the world's finest academic and cultural institutions. Don't just open presents this holiday season. Open minds.

THE SOURCE
FOR ONLINE LEARNING.
www.fathom.com

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY • LONDON SCHOOL OF ECONOMICS AND POLITICAL SCIENCE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS • THE BRITISH LIBRARY • THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY • THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN • AMERICAN FILM INSTITUTE • RAND • WOODS HOLE OCEANOGRAPHIC INSTITUTION • THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM • VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM • SCIENCE MUSEUM

THINKING IS
ENCOURAGED
@FATHOM

build a nuclear bomb; a nuclear-weapons design team had been set up, and covert efforts were made to acquire the materials and know-how necessary to produce weapons.

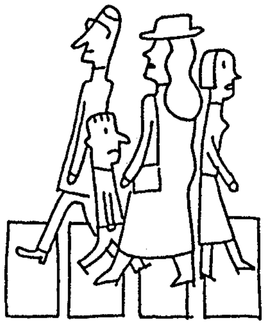
This effort came to an abrupt end in 1979, when the Shah was overthrown. The government was, eventually, taken over by the Provisional Revolutionary Government, headed by Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini. In "Going Nuclear," a 1987 study of the spread of nuclear weapons, the proliferation expert Leonard S. Spector noted presciently that if American policymakers had understood more about the power of Muslim fundamentalism and anti-American sentiment in Iran they might have acted more aggressively to keep the Shah's nuclear assets out of the new government's hands. Nonetheless, throughout the nineteen-eighties there seemed to be little reason for official concern, as Iran and Iraq fought a devastating war that weakened both. Iran's nuclear programs were essentially shut down, and the half-completed buildings at Bushehr were badly damaged in an Iraqi bombing raid.

The war ended in 1988, with Iran's defeat. The ruling mullahs turned once again to West Germany and Siemens, but the German government, under pressure from Washington—"Death to America" was still the Iranian rallying cry—decided to end its nuclear involvement in Iran. At the time, Iran and the Soviet Union's mutual antagonism to the United States did not translate into a close relationship with each other.During the Iran-Iraq war, the Soviet Union—which shared a twelve-hundred-mile border with Iran—had been Iraq's main supporter and its most important arms supplier. After Ayatollah Khomeini's death, in 1989, however, the Iranian religious leadership turned for help to China and also, in a major geopolitical shift, the Soviet Union, and signed a comprehensive arms and trade agreement with the Soviets that included coöperation on the "peaceful uses of atomic energy." The new alliance fit Moscow's needs well, coming when the Soviet Union was in the final stages of imperial and economic collapse.

The Yeltsin government agreed to rebuild Iran's bombed-out facilities at Bushehr, and, in 1995, the two countries signed an eight-hundred-million-dollar contract under which the Russians would help install a powerful reactor there, to be run by a Russian-Iranian team. Since then, a vast complex of buildings has been constructed at the site. Russia also began a training program for Iranian physicists and technicians, and set up clinics on how to operate a nuclear power plant.

Intelligence officials told me, however, that Iran's most important nuclear production facilities are not at Bushehr, which is open to international inspection by the Vienna-based International Atomic Energy Agency, but scattered throughout the country, at clandestine sites, under military control. The clandestine facilities have not been "declared"—that is, they are not subject to I.A.E.A. inspection. One important hidden site is believed to be at the Sharif University of Technology, in Tehran, which allegedly serves as a procurement front and research center for the bomb program. An American officer who has worked closely with Israeli intelligence told me that at one point in the early nineties the Israelis traced a flow of illicit high-tech materials from German manufacturers to Iran, and determined that Sharif was—as he put it—"the secret place."

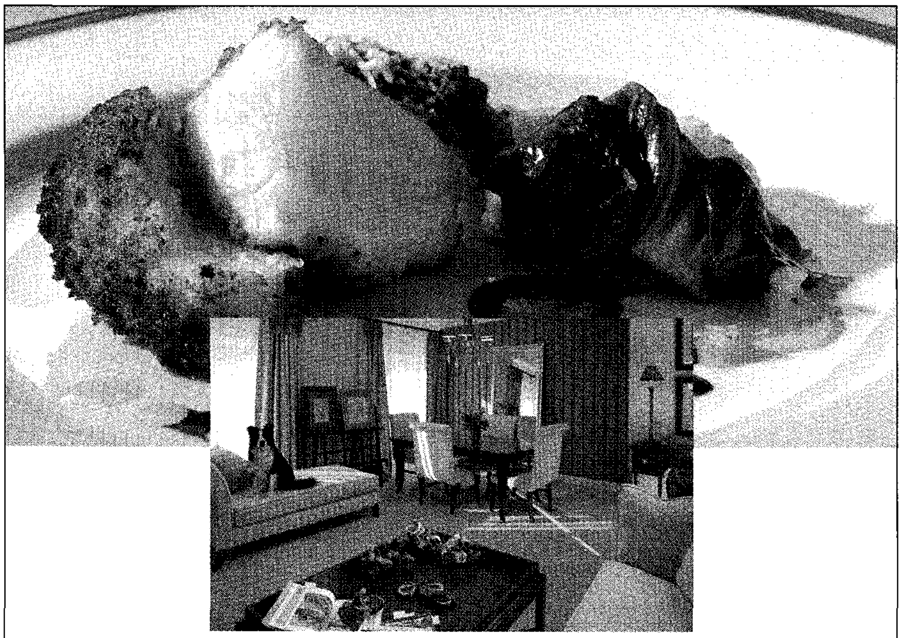
More troubling intelligence came in the late nineties, when it was learned from sensitive sources that Dr. Abdul Qadeer Khan, who directed the Pakistani nuclear program from the nineteen-seventies until his retirement, earlier this year, made at least one secret visit to an Iranian nuclear facility. (He often travelled in disguise on such trips.) Khan is known to many in Pakistan as the father of the Pakistani bomb—a tribute to his ingenuity when, after secretly procuring plans for sophisticated gas centrifuges from Europe in the nineteen-seventies, he had his laboratories



producing weapons-grade uranium by the mid-eighties. Khan was under American surveillance because he had made clandestine visits to North Korea. American officials believe that he brought no actual materials with him to Iran—just his years of hands-on experience in bomb-making. "This guy moves around," one American intelligence official said of Khan. "He's in bad places at bad times."

The initial focus of American and Israeli intelligence was less on Iran's progress in building the bomb than on what Iran might be able to buy ready-made from Russia. After the breakup of the Soviet Union, in 1991, Russian military officers, whose forces were starved for cash, sometimes proved willing to sell off weapons, including missiles, to almost anyone. Economic despair also struck Russia's Ministry of Atomic Energy, known as Minatom, the huge enterprise that ran the ten closed nuclear cities where, during the Cold War, nuclear warheads were fabricated and weapons-grade uranium and plutonium—more than a thousand tons—were produced. Minatom was responsible for maintaining and, later, dismantling Russia's huge arsenal of nuclear weapons. But by 1998 the Russian government was funding only about twenty per cent of Minatom's operating expenses, and thousands of scientists and technicians in the closed cities were going unpaid for months at a time. Russian mobsters, taking advantage of the poverty and disarray of post-Soviet Russia, got into the business of buying military equipment and selling it to third parties.

For many in Russia's military-industrial complex, these off-the-books deals are windfalls. "They make money—a lot of money," a former American intelligence officer explained. The military leadership, he said, is filled with generals carrying old resentments—"a bunch of unreconstructed assholes who don't understand that the Cold War is over." He went on, "If you're an unreconstructed Russian general who thinks all evil begins and ends with the United States, you help out a regional friend. The military was a state within a state under Yeltsin. The biggest problem facing the new guy"—Vladimir



And a great suite for dessert.

CAMPTON PLACE
HOTEL AND RESTAURANT

340 Stockton Street, San Francisco | 415.781.5555 | reserve@campton.com | www.camptonplace.com

Three hours live with

David McCullough

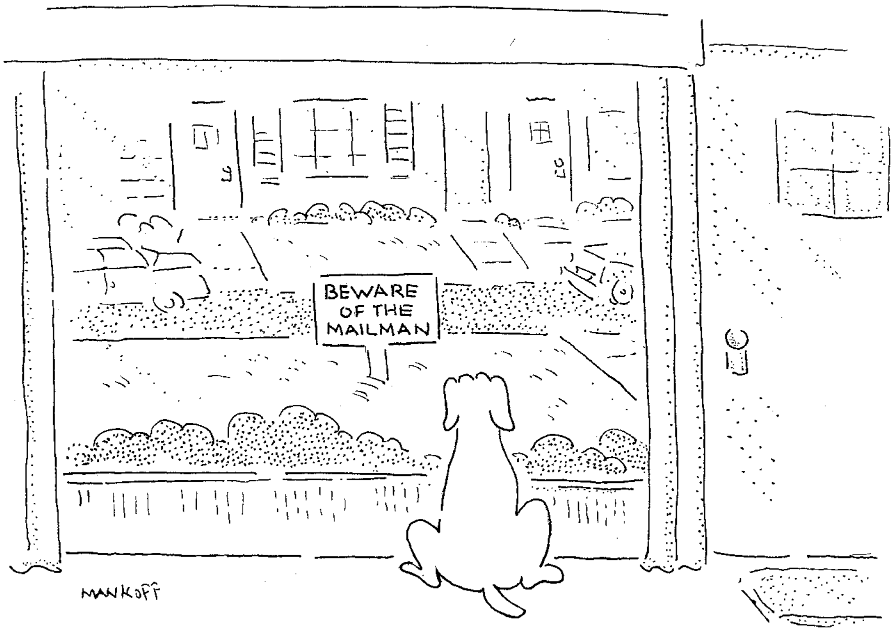
Photo: William B. McCullough

In Depth, on C-SPAN2, offers you a chance to call in to this best-selling author.

Sunday, December 2
noon-3 pm ET
***In Depth* on C-SPAN2**
check local TV listings for CSPAN2

Book tv
C-SPAN2
booktv.org

Created by Cable.
Offered as a Public Service.



Putin, who replaced Yeltsin at the end of 1999—"is how to get control of the military."

Iran is believed to have made a serious effort in the early nineteen-nineties to buy specialized materials for nuclear weapons from a factory in newly independent Kazakhstan. According to William Courtney, who was the first American Ambassador to Kazakhstan, a team of American weapons experts from the United States Embassy and the Oak Ridge National Laboratory inadvertently stumbled onto the planned deal in 1994, when they were called to the factory to inspect a cache of highly enriched uranium that Kazakhstan had offered for sale to the United States. The uranium, Courtney recalled, was to be made into fuel rods for the reactors in Soviet nuclear submarines but had been "left behind" when the Soviet Union collapsed. "The Soviets just forgot about it," Courtney said. Along with the uranium, the experts found piles of packaged materials marked for shipment to Iran. Courtney explained that the Kazakhstanis later acknowledged that the Iranians had approached them about buying the goods, but claimed that they had decided against making the deal. Whatever the truth, the discovery heightened American eagerness to get all the materials out of Kazakhstan, and, in a clandestine operation, the uranium was turned over to the United States for a larger share of foreign aid.

Another American intelligence official offered a cynical view of the Russians. "They have real disdain for the indigenous capability of the Iranians," the official said, adding that by the early nineties the Russians were reasoning that the Iranian program, which was then headed by a bureaucrat, was poorly run, and that any sale of high-tech equipment was unlikely to lead anywhere. "Four lab assistants were running the program, and they were all dropouts from Florida State," a C.I.A. operative joked. In 1997, however, after Khatami was elected President, the Iranian operation was put under the aegis of Gholamreza Aghazadeh, a former oil minister who also served as Khatami's Vice-President. "It's better now—more focussed and moving ahead," the intelligence official told me.

In June of 1995, Vice-President Al Gore visited Moscow and negotiated an agreement with Viktor S. Chernomyrdin, the Russian Prime Minister. The pact protected Russia from economic sanctions in return for a pledge that Moscow would cease all deliveries of conventional arms to Iran by the end of 1999. There was also a personal pledge, an aide who was involved told me, from President Yeltsin to President Clinton assuring him that the Russians would not provide sensitive nuclear technology to Iran. The Russian promise proved to be meaningless: Russia's support for Iran, both overt and covert, continued.

Soon afterward, the United States and Israel began holding meetings to discuss the Iranian nuclear threat and other security issues. The American team was headed by Leon Fuerth, the national-security adviser to Vice-President Gore. The Israeli delegation was usually led by a policy adviser from the Prime Minister's office, and always included one or two military-intelligence officers.

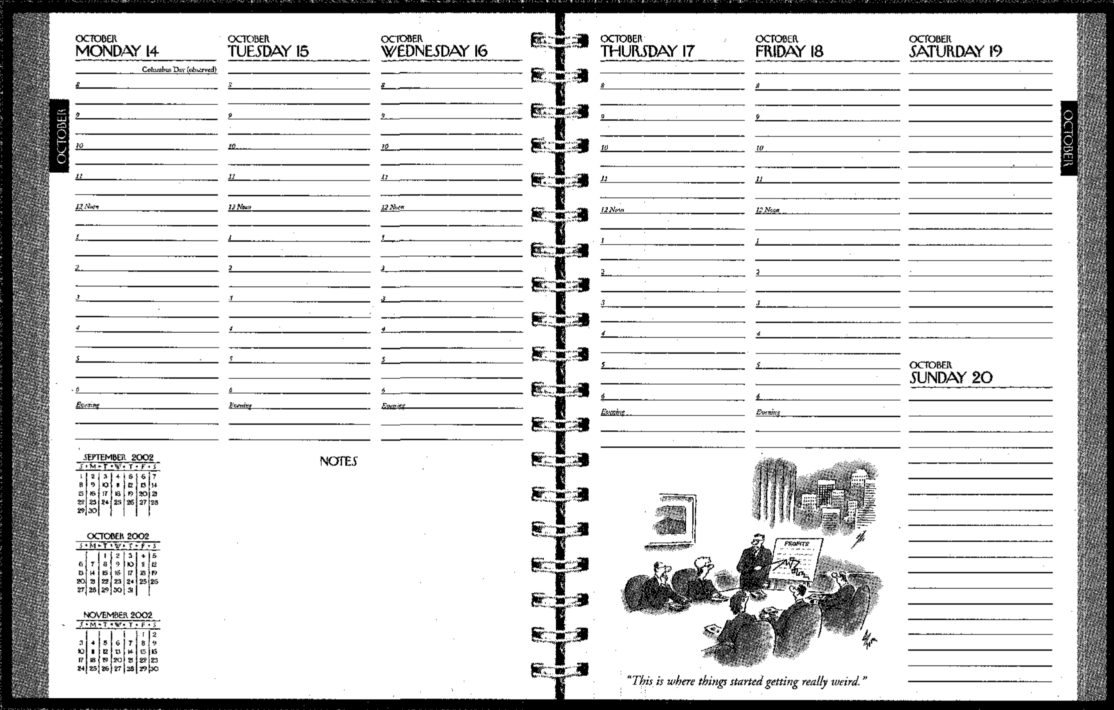
The Israelis continued to produce what they insisted was solid evidence of Russian complicity in the Iranian missile and nuclear program. In one case, Israeli and American intelligence agencies tracked the activities of a Russian military team as it took control of a mothballed production facility that made SS-4 missiles, which are capable of carrying nuclear warheads twelve hundred and fifty miles, and shipped it, "piece by piece," as one former American intelligence officer put it, to Iran. Chernomyrdin subsequently denied that Moscow had authorized the shipment. (According to a 1999 report in *Jane's Defence Weekly*, an upgraded version of the SS-4 missile, known as the Shehab 4, was being developed as part of the Iranian arsenal.)

The American meetings with the Israelis were often tense. The Israeli delegation was unsparing in its criticism of the Russians and in its insistence that the United States put more pressure on Moscow to cut off the supply route to Iran. The Clinton Administration, according to the Israelis, persisted in viewing Russia's ties to Iran as a mere by-product of corruption, greed, and lack of state control in a collapsing economy; the Israelis argued instead that the nuclear sales were part of a larger Russian strategy to begin regaining superpower status and to enlist Iran's assistance in dealing with the export of Islamic fundamentalism.

"From the start, the Israelis took the view that Russia must want Iran to have a long-range-missile capability," a former State Department official told me. "Otherwise, why not stop it?" He went on to say, however, that "over time the Israelis began to see just how screwed up the Russians' controls were." Nonetheless,

Advertisement

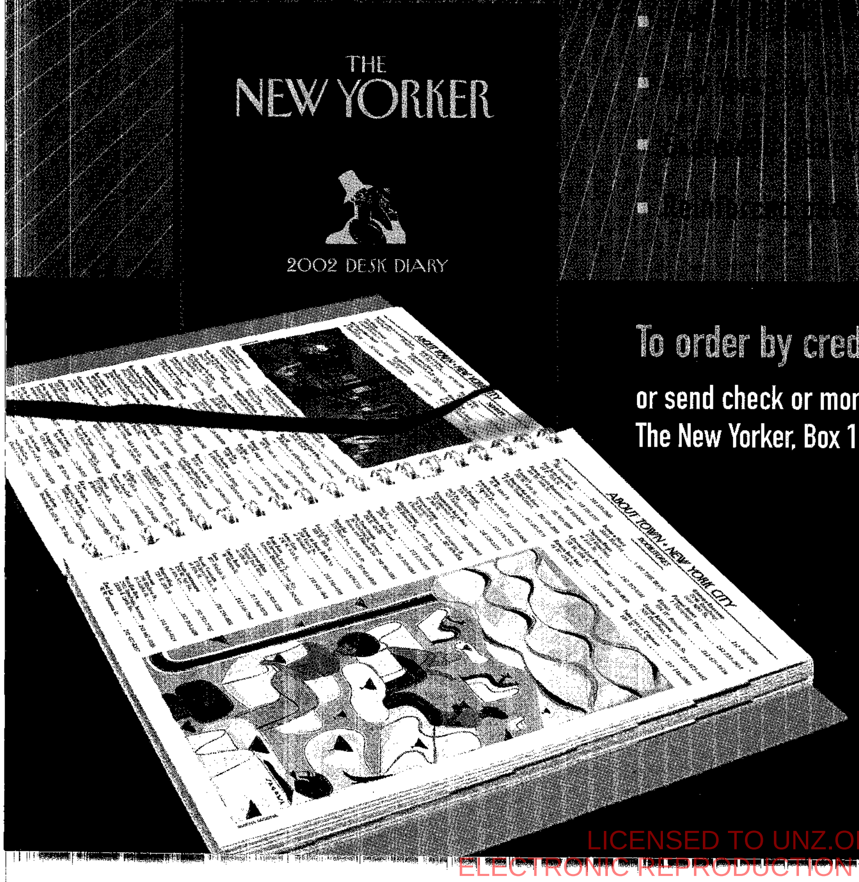
2002 IS STARING RIGHT AT YOU!



OCTOBER
MONDAY 14
Columbus Day (observed)
OCTOBER
TUESDAY 15
OCTOBER
WEDNESDAY 16
OCTOBER
THURSDAY 17
OCTOBER
FRIDAY 18
OCTOBER
SATURDAY 19
OCTOBER
SUNDAY 20
NOTES
SEPTEMBER 2002
OCTOBER 2002
NOVEMBER 2002
PROFITS
"This is where things started getting really weird."

THE NEW YORKER DESK DIARY

- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible]
- [illegible] for notes and receipts



THE NEW YORKER
2002 DESK DIARY
ABOUT TOWN • NEW YORK CITY
To order by credit card, call toll-free 1.800.336.5510

or send check or money order with your name and address to:
The New Yorker, Box 10214, Dept. 065540-123, Des Moines, IA 50336-0214

Yours for only $27.95* for the standard diary or $31.95* for the personalized version, plus $4.50 in the US ($6.75 in Canada) for shipping and handling. For personalized diaries please specify the name(s) to be imprinted (limited to 22 letters/spaces).

*Residents of CA, CO, GA, LA, IL, KY, MA, MI, NJ, NY, and OH add applicable sales tax. Canada 7% GST. Offer only available in US and Canada. Please allow up to 4 weeks for delivery.

© 2001 by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All rights reserved.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Grove-Fresh Florida Fruit For The Holidays!

1/2 OFF

A GREAT GIFT!

GRACEWOOD GROVES

A big 15 pounds of sugar-sweet Navel Oranges and delicious Ruby Red Grapefruit, **four stainless steel Grapefruit Spoons and golden Orange Blossom Honey.** Delivered in a beautiful gift box. The perfect treat for family and friends.

(*Limit 8 boxes, please.*)

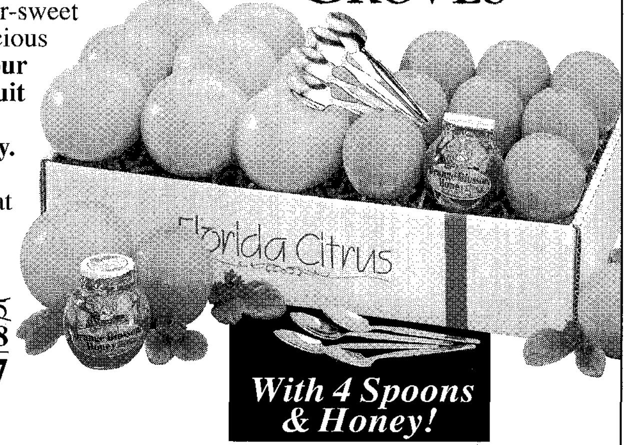
ITEM **#H15SB**

Regular Price ~~$39.95~~

You SAVE – 19.98

Your Price $19.97

Add $6.95 per box shipping to contiguous U.S.



If You Can Find A Better Gift For $19.97, Let Us Know!

15 LBS. Delicious Fruit HUGE

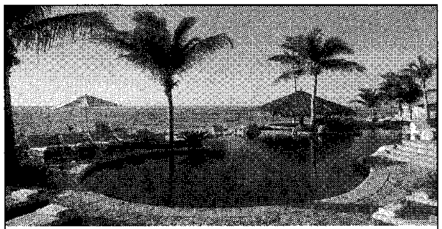
World-Famous
FLORIDA CITRUS
100% GUARANTEED

CALL TOLL-FREE
1-800-290-3626
Fax 561-567-1160
Customer Service 1-800-678-2407

ORDERING HOURS
8:00 a.m. – 10:00 p.m. EST, Mon. – Sat.
9:00 a.m. – 8:00 p.m. EST, Sunday

CODE NY402
EXP. 1/15/2002

Or mail orders to:
GRACEWOOD GROVES
1650 90th Avenue
P.O. Box 690069, Dept. NY402
Vero Beach, FL 32969-0069
www.gracewoodgroves.com



Escape to Palmilla.

Come and see us at Palmilla in Los Cabos, Mexico **before January 1, 2002 and be our guest again** next summer. We'll welcome you back with a **complimentary first night stay and one round of golf** for you and your companion to enjoy.

For more information or to make a reservation, please call your travel professional or us at
1-800-637-2226

PALMILLA
LOS CABOS, MEXICO

Package Restrictions & Guidelines: Some restrictions may apply to availability and specific dates and days of travel. Not to be used in combination with other packages. Packages not available for groups.

Chef'sChoice®

Trizor® Professional 10X Cutlery

A breakthrough!
Edges stay sharp up to 10 times longer!
A unique higher carbon stainless alloy fully forged and processed with aerospace technology.

For a store near you, call:
(800) 342-3255
www.chefschoice.com

© 2001 EdgeCraft Corp.

LA BELLE FRANCE
THE SOPHISTICATED GUIDE TO FRANCE

A candid, discriminating and fiercely independent newsletter that has been evaluating the best ... and most overrated ... luxury destinations of France for 18 years.

$98 per year, satisfaction guaranteed.
Check, Visa, MasterCard, or American Express.

P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903
Toll free: (800) 225 7825 **Fax:** (434) 977 4885
WWW.LBFRANCE.COM

"the Israelis were almost shrill. The implication was 'You Americans have other fish to fry with the Russians, and are not giving enough attention to our security requirements.'"

Throughout its second term, the Clinton Administration continued to emphasize publicly the threat posed by Saddam Hussein's regime in Iraq—an emphasis that tended to take the pressure off Iran. "It was always a question of priority," a former Pentagon official recalled. "NATO expansion was a more important issue, and there was Bosnia, Kosovo, and Chechnya."

In Leon Fuerth's White House office, meanwhile, there were some small successes in the struggle to contain Russian greed and prevent Iran from getting the atomic bomb. With help from the Mossad, the Israeli intelligence agency, U.S. officials isolated a group of private companies in Germany, Ukraine, and the Czech Republic that were willing to sell nuclear technology to questionable customers, and persuaded them to discontinue their Iranian contacts. Other potential trading partners were discouraged from doing business with Iran through diplomatic initiatives, economic sanctions or aid, and political arm-twisting. Putin responded to American pressure and changed the leadership of the still troubled Minatom. But by the end of the decade the average pay for skilled scientists in Minatom had diminished to subsistence levels—hardly a deterrent to the sale of fissile material that could end up on the international black market.

George W. Bush's election, last year, led to a suspension of the meetings regarding Iran between the United States and Israeli officials. One former official explained that both sides had been reluctant to continue them. "When Bush took over, it dropped off the White House radar screen," the former official said. "And the Israelis really didn't push it with the new guys. Part of it may have been that the new guys needed time. And part of it may have been the intifada"—the renewed guerrilla war between Israel and the Palestinians. Another official said that the Israelis simply "pulled their punches" in the early days of the Bush Presidency. (As it happens, the Bush Administration's 2002 budget proposal called for dramatically reducing the outgoing Clinton Administration's allocation for programs aimed at safeguarding the Russian nuclear stockpile.)

One factor was the Bush Administration's determination to persuade Putin to drop the 1972 anti-ballistic-missile treaty and join Washington in constructing a worldwide missile-defense system. Furthermore, a former Pentagon official noted, many in Russia believed that "Iran was going to get there anyway"—develop a bomb—"with North Korean or Chinese help. Why, then, invest a huge effort when it would secure Russian interests to be friendly with Iran? It wasn't clear that changing Russian behavior would change the Iranian program."

In the past year, according to American officials, Israel assembled evidence showing that at least two Russian export companies have continued illicit shipments to Iran of highly specialized aluminum and steel products that are essential for the assembly and operation of centrifuges. Ariel Sharon, the Israeli Prime Minister, apparently decided on a two-pronged approach: the formal talks with Washington would be renewed and reënergized, if possible, and Sharon himself would fly to Moscow and confront Putin with new evidence of Russian complicity.

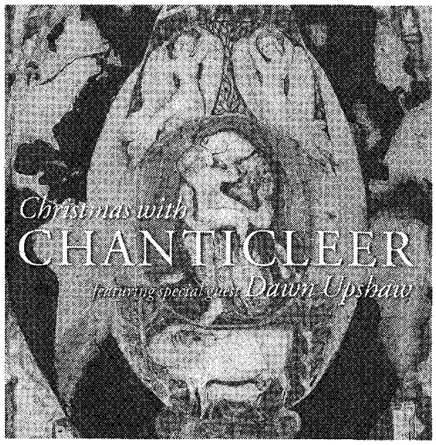
According to Israeli officials, Sharon met with Putin in early September, a few days before the terrorist attacks in New York and Washington, and turned over explicit information on the private Russian sale of nuclear-related materials to Iran. Initially, the Russian government insisted that the materials were for ordinary industrial use, but it promised to investigate the matter. One Israeli official told me, "The Russians, after checking, got back to us and you"—Israel and the United States—"and said, 'This was stopped.' We knew it wasn't stopped, and that the materials reached Tehran. We also know that Putin was lied to." The Israelis remain hopeful about future relations with Putin, who has spoken warmly about the one million Russian Jews living in Israel. An Israeli official told me, "Sharon, in his meetings with Putin, made it clear that this"—the Iranian bomb—"was an existential issue for Israel. Putin understands it, but he doesn't think the Irani-

Christmas with CHANTICLEER

featuring special guest DAWN UPSHAW

Enchanting Christmas carols from the Old World to the New

The long-awaited sequel to *Sing We Christmas*



Teldec Classics 8573-8555-2

TeldecClassics

©2001 ATLANTIC RECORDING CORPORATION. WARNER MUSIC GROUP. AN AOL TIME WARNER COMPANY.

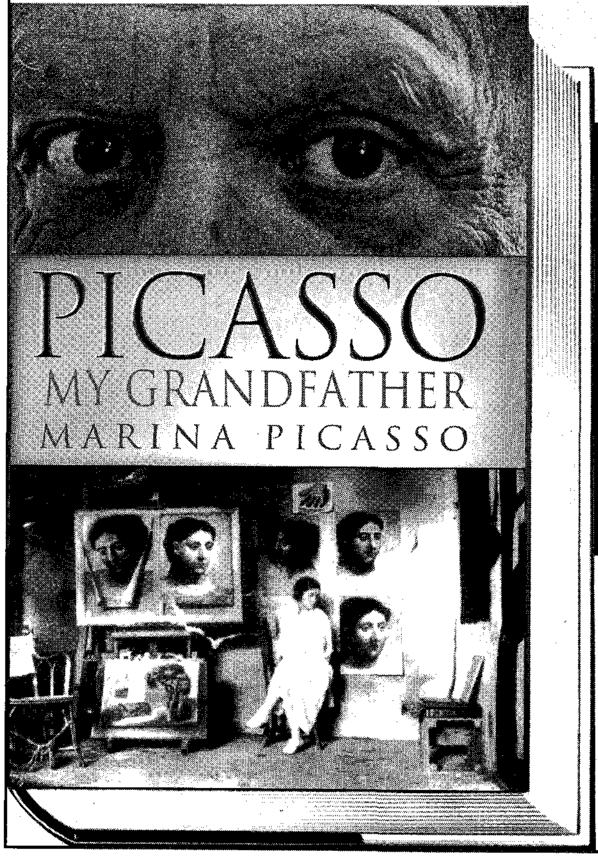
"Among the most versatile and virtuoso singers anywhere"
Dallas Morning News

Joseph Jennings, Music Director

AVAILABLE AT MUSIC LOCATIONS
BARNES&NOBLE
BOOKSELLERS

www.warnerclassics.com/chanticleer
www.chanticleer.org

"THERE'S NO RUNNING AWAY FROM PICASSO. I KNOW. I NEVER SUCCEEDED."—Marina Picasso



The vivid and powerful memoir of the private world of a twentieth-century icon.

ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS

RIVERHEAD BOOKS
A Member of
Penguin Putnam Inc.
www.penguinputnam.com

ans are up to it." Meanwhile, he added, hundreds of Iranians are continuing to get advanced training in missile- and nuclear-production technology at Russian institutions.

The Israelis returned to Washington in October with a delegation that included Dan Meridor, Minister Without Portfolio, along with Gideon Frank and Major General Dayan. Their contact was no longer Fuerth but John Bolton, the Under-Secretary of State for Arms Control and International Security. The Israelis found Washington preoccupied with Iraq, with the coming war against Osama bin Laden and the Taliban, and with its newfound allies in the war against terrorism. Nearly a dozen Iranian diplomats were assassinated in Mazar-e-Sharif by the Taliban in 1998, two years after they seized power there, and Iran was eager to protect its political interests—and its borders. Pakistan, widely believed to have provided Iran with essential data on bomb design, was suddenly America's most important ally in South Asia, and the best rewarded financially. And Putin joined British Prime Minister Tony Blair in providing repeated public endorsements of the Administration's tactics and repeated public praise for President Bush.

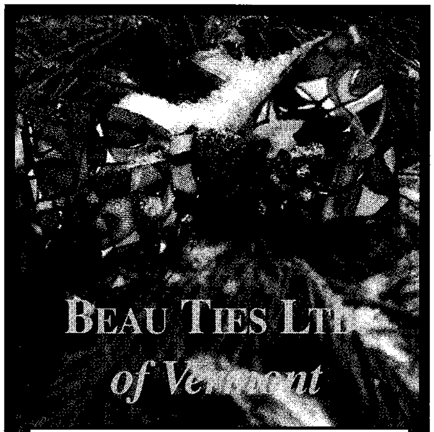
One former U.S. intelligence official said that the Israelis had come to Washington to renew their warnings about the Iranian bomb, in part, because they "think it's the only way they're going to get anybody's attention in the Bush Administration." The Administration's intelligence relationship with Iran was reminiscent, he added, of America's decision to side with Iraq during the Iran-Iraq war. "We gave the Iraqis intelligence support, and look at the monster we created there. Today, we're being led down the same path in Iran." Even Israel's most skeptical critics in the American intelligence community—and there are many—now acknowledge that there is a serious problem.

In formal evaluations, the American intelligence community lists Iran as posing a more immediate nuclear-proliferation threat than Iraq. "Everyone knows that Iran is the next one to proliferate—to possess a nuclear weapon," an American nuclear-intelligence analyst told me. "Iran has been the No. 1 concern about who's next for the last couple of years at the highest level of the government." He pointed out that, after the Gulf War, the much criticized United Nations inspection program had "shut down Iraq's nuclear program to a large extent." The Iraqis, he went on, "have the knowledge—they could very quickly get back up to speed, but the international community isn't letting them do that. They're not as far along as Iran." Iran's drive for the bomb, he said, "is not going to be resolved by export controls and diplomacy."

The Bush Administration continues to concentrate on the threat posed by Saddam Hussein's Iraq. "It's more important to deal with Iraq than with Iran, because there's nothing going on in Iraq that's going to get better," a senior Administration strategist told me. "In Iran, the people are openly defying the government. There's some hope that Iran will get better. But there's nothing in Iraq that gives you any hope, because Saddam rules so ruthlessly. What will we do if he provides anthrax to four guys in Al Qaeda?" He said, "If Iraq is out of the picture, we will concentrate on Iran in an entirely different way."

Iran's help in the war in Afghanistan, and many of its internal developments—from growing discontent with religious strictures to the increasing participation of women in political life—are encouraging to U.S. officials. But, one American official told me, it is also understood in Washington that Iran will continue to pursue the bomb, and that Russia will continue to help. "Even if Thomas Jefferson became President, Iran is going to go nuclear," he said.

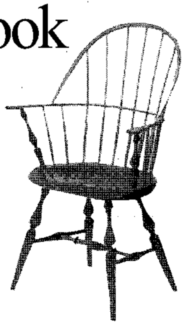
Some Israeli officials privately acknowledge that the extent of the Bush Administration's resolve in derailing the Iranian effort to build a bomb will be tied to the progress and outcome of the war on terrorism. "It's going to depend on how much success you have with Osama bin Laden," one Israeli official said. "If the terror continues, there is no alternative for the U.S. but to go to Iran for help." An American four-star general depicted the issue of priorities in more graphic terms. "We'll tell the Pakistanis and the Russians to back off their help for Iran's bomb," he said, "but that's Chapter 2, after we put our boy"—bin Laden—"in a body bag." ♦



BEAU TIES LTD. of Vermont

Five color catalogs a year featuring handcrafted silk bow ties and unique accessories. Choose from over 120 designer patterns, favorite classics and distinctive originals. We specialize in customer-styled shirts, ascots, cummerbunds, pocket squares, women's scarves and your own bow tie designs.

For a free catalog:
Call: **800-488-8437**
Fax: 802-388-7808
Email:btl@beautiesltd.com
www.beautiesltd.com



The Custom Furniture Source Book
A Guide to 125 Selected Craftsmen

From classic American period furniture to unique contemporary work.

The Taunton Press

www.taunton.com or 1-800-888-8286

Fabulously Warm & Cozy Blankets
Woven at our century-old mill and sold at outlet store prices only at our company store or website.
mjblankets.com
Worumbo Mill Outlet Store • Canal Street • Lisbon Falls, ME 04252
Tel: 207-353-4371 Fax: 207-353-5900

NUTS ABOUT NEW YORK CITY?

WWW.EVERYTHINGNYC.COM

Since 1998, the most unique selection of NYC related gifts on the web.

SHOUTS & MURMURS

SUFFERING FOOLS GLADLY

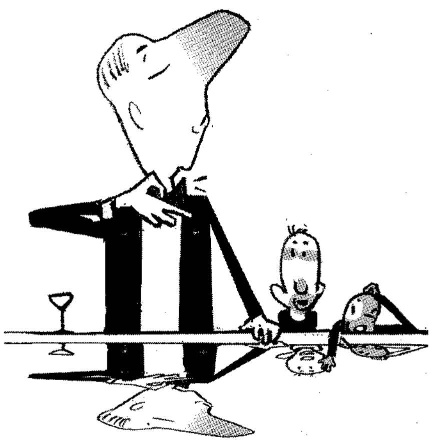
BY ANDY BOROWITZ

For as long as I can remember, I've been known as a man who doesn't suffer fools gladly. Not suffering fools gladly has sort of become my trademark, the first thing people think of when my name comes up. You know how Tonya Harding will always be known for the time Nancy Kerrigan got bashed in the knee with a metal rod? Well, replace "metal rod" with "not suffering fools gladly" and that's me in a nutshell.

At first, I was flattered that people thought I didn't suffer fools gladly. Not suffering fools gladly implies expertise and discernment, since knowing a fool when you see one is a pretty crucial prerequisite for not suffering them, gladly or otherwise. Plus, not suffering fools gladly suggests that you have far, far better things to do with your time—important things, even. People who think I don't suffer fools gladly probably imagine that I'm husbanding every free moment to find a solution to global warming or to sort out that intractable Social Security mess. In reality, I spend most of my spare time eating Nilla Wafers and watching ESPN2, but my reputation as someone who doesn't suffer fools gladly keeps that evocative image at bay.

As flattering as it seemed at first, though, this whole not-suffering-fools-gladly thing has really come back to bite me on the ass. People keep a wary distance from me, and it's no great mystery why: your average person doesn't enjoy being pegged as a fool. As my reputation for not suffering fools gladly has ballooned, I've become a social pariah, untouchable and unapproachable. I'm rarely invited to parties, but, when I am, I'm really easy to pick out: I'm the one surrounded by the twenty-foot "no-fool" zone.

Sometimes, in my darker moments, I wonder how this business about my not suffering fools gladly ever got started. You see, it's completely untrue. Not only do I suffer fools; I suffer them gladly. I suffer them so gladly, in fact, that it really can't be considered suffering at all. In my book, fools represent entertainment in its purest form. The time you spend talking to fools, I've often said, should be subtracted from your time in Heaven. Back in the good old days, when people at parties still talked to me, I used to hope and pray that I'd wind up talking to a fool. And when he'd mispronounce the title of a foreign film, or misuse the subjunctive mood, or get the name of a Plantagenet monarch wrong, did I "suffer"? I'd hardly call laughing until bourbon came out my nose "suffering." And it wasn't the supercilious laughter of someone who doesn't suffer fools gladly, either. It was the roar of a guy who knows he's just hit the hilarity mother lode.



ISTVAN BANYAI

But, sadly, those innocent days are long gone. My reputation for not suffering fools gladly precedes me now, and when people meet me they just zip up their pie-holes and turn tail. I'd love to take them by the lapels, look them in the eye, and say, "I know you think I don't suffer you, but I do—I suffer you gladly." But I never get the chance. The fact is, fools don't suffer me gladly, and the irony's not lost on me one bit. ♦

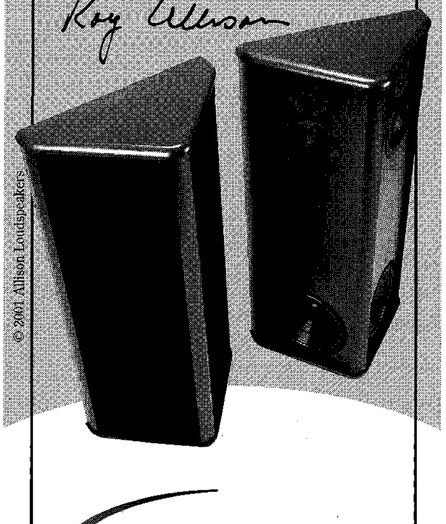
In 1972...

...Roy Allison, began extensive research into room surfaces to determine how changes in loudspeaker design could produce the greatest fidelity, clarity and imagery possible. Predicated on that research, Allison Acoustics® was born. For the next fifteen years, Roy Allison's company produced what critics called the best loudspeakers in the world.

The Allison sound has now been reborn. Roy Allison, back from retirement, is Chief Engineer of the new Allison® and the first group of Allison One Loudspeakers is now ready for distribution to fine quality audio dealers everywhere. They have the same dual tweeters, dual mid-ranges and dual 10" woofers each as the original Allison Ones, updated by Mr. Allison to accommodate the needs of digital technology. Only the enclosures have been changed, reflecting an updated, yet classic, design in a variety of fine furniture wood species.

The initial offering of these exceptional loudspeakers will be sold as Allison One Signature Loudspeakers. Each will be signed and numbered by Roy Allison and the initial offering will be limited to 300 pairs. Reserve a pair at your high quality audio dealer today or visit our website at www.allisonacoustics.com.

Roy Allison



© 2001 Allison Loudspeakers

ALLISON®
LOUDSPEAKERS

the heart of
Asia
at Park and 70th

Don't miss opening season at the newly renovated headquarters of the Asia Society and Museum. JPMorgan Chase is proud to sponsor this exhibition of more than 120 spectacular artifacts from the Silk Road. For more information about this exhibition and our other sponsorships, please visit jpmorganchase.com.

Monks and Merchants:
Silk Road Treasures
from Northwest China
November 17 - January 6

Asia
Society

Asia Society and Museum
725 Park Avenue (70th Street), New York City

Clay Figure of Kasyapa; Western Wei period (535-557); Maijishan cave 87, southern Gansu; Maijishan Research Institute.

JPMorganChase

©2001 J.P. Morgan Chase & Co.

MEDICAL DISPATCH

EYES WIDE OPEN

Can science make regular sleep unnecessary?

BY JEROME GROOPMAN

The United States Army Aeromedical Research Laboratory is housed in a low orange brick building in Fort Rucker, Alabama, an isolated rural area covered with pine forest. Fort Rucker is the largest training base for helicopter pilots in the United States. It is also where, for more than a decade, the sleep researchers John and Lynn Caldwell have been conducting pioneering work on sleep deprivation. Their laboratory contains an elaborate flight simulator, in which a replica of a helicopter cockpit is mounted on a hydraulic base that reproduces the complex movements of flight: the downward pitch of takeoff, the torque of yawing left or right. Wrap-around projected images mimic the visual experience of flight. "It's not like sitting at a video monitor or a computer screen," John Caldwell said recently. "It's as close to the real thing as you can get." Not long ago, six helicopter pilots, in green Army flight suits and combat boots, were kept awake continuously for two forty-hour periods, separated by one night of recovery sleep. Detailed performance evaluations were conducted at regular intervals. The pilots were ordered to execute precision maneuvers: "Straight level for two minutes"; "One-hundred-eighty-degree turn at one hundred twenty knots"; "Now! Left standard-rate turn." The Caldwells were thus able to assess how sleep deprivation affected the pilots' performance.

The military has a practical interest in such matters. Last month, for example, the first American bombing missions over Afghanistan required the two-man crew of a B-2 stealth plane to fly there from Missouri without stopping—a trip halfway around the world. In ordinary circumstances, as the Caldwells' research confirmed, sleep-deprived pilots make more errors and respond more slowly. Yet some of the pilots in the Caldwells' study were little affected by the loss of sleep. These were pilots who had been given the compound 2-(diphenylmethyl)-sulfinylacetamide, also known as modafinil. "Drugs are a tactical necessity for sleep deprivation," John Caldwell says.

Modafinil, which was approved not long ago by the Food and Drug Administration for the treatment of narcolepsy, is not a conventional stimulant, and has almost no detectable effect on people who are already fully alert. Yet the drug is at the center of a burgeoning new area of research into the neurochemistry of sleep and wakefulness, which promises to transform the treatment of sleep disorders. At the same time, scientists are exploring the prospect that people may be able to sustain a state of poised and productive alertness for days on end. Some have even raised the question of whether advances in biopharmacology will ultimately make regular sleep unnecessary.

Three years ago, scientists in Texas identified a new family of neurotransmitters called orexins. These are proteins produced by a remarkably small number of nerve cells—a few thousand, at most—in a single area of the hypothalamus. To find out what orexin did, scientists created "knockout" mice, which lacked the gene for that particular protein. The genetically engineered mice seemed normal in all respects but one: they had trouble staying awake. The scientists got in touch with Dr. Thomas Scammell, a sleep expert at Beth Israel Deaconess Medical Center, in Boston, and Dr. Clifford Saper, a professor of neurology at Harvard, who together confirmed that orexin regulated the sleep-wake cycle.

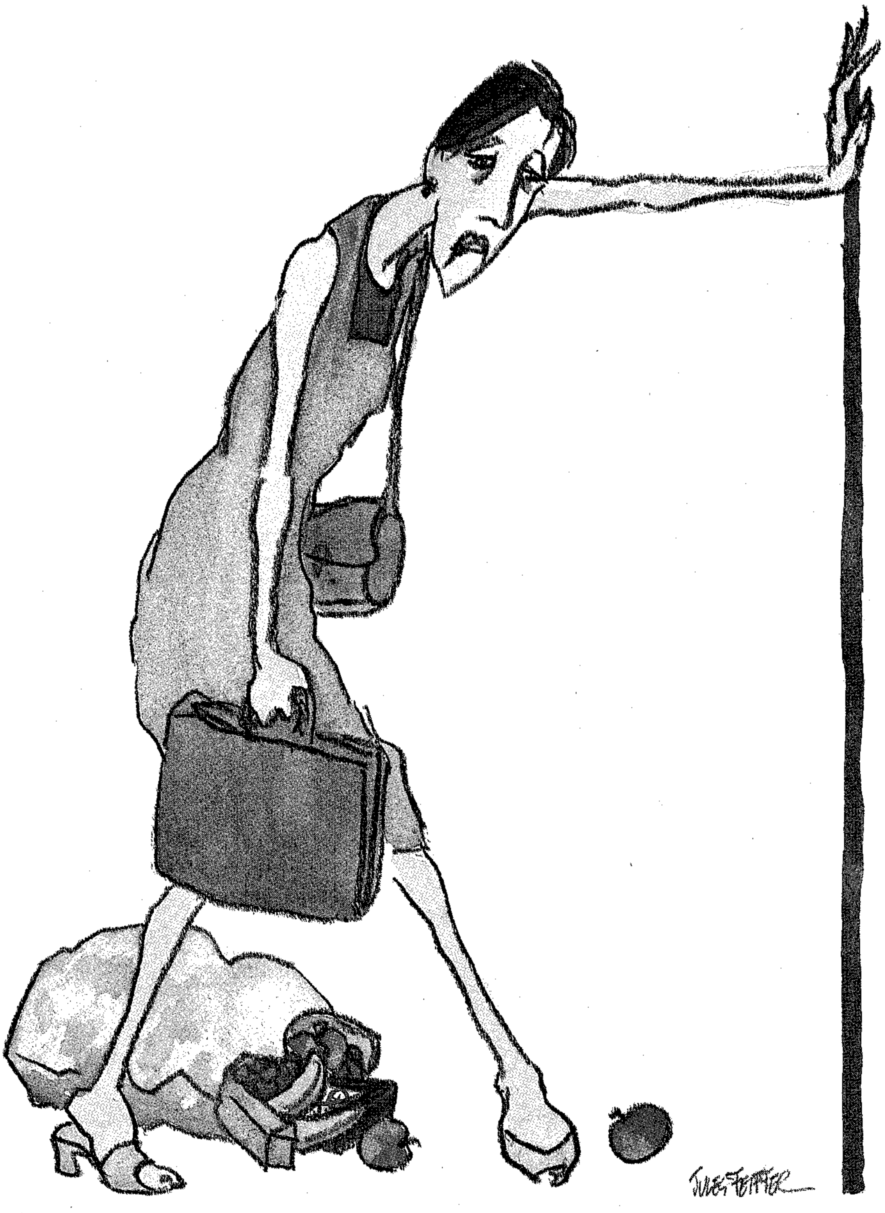
"If you think about a normal day, ninety-eight per cent of the time is spent either awake or asleep," Saper says. "There is a very short transition period between the two. The brain seems to have a flip-flop switch that changes the state from wakefulness to sleep, and orexin acts like the thumb that keeps this switch in the 'on' position." A deficiency of orexin causes narcolepsy.

Not long ago, Scammell and his research team dissected the hypothalamus of a narcoleptic. The hypothalamus appeared normal: it was the size of a plum, and had the color and consistency of tofu. A technician mounted it on a microtome, a precision instrument with a sharp blade, and cut the tissue into slices that were forty microns thick, or a little more than a thousandth of an inch. Each slice fell into a petri dish filled with a preservative solution, and floated like gossamer. Because tweezers might rip the delicate tissue, Scammell used a fine-haired paintbrush to lift and inspect the slices. He traced the part of the hypothalamus that normally contains the orexin neurons, a thin ivory-white band the width of a pencil lead, not far from the optic nerve, which runs from the retina to the base of the brain. Then a special reagent was used to test the tissue for the presence of orexin. On a normal hypothalamus, a swath of black dots would appear over the ivory-white band, indicating the presence of the protein. On the narcoleptic's hypothalamus, however, no black dots appeared.

What had happened to the orexin neurons? Unlike the knockout mice, the majority of human narcoleptics have normal genes for producing orexin proteins and receptors. Researchers believe that the orexin neurons are destroyed as part of an autoimmune reaction.

Until recently, the only "countermeasures" to sleepiness have been conventional stimulants, most notably amphetamines like Dexedrine. Dexedrine has been the standard treatment for narcolepsy, and it has had military applications as well: the United States Air Force supplied it to most air crews during the Persian Gulf War. More than sixty per cent of the pilots who used the drug said it was "essential" to accomplishing their mission. Unfortunately, amphetamines, in addition to a high potential for addiction, cause jitteriness, hypertension, rapid and irregular heartbeat, overconfidence, and a negative "rebound" effect—nonrestorative sleep—when they wear off. What scientists have sought instead is something that would boost wakefulness by replicating the brain chemistry of healthy, well-rested people.

JULES FEIFFER



A wakefulness drug appeals to "our relentless desire to control time," a researcher says.

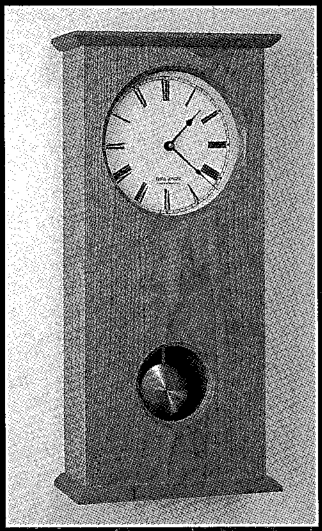
Like many drugs, modafinil was discovered before its mode of action was understood. In the early nineteen-eighties, a French pharmaceutical company, Laboratoire Lafon, was exploring new treatments for somnolence by injecting hundreds of compounds into lab animals and observing the results. In rats and then in humans, modafinil was found to cause wakefulness, yet, unlike stimulants, it did not give rise to hyperactivity. In clinical trials conducted by Cephalon, a Pennsylvania-based company that licensed the drug, modafinil was demonstrated to be a safe and effective treatment for narcolepsy. Somehow, it made up for the missing orexin.

"Modafinil is a key to understanding biologically what it means for us to be awake," Matthew Miller, a pharmacologist at Cephalon, says. Miller believes that through evolution we have developed two different systems in the brain which previously were lumped together under the broad term of wakefulness. The first system is associated with vigilance, where one is tensely alert to potential threats in the environment. The physiology of vigilance seems to involve the dopamine, norepinephrine, and serotonin pathways: stimulating these pathways results in hyperactivity and a reduction of reaction time. The second system is the "calm" type of wakefulness, where one is attentive and engaged in so-called "executive functions"—able to focus on cognitive tasks. Such wakefulness may involve the his-

Our fully fashioned two-ply cashmere
sweaters from Scotland are available in a
vast array of distinctive colors and styles.
V-neck and crewneck. $376.50

Paul Stuart
Madison & 45th New York
875 N Michigan Avenue Chicago
To order, call 800.678.8278 (24 hours/7 days)

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS



Exceptional handmade gifts
for a memorable holiday.
Gift certificates available.

To place an order or
receive our catalog call:
800-862-1973

Charleston · Chicago · Freeport · New York · San Francisco
www.thosmoser.com

tamine pathways. In Miller's view, the trouble with conventional stimulants—caffeine and cocaine, as well as amphetamines—is that they indiscriminately activate all the wakefulness-promoting neurons throughout the brain. Modafinil, by contrast, promotes the more selective firing of neuronal circuits in the cerebrum, particularly in the prefrontal cortex, where many of the higher executive functions of cognition and emotion seem to lie.

For narcoleptics, the results can be dramatic. The condition was recently diagnosed in a graduate student I'll call Joan LeBlanc, and modafinil was prescribed. She says she experiences neither a "rush" nor a "kick" as it takes effect, and there is no "crash" when it wears off. Dexedrine interferes with normal sleep, leaving its users feeling hung over when they awaken. This so-called sleep inertia often prompts the user to take more pills, and a vicious cycle ensues. Modafinil preserves normal "sleep architecture." "I have no problem going to sleep, and I wake up feeling refreshed," she says. "I'm not desperate for an afternoon nap, but I can take one when I want one." Unlike stimulants, modafinil seems to have no potential for addiction; nor have users been known to develop tolerance. Indeed, because of modafinil's effectiveness and safety, many physicians are experimenting with it for patients with other disorders; modafinil has been shown, for instance, to alleviate drowsiness and fatigue associated with multiple sclerosis, Parkinson's, and depression.

Of course, one of the reasons so many Americans have trouble staying awake is that they have trouble falling asleep. Dr. David White, a sleep expert at Boston's Brigham and Women's Hospital, estimates that nearly thirty per cent of the population has significant insomnia on occasion; for ten to fifteen per cent, it is a regular condition. Some researchers believe that the orexin pathway may point toward a new-generation sleeping pill that would not have the disadvantages of conventional sleeping pills, which almost always degrade the quality of the sleep they induce. A drug that blocked orexin might replicate the sort of rapid transition to sleep that narcoleptics experience. "But there is still a lot we don't know about the kind of sleep that might result," Thomas Scammell, the Boston sleep researcher, warns. "If it meant prolonging REM sleep, you might have eight hours of intense dreams with an erection." Paradoxically, some investigators speculate that modafinil itself could be helpful for insomniacs, since they report low energy during the day. A more alert, fruitful day could usher in a night of restorative sleep.

Even as sleep disorders increase, firms are pushing their employees to disrupt their normal sleep patterns in order to provide services around the clock. A fitness center that is open twenty-four hours a day, or a restaurant that can deliver in the early morning, or a brand manufacturer that can take orders and ship clothes and shoes and backpacks and watches whatever the hour may enjoy a significant advantage over its competitors. As *USA Today* recently reported, there are two hundred and thirty-seven Home Depots and nearly thirteen hundred Wal-Marts that never close. A health-club chain called 24 Hour Fitness has more than four hundred and thirty facilities; the chain spends an extra five million dollars a year to stay open all the time, and the extended hours generate an estimated fifty million dollars in additional revenue. In the corporate world, of course, to be able to get by on five hours of sleep or less is a badge of honor, a mark of the Olympian executive who can straddle time zones, bridging the Nasdaq and the Nikkei.

In fact, researchers have coined a term, "shift-worker syndrome," to describe people who, in moving between day and night schedules, develop persistent drowsiness when they are supposed to be active and insomnia when they are trying to sleep. Dr. Charles Czeisler, a professor at Harvard, and Dr. David Dinges, a researcher on sleep deprivation at the University of Pennsylvania, recently conducted a study in which sixteen healthy subjects were placed in shift-work conditions in a laboratory. (The work was funded by the Air Force Office of Scientific Research and by Cephalon.) Some were given modafinil, others a placebo. They underwent one twenty-eight-hour period of sleep deprivation to replicate the habits of real-life shift workers. Then they began a four-day period of being awake at night and sleeping from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. Despite these radical changes in their sleep cycles, the volunteers found that modafinil sustained their alertness and the capacity to perform well in a variety of cognitive tests. In one such test, volunteers were asked to memorize symbols that represented different numbers. When a particular symbol was shown to the volunteer, he had to type the designated number for that symbol on a computer. The error rate among those who were on a placebo was significantly greater than it was for those taking modafinil.

Meanwhile, the military's sleep research is going far beyond shift-worker experiments and flight-simulator studies. This summer, the Department of Defense Advanced Research Projects Agency, or DARPA, solicited "innovative research and development proposals in the prevention of degradation of cognitive performance due to sleep deprivation." DARPA will provide more than a hundred million dollars in research grants, and sets forth its rationale as follows:

> The capability to resist the mental and physiological effects of sleep deprivation will fundamentally change current military concepts of "operational tempo" and contemporary orders of battle for the military services. In short, the capability to operate effectively, without sleep, is no less than a 21st Century revolution in military affairs. . . . As combat systems become more and more sophisticated and reliable, the major limiting factor for operational dominance in a conflict is the warfighter. Eliminating the need for sleep while maintaining the high level of both cognitive and physical performance of the individual will create a fundamental change in warfighting and force employment.

Several studies have already been launched. One, based at Sea World in San Diego, focusses on dolphins, which never go fully to sleep. "If these dolphins fell asleep, they could die in the water," John Carney, a neuropharmacologist who oversees the DARPA program, says. "As mammals, they have to surface regularly for oxygen, so they've had to adapt." In dolphins, only one cerebral hemisphere sleeps at a time: when the left hemisphere is asleep, the right one is awake, and vice versa. Carney believes that working out how the dolphin hemispheres shift between wakefulness and sleep while the animal maintains a basic level of alertness may lead to methods by which cognitive performance might be sustained in human beings.

The Pentagon wants soldiers who can be awake and high-functioning for up to a full week, even in circumstances where a single error can have disastrous consequences. And for civilian society, too, the prospect of gaining control over the cycles of sleep and wakefulness has great appeal; lost productivity caused by sleep disorders costs an estimated eighteen billion dollars every year. But will biology permit it? The widespread assumption that sleep is necessary was supported by early studies of sleep-deprived rats: they suffered deterioration not only in behavior but in body metabolism and immune defenses. As repeated experiments have verified, when rodents are prevented from sleeping they often die of sepsis, with some succumbing after

The #1 *New York Times* bestseller—
NOW IN PAPERBACK

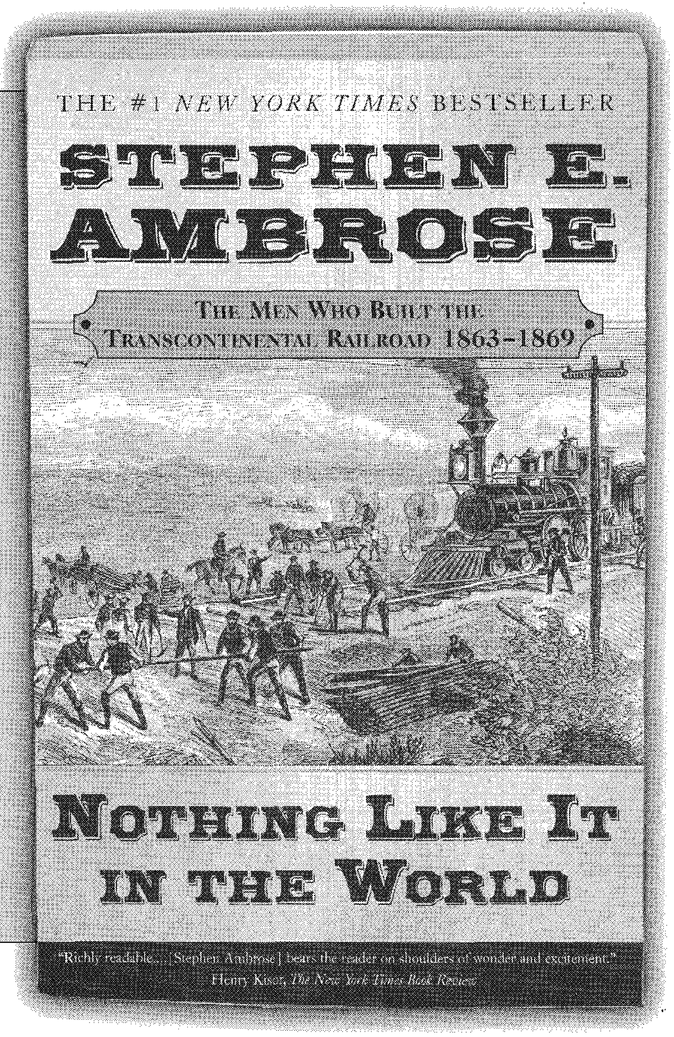
NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD

"This magnificent tale of high finance, low finagling, and workers hacking through 2,000 miles is magnificently told."

—*Time*, naming *Nothing Like It in the World* the #1 Nonfiction Book of the Year

TOUCHSTONE
A Division of Simon & Schuster
A VIACOM COMPANY

www.simonsays.com


THE #1 NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
STEPHEN E. AMBROSE
THE MEN WHO BUILT THE TRANSCONTINENTAL RAILROAD 1863–1869
NOTHING LIKE IT IN THE WORLD
"Richly readable.... [Stephen Ambrose] bears the reader on shoulders of wonder and excitement."
Henry Kisor, The New York Times Book Review

TO THE GRASS OF AUTUMN

You could never believe
it would come to this
one still morning
when before you noticed
the birds already
were all but gone

even though year upon year
the rehearsal of it
must have surprised
your speechless parents
and unknown antecedents
long ago gathered to dust
and though even the children
have been taught how to say
the word *withereth*

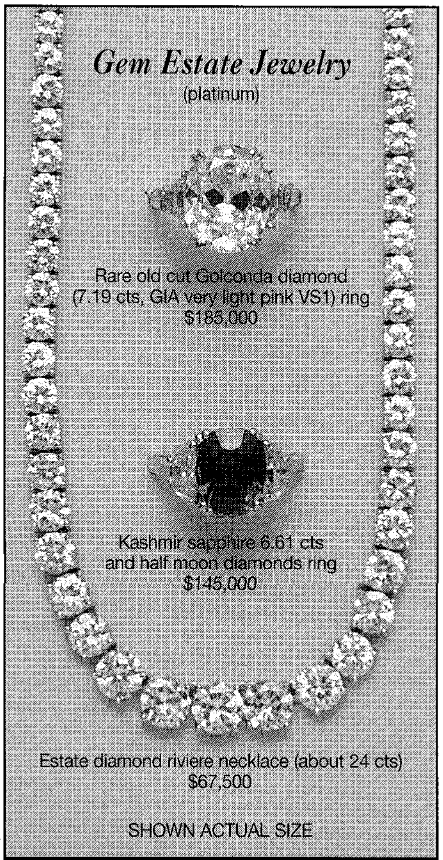
no you were known to be
cool and countless
the bright vision on all
the green hills
rippling in unmeasured waves
through the days in flower

now you are as the fog
that sifts among you
gray in the chill daybreak
the voles scratch the dry earth
around your roots
hoping to find something
before winter
and when the white air stirs
you whisper to yourselves
without expectation
or the need to know

—*W. S. Merwin*

only five days, the hardiest lasting a full month. Yet such effects have not been seen in human subjects. And, surprisingly, there is very little hard data showing that prolonged sleep deprivation truly has deleterious effects on us. The lore that it can cause psychosis dates to the Korean War, when Chinese Communists were said to torture prisoners by preventing them from sleeping; however, later researchers have concluded that the psychosis resulted from the kinds of stimuli and stresses applied by torturers under these gruesome conditions, rather than from the lack of sleep per se.

A record for documented continuous wakefulness was set in 1964, when a high-school student named Randy Gardner kept himself awake for almost twelve full days. Though his rate of thinking and response slowed, he experienced no dramatic physiological problems. More systematic work on the effects of prolonged wakefulness has recently been conducted by David Dinges, the researcher on sleep deprivation at the University of Pennsylvania. He kept twenty-eight people continuously awake for four days, and found that the major consequence was the expected decline in cognitive functioning.


Gem Estate Jewelry
(platinum)

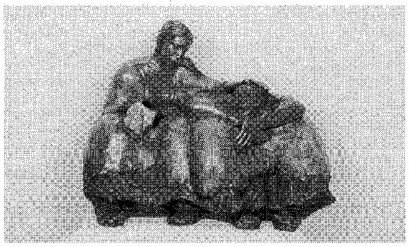
Rare old cut Golconda diamond
(7.19 cts, GIA very light pink VS1) ring
$185,000

Kashmir sapphire 6.61 cts
and half moon diamonds ring
$145,000

Estate diamond riviere necklace (about 24 cts)
$67,500

SHOWN ACTUAL SIZE

FIRESTONE AND PARSON
No.8 Newbury Street, Boston, MA 02116
(617) 266-1858

"This Too Shall Pass"

Original bronze, ed 35, 15 left
406-360-5766
jreason@cybernet1.com
Find more precious metals at
www.jreason.com

Studio Direct — Handcrafted
WOOL CAPES
Made in Maine. Capes & Shawls. 100% Virgin wool.
Brochure & Free Swatches:
Casco Bay Wool Works
Capes and Fine Woolens
Portland, Maine
1-888-353-9992 • *Shop on-line:*
cascobaywoolworks.com/ny

French & Italian Holiday Rentals
Live like a European in your own chateau, villa or farmhouse. Weekly rentals. Most regions.
Call (510)559-8080 or write
2124 Kittredge St, #200, Berkeley, CA 94704
www.villeetvillage.com
VILLE ET VILLAGE®

Other studies of chronic sleep deprivation, where subjects are allowed to sleep for four hours and are kept awake for twenty, found temporary changes in glucose metabolism, with an increase in insulin resistance, a condition seen in early diabetes. Dinges says that some of his sleep-deprived subjects also have about a twenty-five-per-cent increase in the number of circulating white blood cells. Still, the clinical significance of such changes is unclear. Though many researchers, including Dinges, believe that sleep is necessary for the brain to replenish its energy stores, the hypothesis remains unproved. In the absence of such basic medical knowledge, sleep experts caution about the use of drugs like modafinil as a substitute for sleep. They worry that high-achieving types may be tempted to take them in order to stay awake two or three days a week throughout the year. And they worry about abuse among students cramming for exams. In fact, the medical consequences of such regular on-off sleep behavior are simply not known, and probably will not be known for a long time.

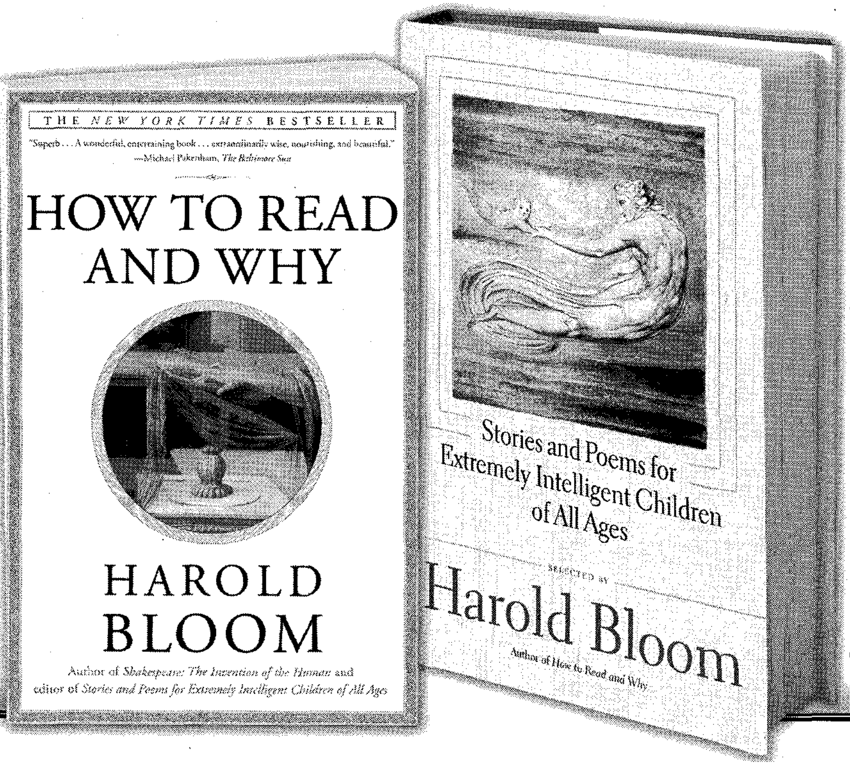
"Modafinil is the most tempting drug for our society to come along in decades," David Dinges says. "It promises to satisfy our relentless desire to control time." He traces a historical arc that begins with the industrial revolution, when technology increased demands on workers and simultaneously permitted them greater freedom in their leisure time. Paradoxically, people have become eager to maximize their periods of activity at will, prolonging the workday until one merges into the next. Dinges sees caffeine use as a mirror of society's craving, and its view of sleep as a dispensable commodity. "For years, coffee was taken in small doses, but the growth of Starbucks says it all," he says. "A venti"—twenty ounces of coffee—"is loaded with the drug. It's the beverage of choice in America. In middle school, it's Mountain Dew, which is also packed with caffeine." But research by Dinges and others has shown how limited caffeine's effects are. When his team studied people kept awake for eighty-eight hours, caffeine turned out to be effective for only some twenty hours. "Modafinil looks *much* better than caffeine," Dinges concludes. "Wakefulness becomes effortless." It's a prospect he finds both exciting and disturbing.

"I just returned from a meeting with people at the Boeing Corporation," Dinges recounts. "They are planning an airplane that can circumnavigate the globe, needing to land only once every twenty hours. How should the crew sleep, if at all? What are the rules that apply to sustain work on flights like that?" In the light of our rapidly advancing understanding of the neurochemistry of sleep, modafinil is "just the tip of the iceberg," as Dinges sees it. "Now is the time to have an open and frank discussion on how far we will go as a culture, what are our priorities, how regularly do we want to manipulate our brain chemistry," he says. "What are the limits?" ♦

"HAROLD BLOOM'S enthusiasm for literature is a joyous intoxicant"
—*The New York Times Magazine*

Harold Bloom's *New York Times* bestseller, now in paperback, is "superb... a wonderful, entertaining book... extraordinarily wise, nourishing and beautiful." (Michael Packenham, *The Baltimore Sun*)

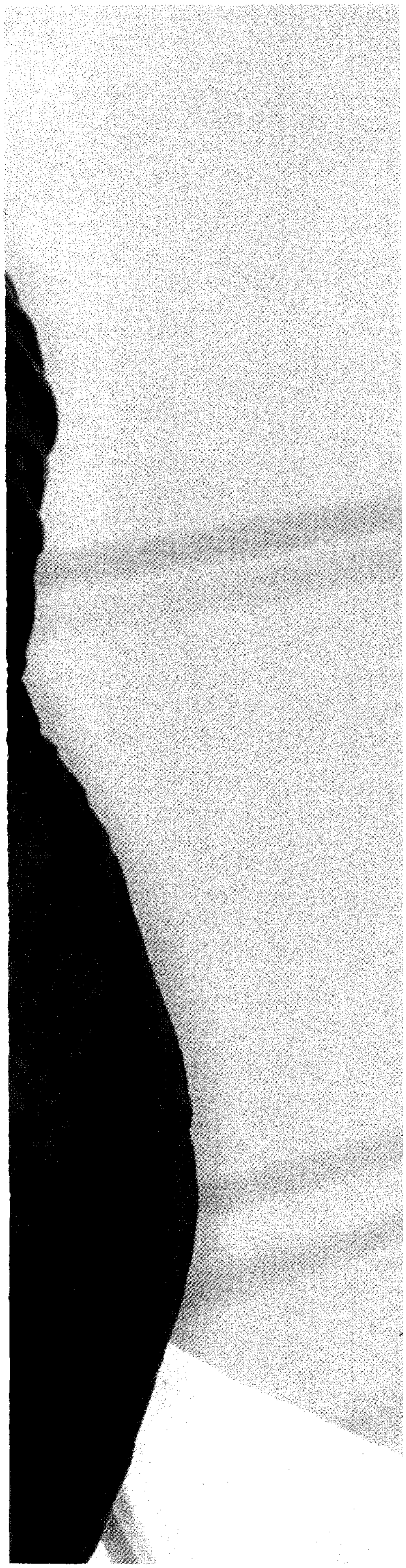
TOUCHSTONE
A Division of Simon & Schuster
A VIACOM COMPANY


THE NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLER
"Superb... A wonderful, entertaining book... extraordinarily wise, nourishing, and beautiful." —Michael Pakenham, The Baltimore Sun
HOW TO READ AND WHY
HAROLD BLOOM
Author of Shakespeare: The Invention of the Human and editor of Stories and Poems for Extremely Intelligent Children of All Ages
Stories and Poems for Extremely Intelligent Children of All Ages
SELECTED BY
Harold Bloom
Author of How to Read and Why

America's premier literary critic introduces children to the world of great literature in his enchanting new anthology of the best poems and stories ever written for young people.

SCRIBNER
A Division of Simon & Schuster
A VIACOM COMPANY
www.simonsays.com

ALFRED YAGHOBZADEH/SIPA



LETTER FROM PAKISTAN

THE PASHTUN CODE

How a long-ungovernable tribe may determine the future of Afghanistan.

BY ISABEL HILTON

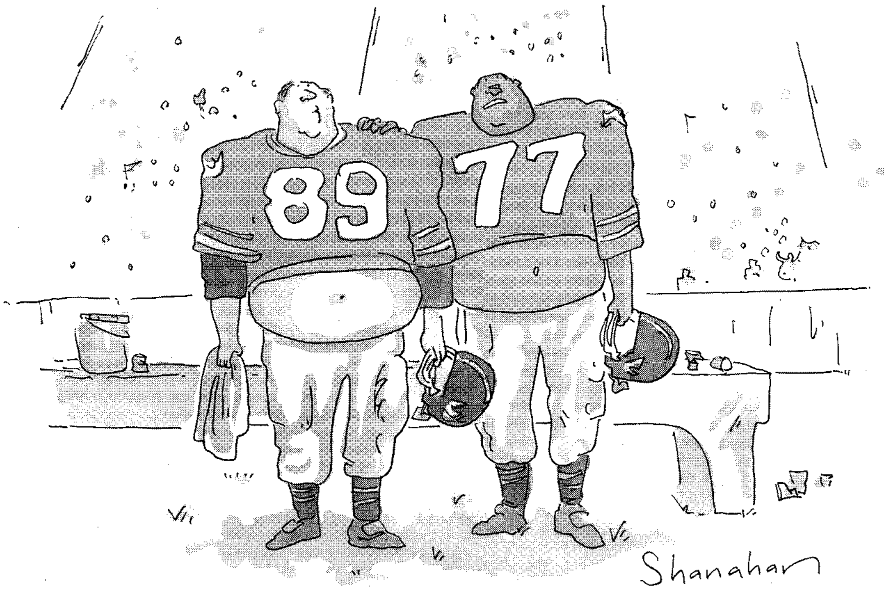
I arrived in Pakistan on a warm afternoon in October, and several days later I set out by car, heading northwest, from the capital, Islamabad, toward the borderlands with Afghanistan and the land of the Pashtun. The American bombing raids had begun a few days before, and from Afghanistan came murky television images, along with messages of fear and despair from civilians and of defiance from the leaders of the Taliban, who were, unbeknownst to most of us at the time, entering a violent endgame. Here, along the border, another drama was being played out, in the passions and politics of the Pashtun people, men and women whose tortured loyalties reflected a mystical attachment to a land that they believed was theirs. Not every Pashtun is an Afghani—a citizen of Afghanistan—but every Pashtun considers himself an Afghan, and the Pashtun have always regarded themselves as the country's natural rulers. Not only were they prepared to die in support of their claim but many were prepared to do so in the name of a brutal and repressive regime, that of the Taliban.

About sixty miles from Islamabad, I found myself on a bridge, on the Grand Trunk Road to Peshawar. Downstream was the Attock Fort, a spectacular structure with crenellated ochre walls, built in 1581 by the Moghuls, India's Muslim dynasty, to fortify the Afghan frontier. Upstream was a confluence of two great rivers: the Kabul, which had travelled some two hundred and fifty miles from its source, in the mountains west of the Afghan capital; and the Indus, one of the legendary rivers of Asia, which begins high in the Tibetan Himalayas. The two rivers grudgingly accommodated each other. The Kabul was a sludgy burnt-sugar color, the Indus a brilliant blue-green, like a child's painting of a mountain stream. Below the confluence, the two colors remained clearly visible, one river with two distinct streams, as though geography as well as history wished to make a point about this place and the boundary that it marks—between the land of the Pashtun and the Punjab, the heartland of Pakistan.

The Pashtun have never taken kindly to boundaries, and even less to boundaries imposed by others. Today, there are thought to be at least twenty million Pashtun, and their territory straddles the borders that the British drew, in the eighteen-nineties, through some of the wildest and least governable terrain on earth. For the British, this area—sometimes referred to as Pashtunistan—represented the extreme edge of the Raj, their greatest colonial territory. Beyond was the kingdom of Afghanistan, a mosaic of ethnic groups which, since 1747, had been ruled by Pashtun kings. As the British expanded their empire into northwest India, they clashed with, but never subjugated, the tribal Pashtun. Twice, they invaded Afghanistan, in 1839 and 1878. Both excursions ended in defeat. By 1893, the British had finally come to see that although they would never conquer the region, it could be made to serve as a convenient buffer between the Raj and the Russian empire.

The job of delineating a border was entrusted to Sir Mortimer Durand, the foreign secretary of the colonial government of India. Durand wrestled with the difficulties of marshalling the unconquerable and disorderly Pashtun on an orderly imperial map. His solution was to cut through their territories, dividing them between the Raj and the kingdom of Afghanistan, in the hope that the Pashtun on his side of the line

An anti-American protester. The Pashtun have a saying: "Me against my brother, my brother and me against our cousins, we and our cousins against the enemy."



"Remember—slo-mo replay adds at least twenty pounds."

• •

would go along with the division and allow themselves to be absorbed into the Raj. They did not. In 1901, several uprisings later, the British again admitted defeat.

Their next solution was to treat the Pashtun lands as a second, inner frontier. If they could not be conquered, they could at least be a prickly hedge against intruders. The British sliced off a new province from the settled plains of the Punjab—which they named the North-West Frontier Province—and left the Pashtun tribal belt largely unaccounted for, a loosely administered territory where, all sides acknowledged, the colonial rulers would not attempt to impose their law. The tribal belt exists to this day and remains an ungoverned land. Formally part of Pakistan, in reality it is a spongy no-go area between Pakistan and Afghanistan, a land of fierce and complicated tribal loyalties and equally ferocious tribal feuds, of gunrunning, drug dealing, and smuggling, where a nighttime traveller must move in armed convoy and where the only law that prevails is Pashtunwali—the code of the Pashtun. Although history, and outsiders, have tried to divide the Pashtun, they have failed to break the emotional, cultural, and social ties that bind Pashtun communities across this troubled frontier. Roughly half in Pakistan, half in Afghanistan, the Pashtun are as troublesome today to anyone in search of a neat political order as they were when the British contended with this last unsubdued corner of the empire. Their loyalties have never been more in doubt or more important. Are the Pashtun loyal to the Taliban? (The majority of the Taliban are Pashtun.) Are they loyal to Pakistan? Or are they loyal only to themselves? As the battle for Afghanistan makes its way into Pashtun territories, the Pashtun have begun to demand what they see as their historic role—the right to rule Afghanistan. How that demand is answered will help to determine not just the future of the country but the stability of the entire region.

Peshawar, until 1893 the winter capital of Afghanistan, is now a frontier outpost in Pakistan. No longer the small town that served for centuries as a gateway between Afghanistan and Southeast Asia, today it is a noisy, choking, overcrowded city of more than a million people. In its public face, it's a city of men, heavily bearded and dressed in the loose overshirt and baggy trousers of the traditional shalwar kameez. Variations in color—pale blue, pale green, white, and occasionally light brown—do nothing to dispel the sense of uniformity. Men throng the potholed streets and lounge in doorways while boys hurry alongside the traffic, delivering glasses of green tea on brass trays. Bicycles and donkeys compete for space with tightly packed minibuses, whose last-minute passengers spill onto the roof or hang recklessly off the back. Women are anonymous to the point of invisibility—blue-robed ghosts, threading their way through the bazaar or crouched by the roadside, their children in their laps.

The Pashtun tribal lands around Peshawar are now out of bounds to foreigners. Getting into them has always required a permit, and none are being issued. "It is not safe," a courteous but implacable Peshawar official told me. "And if we catch you trying to get in," he added with a friendly smile, "you will be arrested." The ban had been imposed in the name of security, when the bombing began: tribal emotions were running high, and a foreigner might be attacked on sight. But the controls to the south of Peshawar, I had heard, were not too effective, and I wanted to visit the village of Darra Adam Khel, which is notorious for the small workshops where, since the eighties, tribal gunsmiths have been turning out perfect copies of anything from an M16 to a rocket launcher.

Getting there was going to require a little subterfuge. I bought a woman's version of the shalwar kameez and wound the wide scarf that comes with it around my head and shoulders, hiding my hair and the lower part of my face. The effect was to render me as anonymous as the women I passed on the street.

With a driver and a guide, I set off south. A few miles out of town, some trucks were stopped at a police post. "Keep your head covered," the guide said, "and don't look out of the window." The police waved us through. We drove along a wide, barren valley, through a landscape dotted with square windowless forts—brick structures with defensive walls more than twenty feet high. They looked medieval, like ancient military towers, but they were family homes—a contemporary architecture of tribal violence. There were slogans painted on the walls. "Jihad is an obligation, like prayer," one read. "Victory or martyrdom," another said. "Telephone now for military training." A number was provided.

At first sight, Darra Adam Khel

seemed an unremarkable village—a string of ramshackle single-story houses and one-room shops on a main street. We drove along slowly, not stopping, for fear of my being detected. I scanned the shopwindows, and my guide pointed to small plastic bags containing a blackish substance. "Opium paste," he said. Crammed into other storefronts was an astonishing range of military hardware—automatic weapons, rifles, shotguns, land mines, even a few rocket launchers. I counted thirty gun shops before my guide warned that I was attracting attention.

We pulled up beside an imposing fortified house—a watchtower was built in one corner—where we saw a young man sitting under a tree, chatting with an elder. My guide exchanged a few words with the man. I kept my face covered. Pashtun hospitality prevailed. He smiled and nodded and approached the car. Like many Pashtun, he had blue eyes and light-brown hair. His name was Wazir Afridi—a name that identified him as a member of the Afridi, one of the most powerful of the Pashtun tribes. He said he was "about thirty." He was happy to talk about the skills of the local gunsmiths.

"In the bazaar, you can get copies of the most sophisticated weapons," he said. "You can get copies of a Kalashnikov here—a gun that costs eighty thousand rupees—for twenty thousand," or a little more than three hundred dollars. But the gunsmiths had stopped making really heavy weapons, he told me. "Five years ago, we decided not to make any more rocket launchers. Now there's a five-hundred-thousand-rupee fine if anyone disobeys."

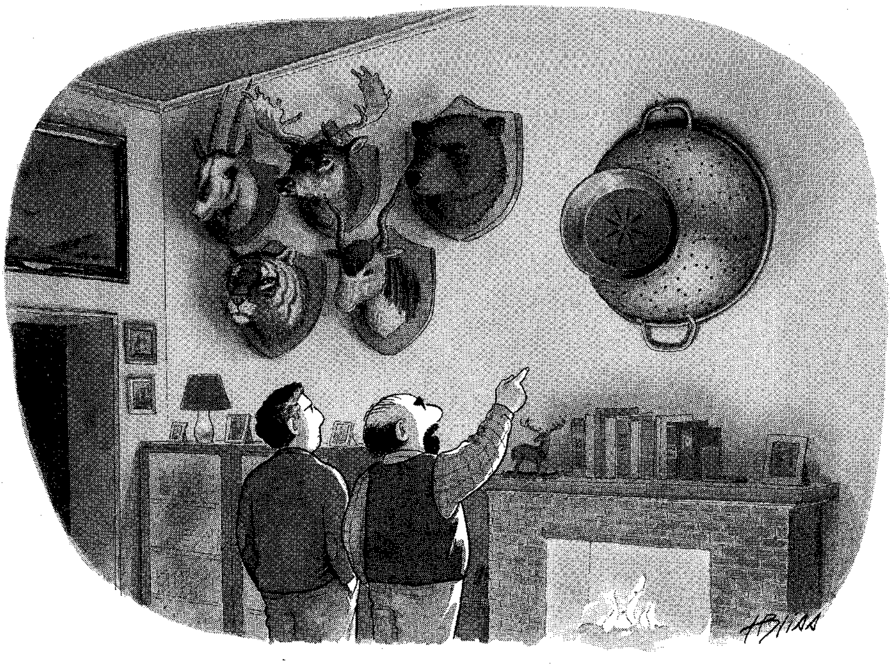
Even before the present crisis, Pakistan's President, General Pervez Musharraf, had been trying to rid the country of one of the dangerous legacies of the last Afghan war: the staggering quantities of military hardware left over in the tribal belt. The arrival of modern weaponry in the nineteen-eighties, when there was an abundance of American support for the jihad against the Soviet occupation of Afghanistan, had had an alarming effect on traditional Pashtun tribal feuds. Instead of attacking their local rivals with clubs or flintlock rifles, the Pashtun fought one another with automatic weapons. Carrying automatic weapons was now banned in Peshawar (although I saw dozens, mostly slung over the shoulders of bodyguards), and a strict practice of licensing had been implemented to discourage the manufacture of new ones. As a result, the gun trade in Darra Adam Khel was depressed.

"This is our business," Wazir Afridi said. "No government has had any say here since 1901. This is a tribal area. We have our own traditions and laws. The business was flourishing until Musharraf imposed his ban."

Wasn't it dangerous, I asked, to have so many weapons? Wazir Afridi shook his head. "We have the lowest rate of gun-related deaths here. Now we negotiate disputes in the jirga"—the ad-hoc Pashtun tribal council that operates on every social level, from the village to the nation.

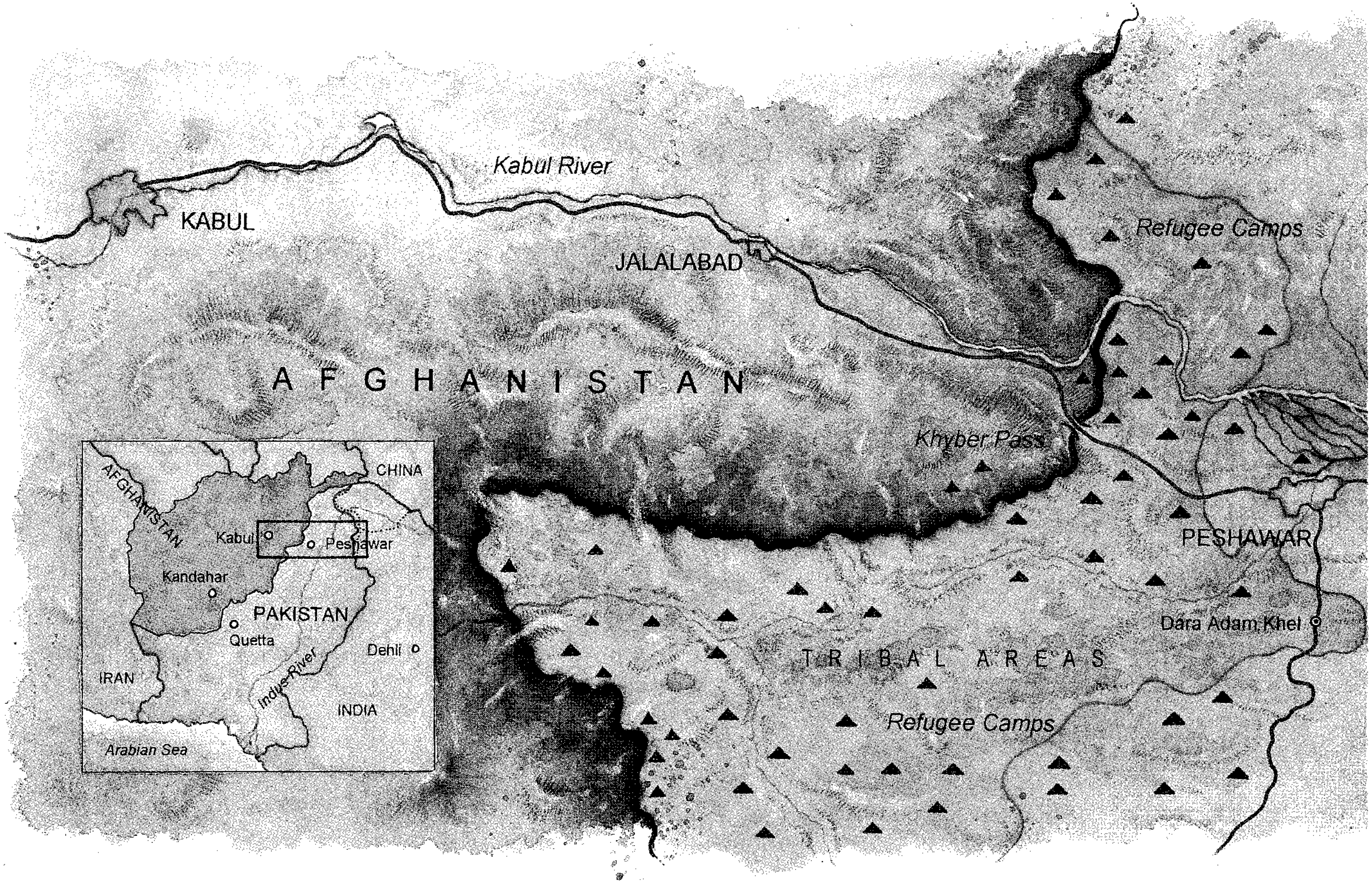
In Peshawar, I had met a Pashtun tribal leader named Lateef Afridi, who told me that his father, two of his brothers, and two of his cousins had been killed in tribal disputes. "When the Pashtun have a family feud, they now blast each other with land mines," Lateef Afridi said. (After his father died, Afridi discovered that he'd inherited some missiles—"Apparently, my father had bought them, but I've never bothered to pick them up.") These disputes are part of Pashtun life, but they disappear in the face of an external threat. The Pashtun have a saying: "Me against my brother, my brother and me against our cousins, we and our cousins against the enemy." It was a common enemy, I was told repeatedly, that accounted, in part, for the Pashtun support of the Taliban. The Pashtun had fought the Soviet Union when it occupied Afghanistan. They had fought for control among themselves and with warlords of other ethnic groups after the Soviet troops left. When the Taliban came to power, in the mid-nineties, the Pashtun acknowledged them as tribal brothers. And, now that the United States had attacked them, the Pashtun were rallying to their defense. I saw evidence of this everywhere in Peshawar: there were Pashtun roadside stalls for collecting money and blood for the Taliban, and I was regularly harangued in the street by Pashtun men who proclaimed themselves ready to join the jihad against the United States. According to Wazir Afridi, fifty thousand men from his district had said they were willing to fight. The whole area, he told me, is backing the Taliban, "their Pashtun and Muslim brothers."

At the time—the bombing was in its seventh day—no one I spoke to in Peshawar could imagine that the Taliban would lose. The United States was seen as just another foreign aggressor, and, like the Soviet Union, it, too, would be chased off. Now, with the Taliban in collapse, tribal interests are again para-



"And that's a huge colander."

mount. The Pashtun are determined to reëstablish their rule—in whatever form it may take.



Half the Pashtun live in Afghanistan, half in Pakistan; their loyalties have never been more in doubt. Many of the more than tu

MIKE REAGAN

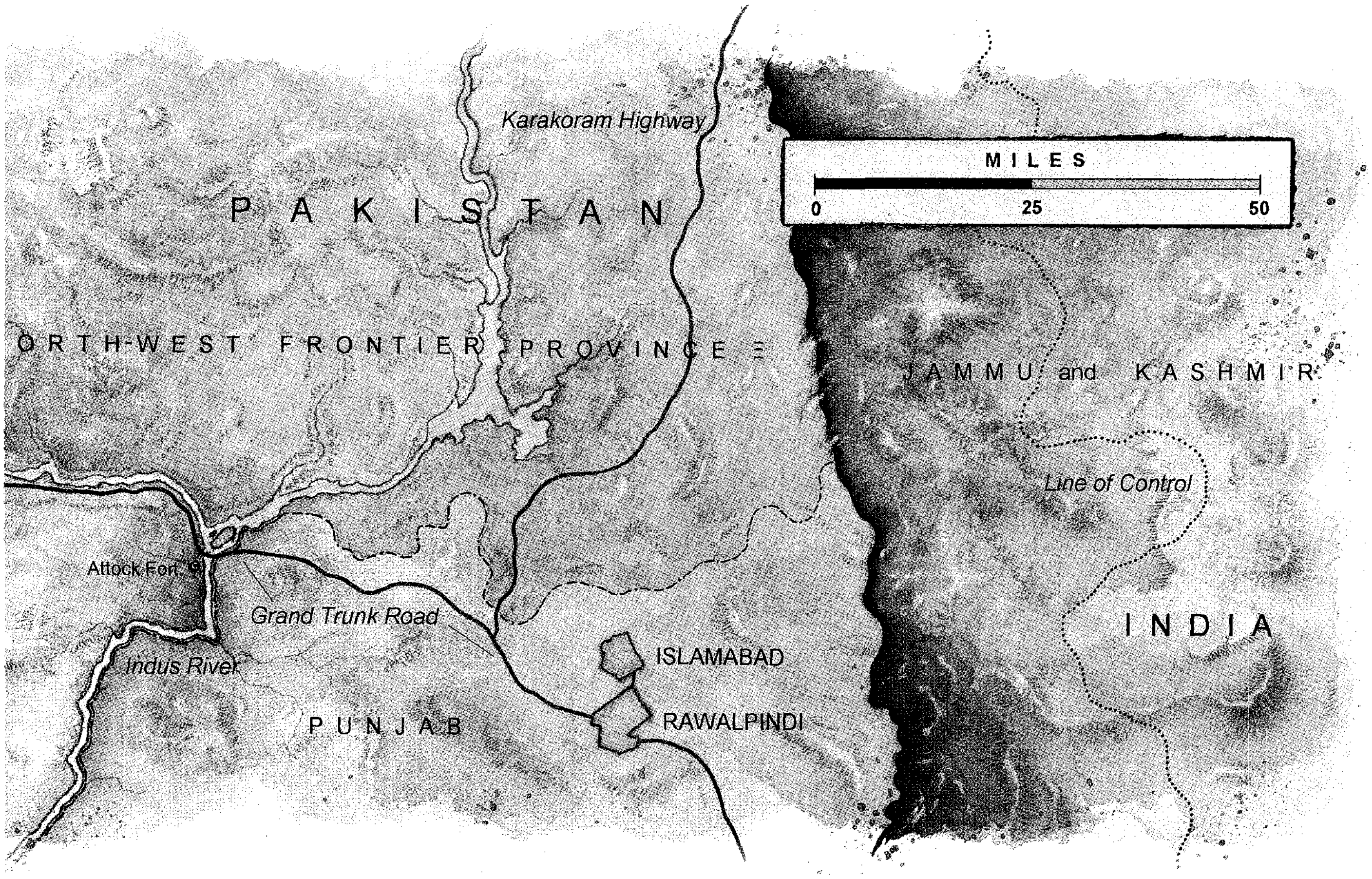
Violence in Pashtun society, the American anthropologist Cherry Lindholm has argued, is learned in infancy. Lindholm spent nine months living in the female quarters of a Pashtun household in Swat, in northern Pakistan. Hers is a rare study of life behind a family compound's walls, and her descriptions of the domestic culture, published in the collection "Frontier Perspectives," are hair-raising. Pashtun family members, she writes, are engaged in a permanent and often violent struggle for power in which only two human types are recognized—the weak and the strong. "The strong survive, take power, and gain prestige," Lindholm writes, because they learn from their earliest years the value of "aggression, egotism, pride, and fearlessness," and must be "adept at the art of manipulation and intrigue, and above all trust no one." Domestic violence is regarded as the main entertainment of village life, and women routinely display bruises and scars they have received at the hands of their husbands. (The term for a husband who does not beat his wife is "a man with no penis.")

Adam Nayyar, a fifty-two-year-old former nuclear chemical engineer, who abandoned his career when Pakistan began trying to build the bomb, in the mid-seventies, is now an ethnomusicologist and an expert on Pashtun culture. I spoke with him at his apartment in Islamabad. "Pashto is the only language I know in which the word for 'cousin' is the same as the word for 'enemy,'" he said. I had asked him to explain Pashtunwali—the code that has regulated Pashtun society for centuries and which, I had been told, was one of the components of the Taliban philosophy.

Pashtunwali, Nayyar said, is based on the absolute obligations of hospitality, sanctuary, and revenge. The Pashtun draw their identity from Islam—they believe they are direct descendants of Qais, a companion of Muhammad—but their interpretation of Islamic law arises out of their own tribal code. "Under Muslim law, for instance, girls can inherit," Nayyar said. "But women never get anything from the Pashtun." In tribal Pashtun society, he told me, three things are essential. "They all begin with 'z' in Pashto: *zan*, *zar*, and *zamin*—women, gold, and land. Possessing them is essential to Pashtunness—to *doing* Pashtun as opposed to *being* Pashtun. And if you lose them—if you lose your land, or your women are dishonored—you're out. There is no caste system, so there is no reëntry further down the social scale. You are just out. You end up as a night watchman in Karachi or something."

Nayyar recalled witnessing a marital dispute being settled by a local jirga in the early seventies. A soldier had discovered that his wife was having an affair with a tailor and had called for a tribal council to impose punishment for the injury to his honor. The jirga ordered that the tailor and the errant wife be tied to a tree and shot. Everyone went to watch. "I remarked afterward to a Pashtun friend that it had been horrible," Nayyar recalled. "He agreed. It was a shame for the tree, he said."

The Taliban took Pashtunwali to extremes far beyond the tribal norm. Culturally, they were Pashtun, but their ideology was more fundamentalist: they were uncompromising in their aim to return society to the purity of the seventh century, the era of Muhammad. Their approach to women was fanatically severe. Purdah was the traditional Pashtun practice, but the Taliban policy of publicly beating women who were deemed to walk too noisily was not.



illion Afghan refugees are in the tribal belt—formally part of Pakistan, but in reality a spongy no-go area the Pashtun consider their own.

Islam is, of course, fundamental to Pakistan's identity. The Muslim faith was the reason that Pakistan came into being as a country, separate from India, with its Hindu majority, when the British left in 1947. Partition—the painful separation from India of its former province of Sind, along with the Muslim districts of Punjab and Bengal, the North-West Frontier Province, and Baluchistan—precipitated savage communal violence on both sides of what was to become the border; millions of Muslims poured into Pakistan as Hindus fled in the other direction. It was a chaotic and unpromising beginning for a state that was already riven with social and ethnic divisions. Pakistan was not a state that most of the Pashtun wanted to join. Like the Baluchis and the Sindhis, they were fearful of losing their identity in this new country dominated by the Punjabis, who made up more than half the population. The Pashtun resisted, as they had resisted the British. The story of that resistance is one that successive Pakistani governments have tried to erase, but which, I discovered, has lived on in the Pashtun nationalism of the region.

Badsha Khan was a Pashtun leader in the twenties who promoted Pashtun nationalism. He doesn't feature in many history books. I learned of him from photographs I saw in offices and homes around Peshawar. He founded a political movement, the Khudai Khidmatgars, to fight for independence from the British. The movement's popular name—the Red Shirts—came from the members' uniforms, which were dyed with red brick dust. Like Mahatma Gandhi, Badsha Khan believed that nonviolence was the most effective weapon against colonial rule, and although he was a devout Muslim, he mistrusted the political influence of the maulanas, or Islamic scholars. The reforms he promoted—education, sanitation, road building—were secular.

Despite the Pashtun propensity for violence, Badsha Khan's message took hold. Thousands of followers joined his nonviolent movement, campaigning to get rid of the British and win autonomy for Pashtunistan within the Indian state. But, when the British left, an independent Pashtunistan was not on offer. In 1947, a referendum proposed a choice only between India and Pakistan. Badsha Khan called for a boycott, and just seven per cent of the population of the North-West Frontier Province voted. Nevertheless, the Pakistan option was deemed to have been approved. The Red Shirts were branded traitors, the movement was banned, and their long fight against the colonizers was all but eradicated from the public record.

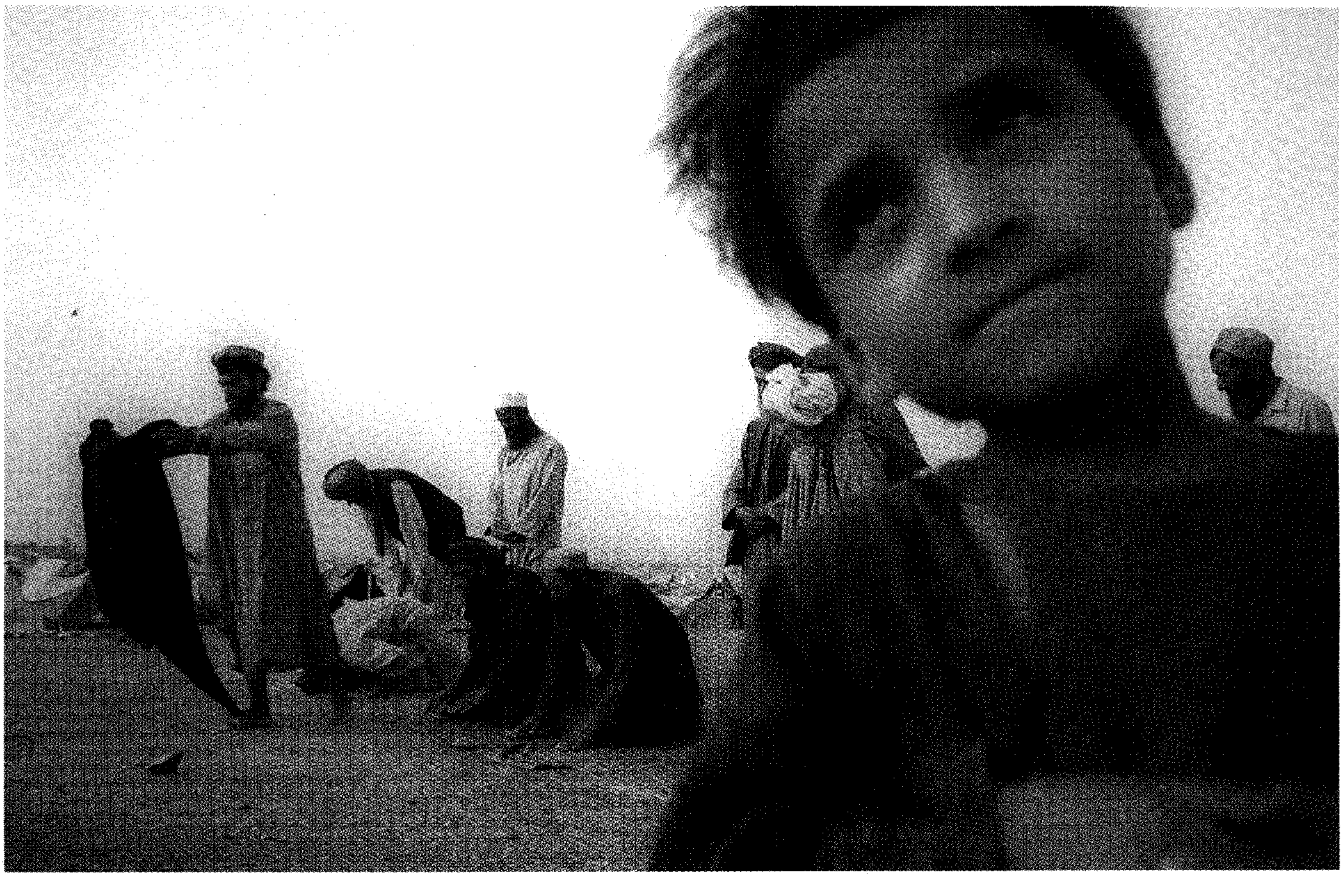
One evening, I went to uncover the traces of the Red Shirts' movement. In a mansion two hours' drive from Peshawar, I sat on a deep veranda, as servants offered tea and cakes, and chatted with Begum Nasim Wali Khan, Badsha Khan's daughter-in-law.

Badsha Khan and his son, Abdul Wali Khan, she told me, had paid a price for their resistance: they had spent many years in prison. But this did little to persuade them to abandon their Pashtun identity. As Wali Khan once put it, "I have been a Pashtun for six thousand years, a Muslim for thirteen hundred years, and a Pakistani for twenty-five." When Badsha Khan died, in 1988, hostilities between the Soviets and the mujahideen in southern Afghanistan ceased for a day so that his funeral cortège could travel safely to Jalalabad. In the mid-eighties, Wali Khan had founded a political party, the Awami National Party, which campaigned for a secular democracy. Now he was an old man, too sick on the evening I called to meet with visitors. He was not too sick, though, to have enraged local religious leaders and their Pashtun warrior faithful by declaring his support for the United States' war against the Taliban.

The people of the tribal belt, his wife told me, were sympathetic to their fellow-Afghans—their Pashtun brothers. But that did not necessarily mean that they supported the Taliban. There was, not surprisingly, a division within the Pashtun. There were those who, stirred by a small group of religious parties that were promoting hard-line Islamism, wished to fight alongside the Taliban and had denounced her husband as a traitor. And there were those who, like Wali Kahn, argued for the separation of politics and religion. It had been the same in the eighties, she said, when the Awami National Party had criticized the holy war against the Russians. The Party followers had seen it as a war between superpowers—between the Soviets and the Americans—and not as an Islamic cause. "We were called *kafirs*," she said. "Nonbelievers. Indian agents, Russian agents." She shrugged. "But this is the way we think."

The military has ruled Pakistan for twenty-six of its fifty-four years, alternating power with a series of corrupt and inept civilian governments. It ruled the country during the war against the Soviets, in the rather sinister person of General Zia ul-Haq. And it rules the country now, in the person of General Musharraf. On a mundane level, Pakistan does not look like a militarized society: except when demonstrations are anticipated, you do not see soldiers on every corner. Nevertheless, the country is shaped and dominated by military concerns.

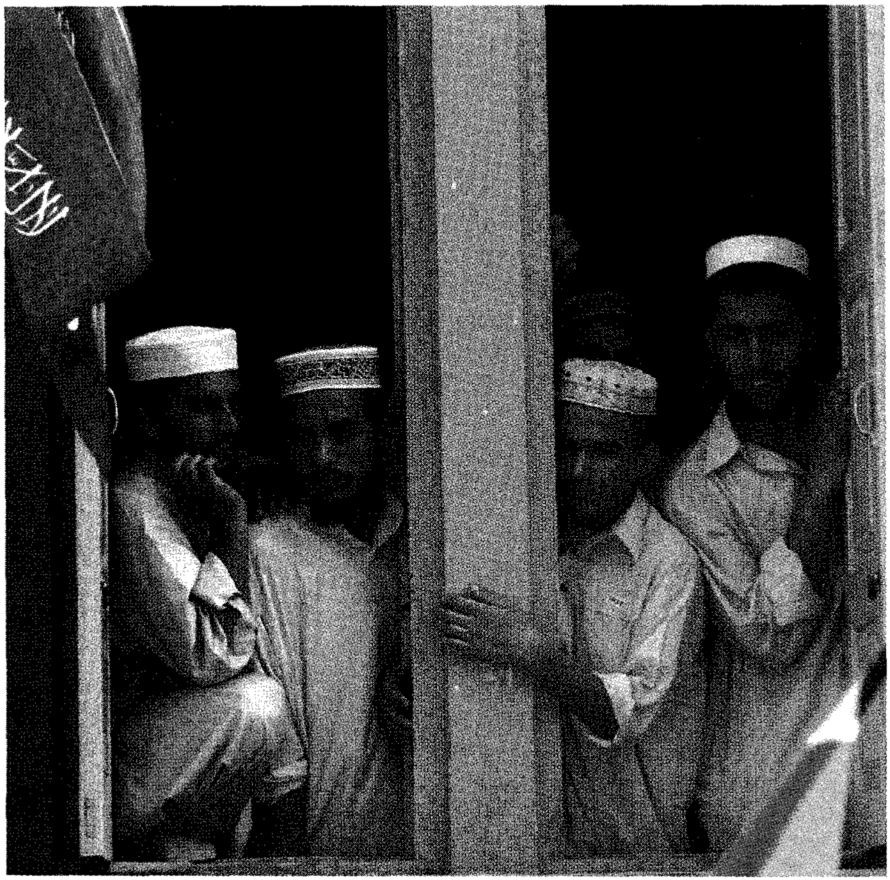
Chief among these concerns is a preoccupation with Kashmir. Pakistanis believe that Kashmir, a majority Muslim state, should have become part of their country at Partition. Pakistan and India have fought two inconclusive wars over Kashmir since then, and in the last decade, Pakistan claims, seventy thousand Kashmiris have died in rebellion against what they describe as an Indian occupation. It is an open secret that Pakistan's powerful military intelligence wing—the Inter-Services Intelligence (I.S.I.)—has sponsored armed groups in Kashmir to support the long-running popular resistance. It is also well established that the I.S.I. was a backer of the holy war against the Soviets in Afghanistan. For Musharraf—who, after September 11th, aligned himself with the United States against the Taliban—the unwanted repercussions of the I.S.I.'s involvement in both regions derive directly from pol-



THOMAS DWORZAK/MAGNUM

icies pursued by General Zia ul-Haq.

General Zia seized power in 1977 and soon thereafter the man he had overthrown, Zulfiqar Ali Bhutto, was hanged. In April, 1979, during the Carter Presidency, the United States suspended economic and military aid to Pakistan and introduced a number of sanctions. Eight months later, the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan, in an attempt to save its tottering Communist regime. Zia now saw enemies on all sides: to the west, a militant Shiite revolution in Iran; to the south and east, India; and now, next door, in Afghanistan, India's ally the Soviet Union. Pakistan needed to have a friendly government in Afghanistan, Zia decided. Islam was the flag he raised to rally resistance against the Soviets.



From left: In the Jalozai camp, Pashtun refugees from Afghanistan at their evening prayers; a madrasah in Peshawar; Lieutenant General Hamid Gul, one of the architects of the holy war that created the Taliban.

LEFT: YUNGHI KIM/CONTACT; RIGHT: LUDWIG/SIPA

Suddenly, Zia's fortunes were transformed. Ronald Reagan was now in office, and the sanctions fell away. The Reagan Administration provided $3.2 billion in cash and arms, despite Zia's nuclear program and human-rights abuses, and Peshawar became the hub of the anti-Soviet jihad, awash with money, spies, refugees, and arms.

In the recruiting grounds for the jihad—the Afghan refugee camps, which were rapidly spreading around Peshawar—young men whose tribal links had been ruptured became ready targets for a fundamentalist message. In that decade of easy money, hundreds of madrasahs—the all-male religious schools that teach a particularly severe and absolutist version of Islam—were set up in the North-West Frontier Province, offering Afghan refugees and Pakistani militants free education, food, and military training. The jihad also attracted thousands of international recruits—including young Saudi fighters such as Osama bin Laden—who moved to Peshawar and brought with them more men, more money, and an even more militant form of Islam, Wahabbism.

Asfundiyar Khan, the grandson of the Pashtun leader Badsha Khan, whom I met in Islamabad ten days after the United States began bombing, described to me what the time of the anti-Soviet jihad was like. Asfundiyar, who is fifty, is the president of the Awami National Party. He was first arrested at a political meeting when he was thirteen, and has been in and out of prison ever since.

"The Afghans have never accepted foreign domination," Asfundiyar told me. "But their resistance had always been in the cause of nationalism. Zia changed that. Backed by the United States and its millions of dollars and its Stinger missiles, Zia based a war against Soviet intervention on religion." There had been, until then, an acknowledged division between mosque and state, between the maulanas and political power. Civilian politicians paid homage to religious ideas, but there were so many versions of Islam that any attempt to elevate a single dogma to a prime political position led to conflict with rival followers of the Prophet. Politicians had learned to tread carefully. But, when Zia seized power, that changed. "Every Afghan refugee fleeing the war had to go to one of the fundamentalist groups for tents, food, weapons," Asfundiyar said. "People were pushed into the arms of the fundamentalists." The Awami National Party, he pointed out, is secular, liberal, and democratic. "You can't imagine what we went through, trying to keep it going, as the United States was funding the jihad. I remember sitting with a cousin in a bank when a man came in to cash a check for twelve and a half million dollars. This was the kind of man you would never have shaken hands with. How could I fight that kind of money?"

He recalled how marginal figures were changed overnight into powerful politicians. "Like Gulbuddin Hekmatyar," he said. Hekmatyar was a radical Afghan Islamist who was picked by Zia's I.S.I. agents, and the C.I.A., to help lead the new holy war. "When Hekmatyar was made a leader, he had scarcely one bicycle and one bedroom to his name," Asfundiyar said. He mentioned Abdul Rasul Sayyaf, another mujahideen patronized by the I.S.I. "Sayyaf used to sell socks out of a basket in the bazaar. Suddenly, he and all these other leaders had Land Cruisers and Pajeros. None of them had a political organization inside Afghanistan. They had private armies, built in Peshawar with American dollars."

Asfundiyar's recollections reminded me of a question posed by Zbigniew Brzezinski, the former national-security adviser. "What was more important in the world view of history?" he asked. "The Taliban or the fall of the Soviet Empire? A few stirred-up Muslims or the liberation of Central Europe and the end of the Cold War?"

"We used to be a moderate Muslim society," Sarfraz Khan, a Pashtun professor of Central Asian history, whom I met at the University of Peshawar, told me. "In 1978, when there were moves in Afghanistan toward land reform, literacy campaigns, the emancipation of women, some of the Pashtun here in Peshawar, in the intelligentsia, thought it a good thing. But others—who mattered—were afraid it might happen here, too." He recalled a time when Afghani girls went to school, when women were seen without the veil, when television was a normal part of life. "Then the fundamentalists were promoted in every sphere. There was persecution—careers were blighted, businesses ruined, people were killed." Many liberal Afghan exiles who opposed the jihad were murdered in Peshawar. He grimaced. "I was pushed out of my job in 1984," he said. "People like me—who criticized the jihad, hundreds, thousands of us—were persecuted. You had to go into hiding. Our state was doing it, and you, the West, were pumping money in."

MR. DENNISON IS SURVIVED BY HIS LONG-TIME COMPANION, RUSTY.
Lorenz

Zia had hoped that his holy war would lead to a government in Afghanistan that was friendly to Pakistan. But he never saw the outcome: he died in a mysterious plane crash, on August 17, 1988. Six months later, the Russians conceded defeat and withdrew, and the Americans lost interest. The money stopped. And, with the Russian enemy gone, the mujahideen fought among themselves. By the following year, twenty-five thousand Afghanis had died, and the country sank into a civil war that lasted six years.

The Taliban movement came to prominence in the southern city of Kandahar, in 1994, when its members—former madrasah students—gained control of an important trade route that had been subject to interference from local bandits, warlords, and fighting tribes. A grateful Benazir Bhutto, then Prime Minister of Pakistan, abandoned the former mujahideen and rewarded the Taliban with her support. The Taliban went on to conquer most of the country. Only in the north did the resistance prevail, under the leadership of a Tajik commander, Ahmed Shah Massoud. By 1996, most of the warlords were in exile. By then, Pakistan, too, was harboring its own radical Islamic movement—one that had flowered in the hothouse of the Afghan war.

Lieutenant General Hamid Gul was the most influential figure in the I.S.I. in the eighties, and for a time its director. He was responsible for the military doctrine that reinforced Zia's policy toward Afghanistan. Called "strategic depth," the theory was that, in the event of an invasion by India, Pakistan would need Afghanistan as a military hinterland, a place of retreat and continued resistance. This doctrine may have been, as a former colleague of Gul's put it, "hoax and humbug," but that didn't much matter: for Gul, it was enough to justify a decade's worth of meddling and military intervention.

I met General Gul, who is now retired, in his house in a military district of Rawalpindi, near Islamabad, where he

"LaGuardia, and hurry—I've got a flight in six hours."

lives in spacious comfort. I was shown into a reception room, and I sat on a sofa waiting for the General to appear. Beside me, on a low table, a piece of the Berlin Wall was on display—a gift, it seemed, from the West German foreign-intelligence service. The engraving read, "With deepest respect to Lt. General Hamid Gul who helped deliver the first blow."

General Gul, I'd been told, believed that he had set in motion the events that destroyed the Soviet Union. He was, it appeared, not entirely alone in that view. He was a key proponent of the policy of fighting the Soviet invasion as a holy war, rather than as a national struggle. He had boasted of how he recruited radicals from all over the Muslim world—an Islamic international brigade, as he saw it—and had financed and encouraged the powerful Islamic militants who were now on the streets crying for Musharraf's downfall.

The General bustled into the room. He is a small man with a neat gray mustache, and was dressed in a shalwar kameez. He spoke rapidly, in long rhetorical bursts, and was eager to describe his strategic vision. He appeared to have no regrets, or doubts, about the legacy of his encouragement of Islamist extremists. If things had recently taken a dangerous turn, he argued, it was because the United States had made a critical mistake by neglecting the Taliban in the nineties and by attacking them now.

"The nation that gifted you your superpower status today—that nation is being ravaged and destroyed once again," he said. "I am very much a supporter of the Taliban, because they have brought to Afghanistan what it needed most—central authority, law and order, elimination of poppy cultivation, de-weaponization, all those things. It was like a miracle. I never thought they could do it in such a short time, but I saw it with my own eyes. Now you have destabilized a society that had stabilized. It's a great tragedy. A great cruelty, I would say. A great inhuman act."

The Taliban, he told me, had been pushed into a corner. If the United States had tried a different approach, things would have been different.

"And you could have got everything you wanted from the Taliban," he said, with the exasperated manner of a schoolmaster explaining an obvious point to a particularly obtuse pupil. "They would have been eating out of your hands. But you never talked to them, because you thought that they were not honorable. You thought you could pick up bin Laden like you picked up Noriega from Panama. But Afghanistan is not Panama."

General Gul resented the United States' relationship with India and its lack of support for Pakistan over Kashmir. He resented, too, the military sanctions that were imposed after Pakistan exploded six nuclear devices, in 1998. For him, the United States' decision to attack the Taliban and Al Qaeda was the beginning of the apocalypse. "The jihad call has been given," he told me. "It will bring the Muslim masses out of their slumber. You cannot say that it's not a war against Islam, that it's a war against terrorism, nameless, faceless terrorism. Who are the terrorists? All the people who took part in this great tragedy are still hiding in America. I can't believe that it's just those nineteen people and they all got killed and that's that. There must be a very elaborate command-and-communications system, a logistics system, people who provided the safe haven as well as the training. And it is simply not possible that someone got six months' training flying the aircraft. You can't fly a jumbo jet like that. It's all bunkum. There had to be somebody manipulating the air traffic-control, somebody who switched off the warning system for the Pentagon. Somebody who asked the Air Force not to scramble for seventy-four minutes. Those people are still inside America."

The September 11th attack was, he said, part of a much bigger conspiracy, an attempted coup against the White House. I asked him who was behind it, anticipating as I put the question the answer that would come.

"Ariel Sharon," he replied. The Israeli Prime Minister, he said, had been enraged by George W. Bush's being in the White House. Al Gore was the man who would have done Israel's bidding. General Gul then listed what he claimed were Israel's demands: the destruction of Pakistan's nuclear program, the disarming of its Arab neighbors, the recognition of Jerusalem as Israel's "headquarters," and a definitive "no" to a Palestinian state. These, he concluded, were the real objectives of the September 11th attacks. "No wonder that Henry Kissinger and Shimon Peres and Netanyahu—all of them!—are saying, 'America, you have the might! Do it now! Destroy them! Finish them off!' It's a crusade against the Cross and the Crescent, both. And the inspiration? The same people who inspired the medieval crusades. The Jews."

The people of Pakistan, General Gul

insisted, shared his view, except, he admitted, for what he called “a handful of intellectuals who occupy Islamabad. But what’s Islamabad?” he went on. “Only an island in the sea called Pakistan. And a storm rising out of Pakistan will submerge Islamabad. General Musharraf seems to think that this storm is a small thing, that we are a tiny minority. He says that it’s no more than ten or fifteen per cent of the people, without realizing that, even going by his figures—though they are not correct—ten per cent means fourteen million activists and fifteen per cent means twenty-one million. And these activists are the ready-to-die types. If they rise against the government, the government will not be able to stand up to them.” He added, “The Army has been known to join the people.”

STANZAS, SEXES, SEDUCTIONS

It’s good to be neuter.
I want to have meaningless legs.
There are things unbearable.
One can evade them a long time.
Then you die.

The oceans remind me
of your green room.
There are things unbearable.
Scorn, princes, this little size
of dying.

My personal poetry is a failure.
I do not want to be a person.
I want to be unbearable.
Lover to lover, the greenness of love.
Cool, cooling.

General Gul’s version of events was widely shared. I encountered it among government officials and intellectuals, in newspapers, and, every Friday, in demonstrations in Islamabad and Peshawar. The demonstrations followed the Friday-afternoon prayers. As a woman, I was barred from the mosques, but I listened to the speeches of the maulanas relayed on tinny loudspeakers to the streets outside, and the religious leaders I spoke to reiterated the same themes.

On the day following my meeting with General Gul—a Friday, he predicted, that would see tens of thousands on the streets—I went to see what was expected to be a large rally near some government offices in Islamabad. Many of the demonstrators were young madrasah students who repeated the line they had been taught by the maulanas—the same one that General Gul had laid out for me. From a loudspeaker truck, a group of bearded maulanas was haranguing the crowd. Bored members of television crews were foraging for action, and there was a momentary lifting of their spirits when a group burned an American flag. A blow-up plastic alien dangled from a tree. “It’s President Bush,” a demonstrator explained.

But the demonstrators numbered barely a thousand—fewer, it seemed, than the riot police who were lined up with shields and batons. I had by then attended several demonstrations and found that most of them were small, lacklustre affairs. General Gul had articulated a vision of steadily growing protests that could tear Pakistan apart, but, despite the efforts of the maulanas, there was little sign of that yet. This seemed to bear out what I had been told about the true position of the radical religious parties in Pakistan. The Pakistani people showed them a certain respect but did not seem to want them in power. They had never succeeded in elections and would have remained on the political fringes had they not secured the patronage of the I.S.I. The influence of Islamic extremists was felt more in the armed forces and in key appointments in the civil service, which many of them now occupied—again, thanks in part to General Gul’s efforts. Musharraf was trying to dislodge these people. Several religious leaders had been put under house arrest, and Musharraf had reshuffled his Army command and the top echelon of the I.S.I. in order to rid them of fundamentalists who could form a covert opposition to his policies. Even so, there was a widespread feeling that the purge had not gone far enough. And it was possible that the maulanas preaching an inflammatory message in the mosques would eventually have a greater effect on their captive audience.

When the bombing began, Pakistan tried to close the border: thousands of Pashtun tribesmen had reportedly crossed into Afghanistan to fight for the Taliban, and, in the other direction, thousands of refugees, destitute already after two years of drought, were fleeing the war. The government ruled that no refugees would be admitted, and that any who entered illegally would, if discovered, be arrested and deported. In fact, refugees did come, bribing their way across the border or crossing at night along wilder, more dangerous routes. Then they vanished. Those who had relatives stayed with them. Others were forced to find a place in existing camps. None of them could declare their presence without risk of deportation. Officially, there were, therefore, no refugees.

When the war began, there were forty-eight camps in the North-West Frontier Province, providing a temporary home to some two million people. According to Lateef Afridi, the Pashtun leader, there have been two million refugees in this part of the world for twenty-two years, and now the problem will only worsen. “Two million people without an education, without homes, the agonizing victims of war,” he said. “For these people, human rights and bloodshed have no meaning. Most of them are uneducated and addicted to fundamentalist ideas. Iran, Pakistan, the West—the world deserted them. They need a development package, infrastructure, they need a government.”

A visit to one of these camps entails

Earth bears no such plant.
Who does not end up
a female impersonator?
Drink all the sex there is.
Still die.

I tempt you.
I blush.
There are things unbearable.
Legs, alas.
Legs die.

Rocking themselves down,
crazy slow,
some ballet term for it—
fragment of foil, little
spin, little drunk, little do, little oh, alas.

—*Anne Carson*

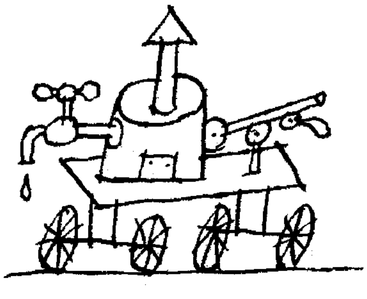
a bureaucratic obstacle course: one requires stamped letters of permission and, depending on the state of tension, an armed escort. The most notorious camp, Jalozai, a squalid plastic city just outside Peshawar where only the most destitute go, remains off limits. Others, like Kacha Gari, one of the largest camps in the Peshawar area, can be visited if one secures permission.

Kacha Gari is a bleak place, built on a strip of desert on the outskirts of the city in 1980. Before September 11th, it housed around seventy thousand people; the numbers have increased since then. To get there, you bounce along a dirt road through a moonscape created by the excavation of clay soil to make bricks. As I drove by, bricks were stacked in the sun to dry, and tall chimneys belched foul black smoke, from old tires being burned as fuel. When I appeared on the edge of the camp, I was surrounded by children with open sores on their arms. A man on crutches tugged my sleeve and led me along a rough sandy track to his house, a single mud-brick room, where a group of relations had gathered—an uncle and his five children, newly arrived from Afghanistan. They had been farmers, the uncle explained. Fifteen days ago, they sold their last cow to raise the money to come here. Their possessions were stacked in plastic bags in the corner. "I have lost everything," the old man said. "Here I am, a refugee."

Zahir Khan, the welfare officer for this section of the camp, gestured hopelessly at the miserable accommodation: "These were people who had a good life in our own country." Every day, he said, there are deaths, among the old and the children.

Finally, on November 7th, the Pakistani government agreed to open eleven new camps in the tribal areas. By then, according to the United Nations High Commission for Refugees, the newest group of refugees numbered about a hundred and thirty-five thousand.

In Islamabad, I met Sahar Shaba, a twenty-eight-year-old Afghan Pashtun, who is a member of the clandestine Revolutionary Association of the Women of Afghanistan (RAWA). A small woman, she was wearing a shalwar kameez, her scarf draped across her shoulders, and short dark hair loose around her face.



Shaba was born near Jalalabad, and, following Pashtun tradition, lived in an extended family of some thirty members. Had she stayed there, she said, she would have become a conventional Pashtun wife after an arranged marriage at fifteen. But her family fled to Pakistan as refugees from the Soviet Army. The camps, she confirmed, were dominated by fundamentalists. They banned music and television, as well as secondary education for girls, so when she heard of an underground girls' school in Quetta she begged her father to send her there. The school was run by RAWA. The organization, which is dedicated to the liberation of Afghan women, has a number of schools for girls. (It was founded by a young Afghan called Meena, who was murdered in 1987, at the age of thirty. The assassins, her followers believe, were members of the Afghan secret service.)

Shaba arranged for me to visit a camp near Peshawar where RAWA operates. The name of the camp, she insisted, must be kept secret. At an appointed time, a young Afghan man appeared at my hotel. I noticed with a jolt that he was wearing jeans and a shirt. I had grown used to a country in which the women were all but invisible and the men were uniformly dressed in shalwar kameez. His name, he said, was Nazeem and he was seventeen. We climbed into an ambulance and set off.

"When I was young," he said, "my father used to tell me that one day there would be peace and freedom. Now he is dead, and I am seventeen and there is still no peace. Gulbuddin Hekmatyar murdered my father because he was broad-minded, because he wanted democracy. I wish I had been born in any other poor miserable country except Afghanistan."

The camp we were going to, he told me, held some six thousand people and had been set up in the eighties by a liberal Pashtun leader. The camp was, he felt, the way Afghanistan used to be. "We have jirgas," he said, "and we all live together—Tajiks, Pashtun, Uzbeks. And you can wear what you like. In other camps, people throw stones at you if you dress like this."

We were driving through a landscape of neat sugarcane fields. About twenty miles outside Peshawar, we turned onto

"We have adult teeth now, Debbie, and, as such, they demand adult pain."

• •

a dirt road in another desert of brick fields. On the other side rose a mud-brick settlement. We stopped in front of a door, and I stepped into a courtyard shaded by young trees. I spent the evening and the night in the camp. This was the first time, in more than two weeks in Peshawar, that I had been in the company of unveiled Afghan women. Night fell, and, as I was led to small houses set in secluded courtyards, I felt as though I were visiting a peaceful rural village. Sitting cross-legged on thin rugs laid out on hard earth floors, the women told me their stories. Under the Russians, they said, women had been forced to abandon the veil. Under the jihadis, they had been forced to wear it again. Under the Taliban, they had been forced to wear the burka and were confined to their homes. And, even now, with the Taliban gone, most women had not abandoned their burkas. They were afraid of what was next.

Fatima, a tall, attractive woman from Kandahar, had fled to Pakistan with her four children three days earlier, after her husband was seized by the Taliban. He had once been a doctor and she a teacher, but under the Taliban she stayed at home and he sold vegetables.

She glared at me. "What will you do for us?" she asked. "The Americans are killing people. I have no food for my children, and I at least am lucky that I crossed the border. I hate the Taliban," she continued. "I don't hate them for obeying the laws of Islam. I hate them because of the poverty, the fact that there are no jobs, the fact that if a woman is sick she can't go to the doctor." Her youngest son, a fierce two-year-old, sat on the floor and began to eat a flower that was crushed in his fist. He grimaced and spat it out. His mother began to cry.

Another mother, surrounded by her six children, described how her husband, too, had been taken by the Taliban. A former teacher, he had run a shoe shop where he secretly taught his youngest son. Six days earlier, the child had come running home, the keys to the shop clutched in his hand. His father had been taken away. The woman fled with her children. "I have very little hope that my husband is alive," she said. "People in Afghanistan have no tears left. We have seen our sons grow up and be shot." She told me stories of the Taliban's cruelty—the cutting off of hands and feet and the slitting of throats.

That night, I joined a group of RAWA activists for a meal of eggplant and meat served with rice. Two RAWA teachers talked about the children in their classes—the little girl haunted by the murder of twelve members of her family, the boy who wept when the bombing began, convinced that his remaining relatives would be killed. One day, they told me, there will be another Afghanistan, another government. "Then we can return to teach in our own country."

Women like Sahar Shaba and her fellow-refugees are consumed by another battle raging in Pashtun society, a battle between tribal tradition and modernity. For them, a future Afghanistan must have a place for women outside the confines of purdah, free of the restrictions of both fundamentalism and Pashtun custom.

The next morning, I left the camp just after dawn and drove back to Peshawar, a city where the maulanas were preaching the message of holy war and the women were invisible under their blue burkas. At a traffic light, a woman with a baby in her arms came to the van's window to beg. The camp, with its hopes of education for girls, of democracy and peace, its faded memories of a time in Afghanistan when teachers taught in schools and doctors attended to their patients, seemed like a dream. Nazeem shook my hand as we parted. "When we go back to Afghanistan," he said, "I will invite you to the public hanging of Gulbuddin Hekmatyar."

In Peshawar, I witnessed the first attempt to rally broad support for convening a Loya Jirga in Afghanistan—the highest form of jirga, it would be a temporary national council that could decide on the country's new political structure without resorting to violence. It was organized by Pir Sayeed Ahmed Gailani, a Pashtun religious leader who was being backed, I was told, by the Pakistani government—an affiliation that had probably doomed the meeting before it began. It was held in a modern conference center and attended by a thousand men from all the tribal areas and from Afghanistan, as well as by a number of familiar Peshawar faces.

Pir Gailani swept onto a platform, a magisterial figure in black robes and a white turban. He seemed to be already auditioning for the office of Afghan Prime Minister. Local reporters scanned the rows of bearded faces, looking for figures of authority who would indicate how serious this attempt at organizing a viable alternative to the Taliban would be. They were disappointed. As speaker after speaker called for the return of the king, Muhammad Zahir Shah, to convene the Loya Jirga, it was finally noted that the King had sent no representative. Nor was there any senior figure from the Northern Alliance.

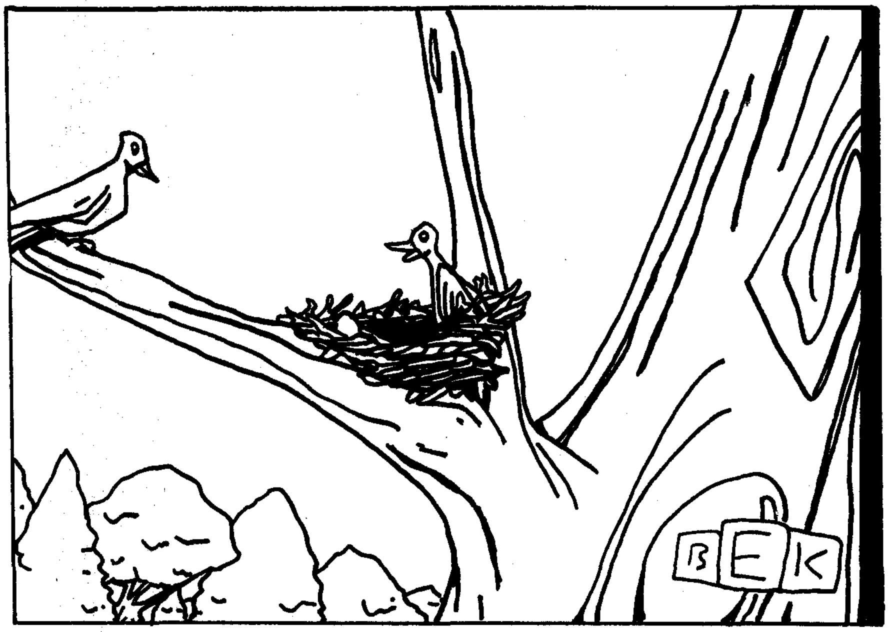
Many of the Pashtun's rivals in Afghanistan feel that a Loya Jirga would be simply a device to restore the Pashtun to power—an aim that traditional Pashtun certainly hope to achieve. Even among the Pashtun, though, authority has been eroded by twenty years of war and the rise of radical Islamism, which has become the focus for many in the refugee generations.

Some convoys have set off from the refugee camps, returning ragged families to what remains of their Afghan homes. But most refugees are holding back. They remember, Sahar Shaba, the RAWA activist told me, the last time that the Northern Alliance held power. "We would be deceiving ourselves," she said, "if we thought this was a real peace." What she sees, from her vantage point, is another version of a familiar story—warlords, in different guises, jockeying for positions of power. "The situation is getting worse day by day," an aide to Pir Gailani told me, "and there is no sign either of the Loya Jirga or of the broad-based government we proposed a month ago. If the United Nations does not act, the warlords will simply seize territory."

On November 15th, exiled mujahideen crossed the border from Peshawar and swept into Jalalabad to haggle with rival commanders for control of the city. In Kabul, Burhanuddin Rabbani, the Tajik leader of the Northern Alliance, who was President of Afghanistan before the Taliban took power, also returned, on November 17th, apparently, with the intention of resuming his old job. And in the Pashtun heartland many local figures have emerged, positioning themselves to claim their historic right to rule Afghanistan. But their ethnic solidarity does not disguise their lack of a united leadership or their conflicting positions. Some are willing to strike a deal with the deserting Taliban commanders. Others see them as an obstacle to the greater purpose: the reunion of the Pashtun under the tenuous authority of Afghanistan's former king—a figure who carries no weight with the Northern Alliance. The political leadership of the Pashtun has been systematically undermined by the likes of Zia and General Gul, the I.S.I.'s veteran holy warrior, by the refugee camps and the madrasahs, by the maulanas in the mosques, and by Pakistan's calculated effort to strip the Pashtun of their political identity. For many Pashtun, radical Islam is their new allegiance: that's what this generation knows.

This allegiance was at the front of General Gul's mind. "I asked myself why the Taliban waited so long to retreat," he told me when I spoke to him several days after the Taliban had abandoned Kabul. "But now I understand. They held on to give themselves time to evacuate their Scud missiles and their anti-aircraft guns before they took to the hills. Withdrawal is the most difficult military operation. It requires command and control and meticulous planning. This they have achieved. Ask your intelligence where the Scud missiles are. They had two hundred and fifty of them." There is now, the General said, a Russian-backed government in Kabul. "Putin has played a very clever card. But the Pashtun will resist, of course. And who will lead that resistance? The Taliban." And their foot soldiers, he insisted, would be the Pashtun tribesmen. "They don't like bombing," General Gul added. "But a long-drawn-out conflict in the mountains—that's the thing they enjoy the most."

I found the General's predictions dubious, and yet there was no denying that few parties are eagerly inviting the Pashtun to form a government. Once again, Afghanistan's neighbors—India, Russia, and Iran—are entertaining alternatives. The Pashtun are not in a good position to bargain. For now, the only hope they have is to win, with force, enough territory to make them too strong to ignore, to become a power without which no peace can come to Afghanistan. If nothing comes of negotiation, they will fight. ♦



"We had these twigs flown in from Italy."

A REPORTER AT LARGE

MARINA AND RUTH

The assassin's wife and the Quaker woman who took her in.

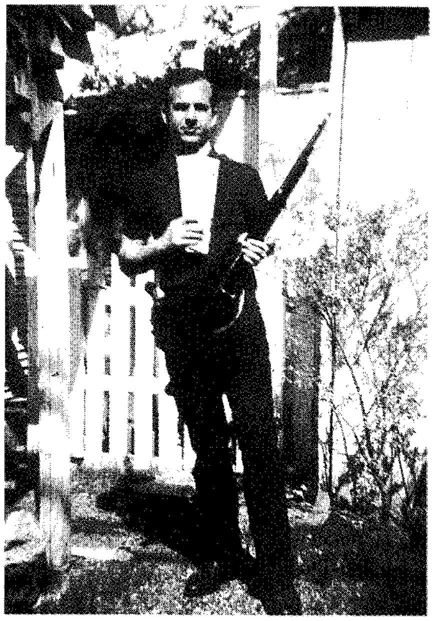
BY THOMAS MALLON

On any day of the week, for twelve dollars, a visitor to the Florida International Museum, in downtown St. Petersburg, can enter the unlikely permanent home of "The Kennedy Collection," a display of some six hundred personal effects of the thirty-fifth President and his family, most of which were scooped up over the years by the President's personal secretary, Evelyn Lincoln. The museum promises that ticket-holders will "rediscover a thousand days that changed the world," by looking at J.F.K.'s doodles, combs, and wallet; Caroline's crayons; one of Mrs. Kennedy's jackets.

Supplemented with memorabilia from a trip to nearby Tampa that the President made in November, 1963, the St. Petersburg exhibit is a creepily intimate cornucopia that attracts a substantial number of visitors, who exit after viewing a wall of newspaper headlines about Kennedy's assassination, on November 22nd, along with the uniform worn by one of the policemen who captured Lee Harvey Oswald in the Texas Theatre.

Not many visitors to the exhibition are aware, however, that just a few miles away, in southeast St. Petersburg, lives a woman whose life in 1963 was so enmeshed with the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Lee Harvey Oswald that she became the Warren Commission's most important witness. Ruth Paine, who is now sixty-nine, was then a Quaker housewife living in the Dallas suburb of Irving. She had offered the Oswalds hospitality and shelter when they needed it, and had come to know more about their movements and their troubles than anyone else. Her unwitting part in an American calamity ended up subjecting her to years of investigation and decades of suspicion.

When I visited Ruth Paine last year, she spoke softly, straining to recollect, her voice occasionally breaking. Her expressions and moods were plastic—girlish one minute, grave the next—matching the quick movements of her tall, still graceful figure. For someone grafted to history in such a particular way, she seemed to be almost disconcertingly in the moment. She has never gone to see the Kennedy exhibit: "It just raises too much grief."



Lee Harvey Oswald with the rifle he kept in Ruth Paine's garage; Marina in Ruth's back yard the day after the assassination.

TOP: LARRY SCHILLER/FPG; OPPOSITE: ALLAN GRANT

As five-thirty approached on the warm Thursday afternoon of November 21, 1963, Ruth was driving her station wagon home from the store. A copy of a divorce petition, which she had filed eight days earlier, was right then being postmarked near the offices of her lawyer in downtown Dallas. The document noted that she and Michael Paine had been married on December 28, 1957, in Pennsylvania, and had had two children—Lynn, in 1959, and Christopher, in 1961—before separating "on or about September 1, 1962." The breach between Ruth and Michael was almost too civilized, a sorrowful indication that his feelings for her lacked a romantic intensity that she craved and that he would begin to seek elsewhere. The divorce petition's boilerplate referred to Michael's "cruel and tyrannical treatment," but the marriage had never included anything like that, and whenever Michael now visited from his own apartment, in Grand Prairie, several miles away, he was full of temperate good will toward Ruth.

As she neared her home, at 2515 West Fifth Street, Ruth was surprised to find Lee Oswald and his Russian wife, Marina, playing with their twenty-one-month-old daughter, June, under the oak tree on her front lawn. On week nights, Lee stayed in a rooming house in Dallas, on North Beckley, closer to the book warehouse where Ruth had helped him get a job the month before; Marina and Junie and the Oswalds' infant daughter, Rachel, stayed with Ruth, and were joined by "Papa" on weekends. In contrast to the Paines, the Oswalds bickered with each other much of the time, but their separation was partial, temporary, and economic. Ruth expected the arrangement to last until Christmas, perhaps a little longer.

Lee's presence that Thursday afternoon was unusual. He never came out before Friday, and invariably called before he made the trip. As soon as Ruth parked the car, Marina came over to apologize for her husband's unexpected appearance. "That's all right," Ruth answered in Russian, which she had been studying off and on for several years. During the late nineteen-fifties, her interest in the language had been sustained by Quaker efforts to foster international good will, including the Young Friends' pen-pal program, which had been set up through its East-West Contacts Committee. Marina spoke only Russian, and, thanks to her presence in the house, Ruth found herself becoming more fluent in the language.

Ruth also spoke Russian to Lee, and as he entered the house, carrying some of

her grocery bags, she repeated the local news: "*Nash Prezident priezzhaet v gorod.*" Years later, Ruth Paine remembered him responding with no more than an uninflected "*Da.*" Yet, despite his evident indifference, she knew that Lee Oswald had understood her to say, "Our President is coming to town."

Ruth with her children; her hospitality, she feared, would make Lee "feel undercut."

ALLAN GRANT

As Ruth prepared supper, she heard no sounds of quarrelling from Lee and Marina—a relief. Three nights earlier, on Monday, Lee had harshly berated his wife over the phone. The dressing-down had been prompted by a call Marina had asked Ruth to make to WH3-8993, the number of Lee's rooming house in Dallas. He'd given them the number himself but had not told them that he had registered with his landlady as O. H. Lee, not Lee H. Oswald—the name that Ruth had asked for. Now he wanted the number erased from Ruth's address book.

Lee was erratic but strong-willed. A self-taught Marxist from adolescence, he had defected to the Soviet Union in 1959 after his discharge from the Marines, as he was turning twenty. The Soviets regarded him as more of a nuisance than a prize, and in 1962 he had come home to Fort Worth with Marina, disillusioned by his experience but still radically dissident.

Marina may have been upset by Monday's telephone incident, but she wasn't wholly surprised. Lee had fantasies of being a great man, a big shot, she explained to Ruth, who was aware of Lee's quixotic history; they drove him to play foolish games like this one with the alias. Her husband, without much education or many skills, should be sticking to the hard business of trying to support his wife and two little girls. Later Thursday evening, unbeknownst to Ruth, the Oswalds, without raising their voices, struggled at the edge of a marital cliff. Lee asked Marina three times to move back in with him. If Marina would agree, he promised to find them an apartment right away—tomorrow. And he would get her a washing machine, just like the one she'd become accustomed to in Irving. But each time Marina said no.

At dinner, Lee seemed to Ruth even more withdrawn than usual. Of course, language was always a difficulty. Lee didn't want his wife learning English. He claimed that, if she did, his own skills in Russian would atrophy. But the truth was that he liked Marina's being isolated and dependent on him. So he spoke Russian to Ruth as well. "It reduced our conversations," Ruth told me, "which was O.K. . . . I felt that's really how he wanted it, too. There wasn't much to say. I didn't want to get into any political stuff."

Ruth would have liked to go into Dallas the next morning to watch the President's motorcade. Three months earlier, while visiting her sister in Washington, D.C., she had passed up a chance to hear Martin Luther King, Jr., speak at the Lincoln Memorial because of the crowds. Now, for the same reason, she decided not to try getting a look at John F. Kennedy: "There always are questions of where do you park and how do you take care of the kids when you go in." So she and Marina stayed home, though she still says, "I thought it would be nice to see him."

Once the dishes were done, Ruth settled Lynn and Christopher down for the night in the rear bedroom, which she shared with them. After nine o'clock, she went out to the garage to lacquer some toy blocks she had made for the children. The garage was filled with the Paines' and the Oswalds' belongings, and as she entered, the clutter came into view: someone had left the light on. Ruth immediately got the feeling that Lee had been out there, probably when she had been tending to the children. Marina—who had been brought up frugally, and was mindful of being a guest—always remembered to turn off the light after going in there for her things.

Ruth threaded her way through the jumble. Boxes with Lee and Marina's possessions rested on the ground between a table saw and two chests of drawers; under the table was a blanket roll belonging to the Oswalds, which Michael, during his visits, had had to move a couple of times in order to work with his tools.

The day before, Ruth had driven Marina to the dentist; today, they'd got results of a clinic's t.b. test for Junie. For months, Ruth had taken care not to let her kindnesses to Marina make Lee doubt his own role as provider, however intermittently he might fill it. She wanted him to know that she got as much from Marina—the chance to hear and speak Russian, the companionship—as Marina was getting from her. Lee might be sullen and suspicious (if someone had asked Ruth, she would have admitted that she didn't much like him), but he was also capable of small, occasional sympathies. One recent weekend, the subject of Ruth's divorce had come up, and she'd been surprised to hear him say, with real feeling, that this must be a hard time for her.

Actually, though he did not tell Ruth this, Lee disapproved of Michael Paine's seeming indifference to his own family. Michael took care of them financially, but he left Ruth looking sad whenever he breezed in and out for supper. Lee had told Marina that he didn't consider Michael a good father, and after playing with his own girls Thursday night Lee made a point of playing with Chris Paine. The boy needed some extra attention from a man.

Lee liked to stay up watching television, but that evening he went to bed early, and by the time Ruth stepped back into the house, only Marina was still awake. The two women sat down together on the couch, and as they folded laundry Marina told Ruth that Lee's unexpected presence seemed motivated by a desire to patch up Monday night's quarrel.

Sometime between eleven o'clock and eleven-thirty, the two young mothers said good night to each other. Ruth had not had an opportunity to say good night to Lee, but the next day was Friday, the start of the weekend, and she could expect to see him after work.

When Ruth and Michael Paine moved to Irving, in 1959, they were not planting themselves in American-dream crabgrass so much as wandering deep into alien corn. Ruth had grown up in Ohio, attended Antioch College, and joined the Society of Friends in 1951. Michael, a Unitarian, was descended on one side from Robert Treat Paine, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and on the other side from Ralph Waldo Emerson, his great-great-grandfather.

Like many newcomers to Irving—then the fastest-growing city in Texas—the Paines had been drawn by the area's boom in manufacturing and electronics, though Michael, an engineer, owed his job, at Bell Helicopter, to family connections. His stepfather, Arthur Young, had sold a patent on the world's first commercially licensed helicopter—which until recently hung above an escalator in New York's Museum of Modern Art—to Larry Bell in the nineteen-forties.

But the Paines were lonely in Texas. "I don't think I ever adjusted," Michael says today. Ruth missed her friends in the East, and was tired from having given birth to two children within fifteen months. Increasingly aware of Michael's lack of passionate feeling for her, she had also become preoccupied by her parents. Their thirty-five-year marriage had ended when her father committed her mother to a sanitarium for a period of treatment for paranoia and delusions.

Ruth had been studying Russian since 1957—at Berlitz, on phonograph records, in summer classes at Penn and at Middlebury—and in February of 1963 Everett Glover, with whom she'd sung madrigals in Dallas, invited her to a get-together at his home. Among his guests, he told her, would be a young American who'd spent time in the U.S.S.R., and his Soviet wife, offering Ruth the chance to converse in Russian.

February 22nd fell on a Friday, one day after John F. Kennedy sent Congress his proposal for Medicare—the sort of social-betterment program that had kept Ruth an enthusiastic supporter of the President. Another item in that day's news—the attack by two Cuban aircraft on a drifting American shrimp boat—was the kind of story more likely to interest the guest holding forth in Everett Glover's kitchen. With a soft voice and a receding hairline, the twenty-three-year-old Lee Oswald appeared much less exotic than his experience, which he eagerly recounted to a small group of partygoers. They asked him, Ruth remembers, "why he went to the Soviet Union, and what his impressions were." Glover had not told her that the young man was actually a defector, but Oswald, then employed in the photo department of a graphic-arts company, spoke critically of the U.S.S.R.

"He really enjoyed being the center of attention," Ruth recalls. But that night she was eager to meet Oswald's wife, who was in the bedroom taking care of Junie. Ruth says of Marina, "I wanted to see if I could talk with her, if we could communicate." In the event, they managed to, though Ruth felt too embarrassed by her own Russian to say much.

She was taken by something in this girl, a decade younger and so far from home. Here was not only the chance to speak Russian but also an opportunity, then perceived only dimly, for Ruth, now separated from Michael, to alleviate her own loneliness. Both possibilities made her ask for Marina Oswald's address.

Ruth did not know that most of Dallas's small Russian-émigré community had given up on the Oswalds. They might still see Marina as one of them, but they had decided that Lee was a grandiose lout. Some had noticed bruises on his wife; if she stayed with him it was, finally, her problem.

Within a week of meeting Marina, Ruth sent a note to 214 Neely Street, where the Oswalds lived. In reply, Marina thanked her twice for "not forgetting us." The two women got together in March, twice in Dallas and then in Irving, and introduced their children to one another. "You don't know how much I enjoyed being at your home and in your company," Marina wrote afterward. "I say this sincerely, without flattery. And not only because I don't get to go anywhere, but also because I feel at ease with you as at home."

On a Tuesday in early April, Ruth arranged a supper in Irving, at which Michael and Lee could get acquainted. "I regretted that I hadn't had a chance to meet this fellow," Michael recalls. He drove into Dallas to pick up the Oswalds, who had no car, and his first impression of Lee was not especially good: "He was speaking to [Marina] in Russian, scolding her, I think, for being slow to be packed up [with the baby's things]. . . . And I think I told him that Ruth was not one to get too upset about being a little bit late."

Oswald was curt with Marina throughout dinner. Michael remembers that Lee complained that his boss at the photo shop got paid enough to own a Chrysler. The subject of Edwin A. Walker, the rabble-rousing segregationist general, also came up briefly. "It would have been hard to avoid talking about Walker at the time," Michael now points out. The general was both a local and a national celebrity, and a "peculiar smile" crossed Oswald's face at the mention of Walker's name. But Michael didn't pursue the topic: "I was wanting to get along with this fellow." Ruth had already allowed a dislike of Oswald to form. "I think he was pretty satisfied with his view of how life was, in the sense that he had figured it out," she says.

Over supper, Ruth said nothing about a distressing piece of information that Marina had imparted during a March visit: Lee wanted to send his newly pregnant wife back to the Soviet Union. Already trying to figure out how she might help to avert this, on Sunday, April 7th, Ruth drafted a letter to Marina, which she didn't intend to mail but whose composition would help her find the Russian words for an offer she wanted to make:

> I want to invite you to move here and live with me both now and later when the baby is born. I don't know how things are for you at home with your husband, I don't know what would be better for you, June and Lee—to live together or apart. It is, of course, your affair, and you have to decide what is better and what you wish to do. But I want to say that you have a choice.

In exchange for Marina's help with Russian, Ruth would pay for groceries and incidentals; Lee could cover his family's medical expenses and clothes. Marina could sleep with Junie in the front bedroom, and perhaps help a little with the housekeeping.

The idea was bold—Ruth had seen Marina only a handful of times—and somewhat dangerous, too. She remembers feeling that if she made the offer, and Marina accepted it, she would "be taking on some of the role of support that [Lee] would feel was his, and I wanted to be sure he didn't feel undercut or supplanted in any way by my actions." Later on in the letter, she put the matter gently, encouraging Marina to regard the two of them as being in a similar situation: "I don't want to hurt Lee. Of course I don't know what he wants. Perhaps he feels like Michael, who at one time wants and doesn't want to live with me."

According to Ruth's date book, she and Marina may next have visited on April 11th. If they did in fact meet, Marina did not disclose that the man responsible for that week's big news story—an attempt to assassinate General Walker—was her husband. She learned this the night of April 10th, after Lee had left the house on his mission and she found a list of written instructions about what she should do if he were captured. She said nothing to Ruth, and she held on to the incriminating list, knowing that it might one day provide useful leverage against her husband.

By the middle of April, Lee, having lost his job at the graphic-arts company, decided to look for work in New Orleans, his birthplace, and where he still had family. Ruth learned this on Wednesday, April 24th, when she arrived at Neely Street to visit Marina and found Lee headed for the bus station. His plan was to have Marina join him in Louisiana once he found a job. He had a cumbersome load of suitcases and duffelbags, so Ruth offered to drive him to the terminal, off Dealey Plaza.

She took the opportunity to suggest that Marina and Junie stay with her until Lee was ready to call for them—an arrangement that suddenly suited everyone's convenience and pride. For his part, Lee had a compelling reason to get out of town (the police were still looking for Walker's would-be assassin), and he did not object to Ruth's offer.

Soon after Marina moved in, Ruth wrote her mother and told her what good company the younger woman was, even if Ruth's still imperfect Russian made communication laborious. Ruth and Marina worked hard, but this brief period, little more than two weeks, stood out as a kind of idyll, a respite from male boorishness and inattention. It came to an abrupt close on May 9th, with a phone call from Lee. He had found work—an unpleasant job greasing coffee machines—and he wanted Marina to come to New Orleans.

"*Papa nas lyubit!*"—"Papa loves us!"—Marina exclaimed to Junie. "I don't know what drew them to each other," Ruth told me, but she could "see there was a bonding" between husband and wife, and she took pains not to dampen Marina's enthusiasm. Ruth did not know about Lee's violent tendencies, particularly his abuse of Marina, and a day after Lee's phone call she drove Marina and Junie the five hundred miles to New Orleans.

Ruth and her two children spent three nights at the apartment that Lee had found, on Magazine Street. The trip left a few pleasant memories—some sightseeing at Lake Pontchartrain—but Ruth was unsettled by cockroaches, and by bickering. She and the children slept on pallets and "kind of made a ring of bug spray" around themselves. Marina, having had a spell of modern suburban comforts in Irving, seemed less impressed than Lee was by the apartment, and began picking at her husband over things like his attempt to make wine from blackberries. "She certainly did get irritated and speak back very sharply to him," Ruth recalls. "And, of course, having better facility in Russian, she usually got the better of a verbal argument."

For all their volatility and poor financial prospects, the Oswalds seemed likely to settle in New Orleans, and soon after returning to Texas Ruth began to miss Marina's company. Her first letter to Marina describes matters as humorously as possible:

> Home again, and everything as usual: the floor must be washed, and dishes, clothes. Especially dull after our visit which was interesting and unusual. . . . Michael didn't call to ask about my trip and finally I called him at work since he never was at home in his apartment. Today I'm angry with him and intend to go to New York to look for a lover! He loves his machines—and that's all!

Marina's situation was no better. She replied to Ruth on May 25th, "As soon as you left all 'love' stopped, and I am very hurt that Lee's attitude toward me is such that I feel each minute that I bind him." She recognized a fundamental unhappiness linking her to Ruth: "Lee has said to me that he doesn't love me—so you see we came to mistaken conclusions. It is hard for you and me to live without a return of our love—interesting, how will it all end?" There was supposed to be a practical aspect to the correspondence: Marina would correct the Russian in Ruth's letters and return them to Texas. But the emotional interchange outweighed the linguistic one.

Ruth soon began asking whether Marina might like to return to Texas to give birth to her baby, which was expected in October. Her desire to bring Marina back became pressing in the second week of July, when, after a busy period that included visits from both her mother and her father, Ruth reread Marina's correspondence and noticed something she had overlooked: mention of Lee's renewed insistence that his wife return to the Soviet Union.

Alarmed, Ruth asked some Quaker and Unitarian connections in New Orleans to check on Mrs. Oswald, and, with Michael's help, she sketched out financial arrangements under which Marina might come to Irving. In a letter dated July 11th, Ruth wrote:

> I don't know how Lee feels, I would like to know. Surely things are hard for him now, too. I hope that he would be glad to see you with me where he can know that you and the children will receive everything that is necessary, and he would not need to worry about it. Thus he could start life again.

The following day, she wrote again, to suggest that Marina couldn't be forced to go back to the U.S.S.R., but mostly to say, "I love you Marina, and want to live with you."

Marina was afraid to discuss the Texas invitation with Lee. She tried instead to assure Ruth that things were better between them ("for a considerable period he has been good to me"), promising to keep Ruth's offer as an ace in the hole, should Lee again treat her badly: "Sweet Ruth, I am so thankful to you for your good and sympathetic heart."

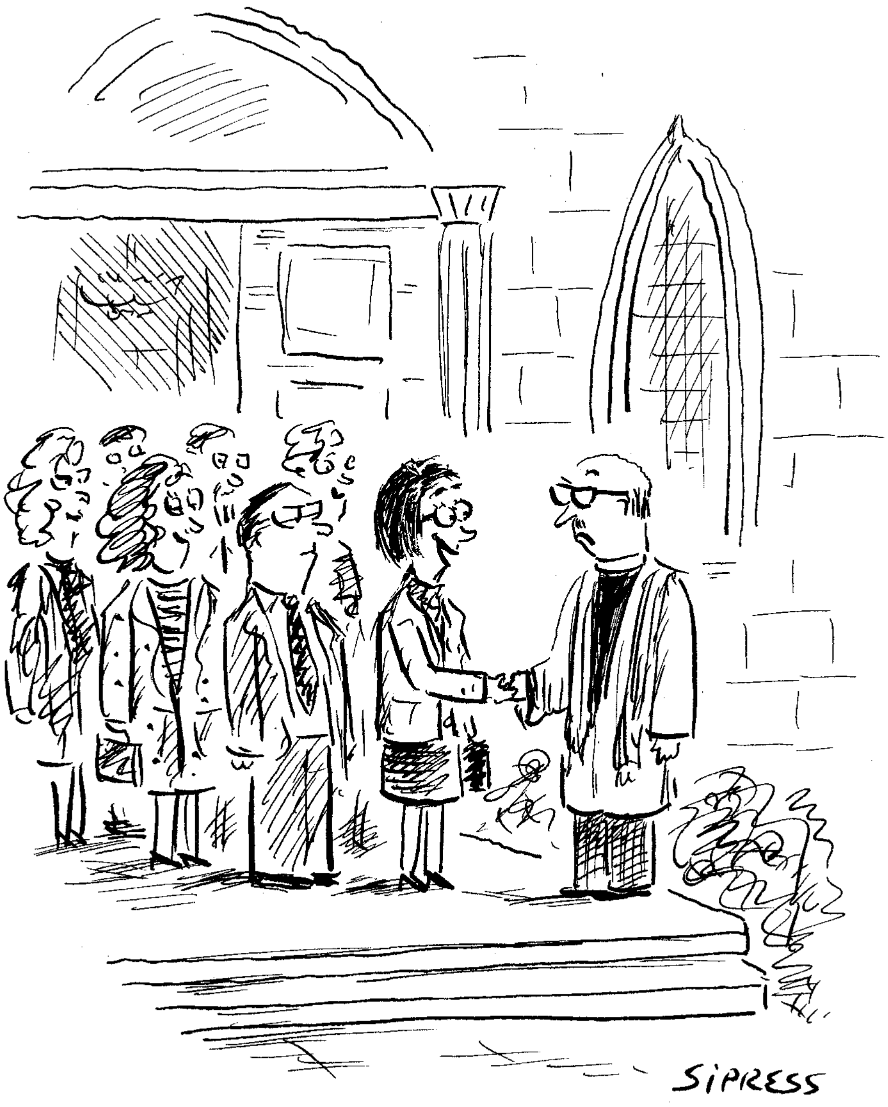
Ruth had always been a confident traveller, and in the late summer of 1963, with her children in tow, she zigzagged from Texas to New England, then to the Midwest and down to the Deep South. She followed a complex itinerary designed to connect her with an array of family members and old friends as well as new, self-imposed obligations.

Late in August, Marina sent a letter to Paoli, Pennsylvania, where she knew Ruth would be stopping. Marina mentioned that Lee was once again out of work, but hoped that "everything will clear up, right?" She looked forward to a visit from Ruth, which was set for the third week of September.

Ruth arrived in New Orleans on September 20th, after a detour through Birmingham to pay her respects at the just-bombed Sixteenth Street Baptist Church ("I felt I could explain it to my kids, sort of"). Marina, despite her husband's unemployment, seemed cheerful, and she wanted Ruth to have a good time. She proposed a tour of Bourbon Street, without Lee. "It was so obvious that we were out of place," Ruth recollects. "A pregnant mother and her baby, and a mother and her two small toddlers, peering into the doorways. And the people peered back with a good-grief-what-are-you-doing-here look on their faces. So we didn't stay very long."

In the event, far from feeling threatened, Lee "seemed relieved . . . to have [Marina] come back with me, and to know that I could translate to get her into the hospital, things like that." He let Ruth believe that he was going to look for work in Houston or maybe even in Philadelphia. But Marina knew the truth: once she and Ruth were gone, Lee would head for Mexico City to apply for a visa to Cuba, where he could offer himself to Castro's revolution. She said nothing to her friend.

Ruth remembers Lee being unusually helpful two days later, when it came time to load the station wagon. The back of it was soon full of Marina's belong-



"I really liked that stuff you were saying about all of us being sinners and how we're damned for eternity."

ings and his own, which, it was understood, he would come for at some point. Oswald seemed genuinely sad to say goodbye to his *devochki* ("girls"). Marina let out a cheer when she crossed the border into Texas, telling Ruth, somewhat to her surprise, that she thought of the state as her home. After a night in a motel, the women continued on to Irving, where Michael Paine was on hand to help unload the car. Among the things that were carried into the garage was a securely tied green-and-brown blanket roll, which contained a bolt-action Mannlicher-Carcano rifle. The only adult there who didn't know that Oswald owned a gun was Ruth—the one person who wouldn't have allowed it in the house.

On October 4th, Ruth Paine donated blood at Parkland Hospital, where Marina would soon be delivering her baby at reduced cost. Later that day, Lee Oswald surprised his wife with a phone call announcing that he was at the bus station in Irving. Oswald's call ended another two weeks of near-constant companionship between Marina and Ruth. The absent father-to-be maintained to Ruth that he'd spent the time hunting for work in Houston. He had actually come from Mexico City, where he'd been denied a visa to Cuba. When he showed up in Irving, he looked defeated.

Now prepared to look for work in Dallas, Lee got himself a room in the Oak Cliff neighborhood, near downtown. He would visit Marina on the weekends, if that was all right with Ruth. Once he was on his feet, perhaps after Christmas, he would get an apartment big enough for himself, his wife, and two children. Ruth supplied Oswald with a Dallas street map, though his search for work was hampered by his inability to drive. She even tried to get him a learner's permit, and gave him lessons in her '55 Chevy.

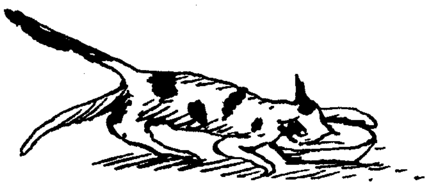
Lee did seem to be making an effort. Ruth never expressed herself more positively about Oswald than in a letter to her mother on October 14th. During the two previous weekends, she wrote, Lee had proved himself "a happy addition to our expanded family. He played with Chris, watched football on TV, planed (filed?) down the doors that wouldn't close, and generally added a needed masculine flavor. From a poor first impression I have come to like him." Ruth's feelings were mostly based on hope. On Saturday, October 19th, she wrote to her father that Lee had shown himself to be a "fine family man after all."

He had earned the title by taking a job. "Minimum wage & nothing special about it," Ruth reported to her mother, but she was pleased to see him happy. She had provided the successful lead, but, characteristically, took no credit. On the morning of October 14th, she and Marina had had coffee with a neighbor, Linnie Mae Randle, who mentioned that the Texas School Book Depository, where her brother worked, was hiring. Ruth had made a call to Roy Truly, the manager of the warehouse, to get Lee an interview. Lee pleased his potential new boss by calling him sir. On Friday night, when Lee came out to Irving after his third day at work, Ruth had a cake ready for his twenty-fourth birthday.

For two weeks, Ruth had been seeing to the needs of five people, not counting herself, and trying to engage in as much long-term thinking as the situation would admit. She had even briefly considered the idea of putting a trailer in the back yard, should the house still be so full in February, when her mother planned to visit.

The Oswalds' second daughter was born on Sunday, October 20th. Ruth was at the hospital; the "fine family man," afraid that Parkland would present him with a bill, had stayed in Irving. Ruth didn't blame him for this; he may have had a job, but he had little money, and Marina would be home in forty-eight hours. The baby was named Audrey Marina Rachel, the first name for Audrey Hepburn, the star of "War and Peace," which Marina and Ruth had seen together; Rachel was for a niece of Ruth's, and it was this third name that stuck.

As the two mothers went about their weekday tasks, Ruth sensed a certain distance in her companion. But the women were too busy with the babies to be much bothered by conversational gaps, which Marina sometimes filled with talk of plays and movies, retelling the plots of ones she'd seen years before in the Soviet Union. This love of entertainment left her vulnerable to Lee's frequent charge that she was "bourgeois." So did her appreciation of Ruth's appliances. "We liked comfort!" Ruth remembers, laughing at the memory of Oswald's scorn. The young Marxist also objected to the way Marina cooked his potatoes and ironed his shirts. "Picky, picky," says Ruth, who still remembers the complaints, even if Lee, when he was in Irving, could no longer make them violently, as he had done on Neely Street. Both the Paines continually found themselves struck by Lee's lack of logic, and Michael remembers the young man's emotional inability to connect with potential friends. "The world was kind of cardboard for him," he says.



It was not until a 1993 interview, for a CBS documentary broadcast around the thirtieth anniversary of J.F.K.'s assassination, that Michael told a reporter, rather casually:

> Obviously [Oswald] liked guns. I went one afternoon to pick him up, went upstairs, and I think the first thing he did, practically, was pick up this photograph of himself—eight by ten—holding his rifle there and some papers. I was a little startled. I suppose he was looking for a big revolution.

The statement went unremarked upon, though Michael Paine was admitting something he had never told either the Warren Commission or his wife: that, on the first evening he met Oswald, at the apartment on Neely Street, he discovered that Lee had a rifle; Lee had shown Michael the picture of himself brandishing it in one hand while holding two Communist newspapers in the other.

Did Michael deliberately withhold this information from the commission? "No, no," Ruth says; he's "far too honest" for that. She concedes that "he should have brought it up" in 1964, and laughs uneasily about how it would have been "nice" for him to tell her before November 22, 1963. But "probably he didn't consider it very important." She claims that, in the several years since someone told her about this interview, she cannot remember ever asking Michael about the incident, though they were in communication. The assassination, she says, has always been doubly hard to deal with, intertwined as it was "with the difficulties in my marriage, and the separation." No harsh word about Michael ever escapes her, not even when she's persuaded to discuss this very worst conjunction of the historical and the personal.

When I visited Michael Paine, in August of 2000, at his home, in Boxborough, Massachusetts, he was quite sure about having seen the photograph of Oswald in April of 1963, but he says that he didn't remember seeing it until it was put in front of him, in 1993. In any case, he says, it was only after the assassination that he realized that his Quaker wife was "so allergic" to guns that "she would have forbidden [Oswald] to have the rifle in the house."

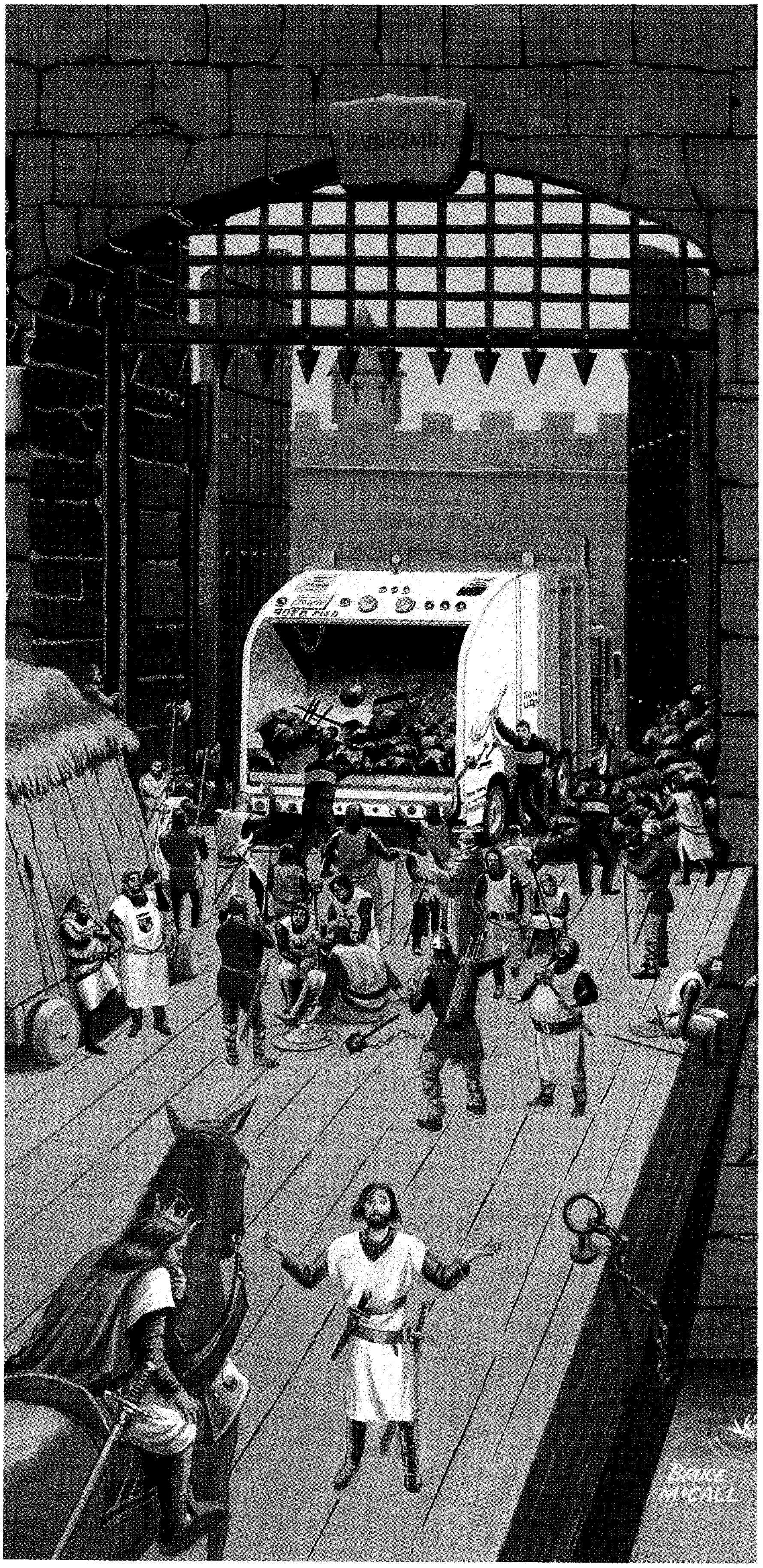
But if, in the spring of 1963, Michael had mentioned the photo to Ruth, it is reasonable to believe that Lee Oswald would not have been welcome at 2515 West Fifth Street the following October, and that Ruth would not have had occasion to provide him with the job-hunting tip that put him above Dealey Plaza at 12:30 P.M. on November 22nd. "Could it have made a difference?" Ruth's voice trails off after asking the question.

"I have no recollection of him at all on the morning of November 22nd, except an empty coffee cup," Ruth said of Oswald to the Warren Commission. Lee had made himself some instant and left his cup in the sink. Ruth never heard him shower or close the door when he left to catch a ride to the book depository with Linnie Mae Randle's brother.

Marina Oswald, typically the last adult to rise at 2515 West Fifth Street, remained asleep when Ruth turned on the TV to watch a Chamber of Commerce breakfast that the President was attending at the Hotel Texas. One camera focussed on the dais, another on a doorway. Awaiting Kennedy's arrival, a WFAA reporter filled time by mentioning the day in 1901, in Buffalo, when the anarchist Leon Czolgosz shot President William McKinley.

At nine-ten, John F. Kennedy appeared on the screen. Ruth suddenly realized what time it was and hurried to

SKETCHBOOK BY BRUCE McCALL



"A non-virgin would have a devastating effect on crop yield."

• •

get Lynn to a nine-fifteen appointment with the dentist. Knowing that Marina would enjoy the spectacle of the Kennedys arriving in Dallas, Ruth left the television on when she drove off.

There were errands to run after the dentist, and she didn't return home until after noon. The TV cameras had lost sight of the President's motorcade after its departure from Love Field. There would be nothing more to see until Kennedy's speech at the Trade Mart, at twelve-thirty, and so Ruth went into the kitchen to make lunch. When she heard the bulletin of the shooting, her reaction was immediate: That's it for Texas. I'm going back to Philadelphia.

Like most politically aware people who had seen the previous month's news photos of Adlai Stevenson being jostled and spat upon in Dallas, Ruth initially assumed that a right-wing extremist had shot the President. She instantly sensed that her world would be altered by the deed, but she had no idea that she was one of a handful of people whose lives had truly been torn in two.

Allowing Lynn to help, Ruth began lighting some candles, explaining to Marina, to whom she'd translated the bulletin, that this was her own way of praying. Even as Kennedy lay in Parkland Hospital, work went on. Marina hung laundry in the back yard. Ruth soon joined her there with further news: the shots fired at the motorcade were now thought to have come from the Texas School Book Depository. Lee, presumably, would have quite a story to tell when he arrived home.

Without explanation, Marina left Ruth to finish hanging the clothes, while she went back into the house and then the garage. She wanted to make sure that Lee's blanket containing his rifle was where she'd last seen it, a few weeks before. To her relief, the bundle appeared to be in the same place.

Soon afterward, while the two women sat on the couch in front of the TV, Ruth had to translate the news that Kennedy had died. She and Marina talked about the awful fate that had just befallen Jacqueline Kennedy and her two children, so close in age to Ruth's own. Marina apologized for not crying, a reticence that Ruth attributed to her personality.

Someone knocked on the door. Ruth answered it and was confronted by a group of law-enforcement officers, including men from the Dallas County sheriff's department. She thought that they were there to serve papers in connection with her divorce, until one of them announced that Lee was in custody, charged with shooting a policeman. When the officers said they wanted to come in, she managed to ask if they had a warrant. They assured her they could get one right away. "That's O.K.," she told them. "We're all upset. Come on in."

Ruth thought that "they'd come in and sit on my sofa and talk to me." Instead, "six guys spread out all over the house right away, like water." They asked whether Lee owned a gun, and Ruth said no. She translated the question to Marina, using the Russian word for "long gun" because that was the only one she knew. Yes, Marina responded, to Ruth's astonishment, Lee did have a gun. Marina then led the way to the garage. No mention had yet been made of the President; only of a murdered patrolman. But Ruth now understood what this was really about.

When I asked her, nearly forty years later, to reconstruct what happened in the garage, Ruth groaned, before saying that Marina "showed this blanket roll, which was on the floor. The officer picked it up, folded it over his arm. It was empty. He didn't even have to open it. You could see it was empty. That was when I had this feeling, My God, it could have been Lee—that he came out last night, that the gun had been there. . . . That was probably the worst moment."

Within minutes, the police were hauling off boxes of the Paines' and the Oswalds' belongings, while Ruth protested in vain. A neighbor, Dorothy Roberts, watching this front-lawn drama, which must have resembled an eviction, thought that she had never seen Mrs. Paine so angry. One policeman grabbed Ruth's arm; another threatened to take her children "to Juvenile" if she and Marina didn't hurry up and come downtown with them. She turned to her daughter and said evenly, "Lynn, you may go with us." No one went anywhere until a babysitter was found for Chris. Once in Dallas, Ruth irritated the police further when, before signing an affidavit they had composed from her oral statements, she corrected its English. Inside one of the confiscated boxes was an essay from her Antioch days in which Ruth Hyde had mused, "I don't act like a rebel very much, but I have always enjoyed a great deal of personal freedom and find I bristle and rally forces of resistance when it is taken away."

Still, from these first chaotic hours, Ruth coöperated openly, and her compliance stands out. As the police car headed from Irving to Dallas, an officer in the front seat turned to her to ask, "Are you a Communist?"

"No," she replied, "and I don't even feel the need of the Fifth Amendment on that one." She translated the question to Marina, who, sitting beside her in the back of the police car, seemed "very quiet at that point," and "not just because of the language difficulty."

At the police station, Ruth was taken up with Marina's needs, particularly her need for a translator, no matter what new suspicions Ruth might be entertaining about her companion. On Friday night, with the world's press descending on the Police and Courts Building, the Paines were about to become involved with the rest of Lee's family, starting with his older brother, Robert, a sales coördinator for the Acme Brick Company, in nearby Denton. Robert later recalled the encounter in his 1967 book, "Lee." He wrote, "I felt that [Mrs. Paine] was stimulated by the drama of the moment and her rapid comments to everyone who would listen struck me as almost boastful: 'I've had them over at my house,' she would say to anyone who did not seem to recognize how close she had been to the center of tragedy."

This exaggerated behavior actually reflected Ruth's tendency to be helpful, to almost anyone, in whatever circumstances, including the adversarial and the bizarre. That afternoon, when the police came to the house, Ruth had begun "to realize that they had no clue . . . what kind of people we were." Both the Dallas police and Robert Oswald saw the Paines as very odd characters for those parts. And what yesterday had looked merely eccentric, now seemed decidedly sinister.

Also present on the police station's third floor Friday night was Lee's mother, Marguerite, who had come from Fort Worth, and ceaselessly wrung her hands over what she insisted had been a life much misunderstood—her own. The Paines and Marina returned home with Marguerite around 9 P.M.

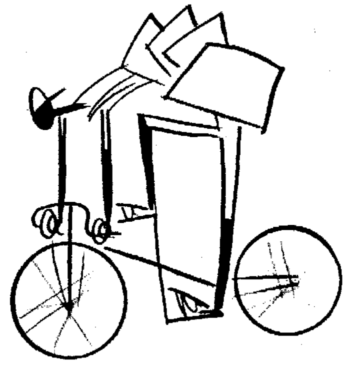
West Fifth Street showed few signs of disturbance. *Life* magazine was briefly on the scene, but the news media, barely yet known by that term, were otherwise not much in evidence. Ruth and Marina put the children to bed.

Marguerite was proving a difficult guest: she had been annoyed by a *Life* photographer whose lens had caught her with her stockings rolled down, and was peeved at the apparent centrality of Marina and Ruth to this possibly lucrative event. She, after all, was the mother.

Ruth's last waking thoughts on November 22nd involved her daughter and son. She remembers telling herself, " 'You know, you've really got to get to sleep. Don't obsess about this. You've got to sleep. . . .' My main worry, I guess, was how can I make this as easy for my children as possible?"

That night, in the other bedroom, Marina showed Marguerite, whom she hadn't seen in a year, two photographs from Junie's baby book. They depicted not Junie but Lee, outside the Neely Street apartment, holding a rifle and copies of both *The Militant* and *The Worker*. They were photographs that Marina herself had taken, back in March, at Lee's insistence.

Marguerite implored her, with gestures, to keep the photos from Ruth. The next day, while visiting Lee in jail, Marina hid them in her shoe. Later, she burned them, not knowing that Lee had been sufficiently proud of the pictures to make numerous prints at the graphic-arts firm where he had then worked.



On Saturday afternoon, the day after Kennedy was shot, Oswald, still insisting that he was just a "patsy," called the house and asked Ruth to get in touch with John Abt, a defense lawyer in New York who took on left-wing causes. Ruth was astonished by Oswald's temerity in asking a favor of her—someone whose life he had just thrown into chaos. Still, she tried, unsuccessfully, to reach the attorney. "If I'd been smarter," she says today, "I'd have said to him he needs somebody *now*. 'Get a temporary guy.' Didn't think of that."

Lee called again around nine-thirty that night. The last words that Ruth ever heard from him were a request to speak with Marina. But his wife had left that morning with his mother, a translator, and Thomas Thompson, a reporter from *Life*. Oswald insisted that Marina should be available to him. So, Ruth remembers, she called a hotel and asked for Thompson's room; Marguerite Oswald answered the phone. "I said, 'I'd like to talk to Marina.' 'Well, no, you can't talk to Marina.' And I said, 'Lee has called me and he wants to be able to reach her, and he doesn't know how to do that.' And she said, 'We really can't be too concerned about what Lee thinks at this point.' And that was pretty much the end of the conversation."

Personal legal jeopardy scarcely seems to have crossed Ruth's mind. She never retained a lawyer for herself, and it was mostly out of curiosity that she asked an F.B.I. agent, Bardwell Odum, whether her phone line was being tapped. She recalls him saying, "Mrs. Paine, you answer the questions we have; why would we put a tap on your line?" She says she "let it go at that, which was not good enough, you know. He didn't answer the question. So my guess is, yes, that they tapped the line. But I wasn't worrying about it. . . . I saw it as part of their job."

Ruth today acknowledges that she was naïve about the possibility of her own arrest. She remembers what she did when the police returned on Saturday, with a warrant: "I was on my way to the grocery store . . . and at that point I was feeding apples to newsmen, too—a lot of folks comin' through. . . . I didn't want it to interrupt my life, so I went ahead to the grocery store, leaving my home untended to the Dallas police, which was bizarre, to say the least. . . . That was not smart, or not appropriate, but it didn't hurt me."

During some of her errands, Ruth asked Michael to watch the house. If she was about to lose Marina, she stood the chance of regaining her husband: Michael was ready to move back in, for the sake of solidarity during this dangerous time and also for an immediate, practical reason—his landlady wanted him out of his apartment in Grand Prairie, at the request of other tenants, who had learned of his connection to the assassination. Michael was edgy enough to call the Irving police and ask for a round-the-clock guard for the house. The request was denied, but four decades later, when Ruth is informed of this protective gesture for the first time, she says, "Oh, really?," sounding distinctly pleased.

The police may have blocked off West Fifth Street, which Ruth remembers as still being, remarkably, "calm and quiet." That changed briefly, just before noon on Sunday, when Jack Ruby shot Oswald during his transfer to the Dallas County jail. Ruth sat on the couch, watching developments on the television, which stood near a large front picture window. Through the window, she observed an Irving police vehicle. Suddenly, she noticed an officer

> get out of his car, go to the trunk, and get out a long gun, a rifle, and come in toward the house. . . . He wanted to come in; I said he could come in, and he proceeded to close the curtains on this one large window at the front; and there were two in the back—I mean, this is a real open house—and he closed those and he peeked out. . . . He clearly had gotten a message to come in and protect Mrs. Paine and see who else was going to be killed off.

Marina called from a hotel, where the Secret Service had her in protective custody. She asked if Ruth would assemble some things she needed for herself and her daughters. Not a word about Lee. Marina was passing out of her life, and the impersonality of the telephone conversation only exaggerated the distance that Marina had been keeping all along.

Ruth felt relieved when she learned that Lee Oswald had died, because she believed that Marina's life would be easier without him. She never gave a thought to going to Oswald's funeral until she learned, afterward, that his wife had had no one to translate the service for her. She tended to see Marina, not John F. Kennedy, as the catastrophe's focal point.

But despite Oswald's responsibility for the calamity that affected her so profoundly, at no time before his death did Ruth ever lose sight of his rights. She had made the call to John Abt and, along with Michael, refrained from giving any television interviews until shortly after Lee had died, when she spoke to an ABC reporter. In a fuzzy, overduplicated film of her conversation, Ruth sits on the living-room couch beside a big decanter-shaped lamp, a microphone looped around her neck. Looking well groomed but exhausted—the doorbell rings during the segment—she tells the reporter that she "was surprised to learn [Lee] had a gun," and that she never imagined him as fanatical or dangerous. Prone to self-victimization, yes; but she had hoped that, eventually, "he might feel that life was generous." In the summer of 2000, Ruth reflected, "I think, of people this kind of catastrophic event could happen to, I'm probably better off than most, because I feel the world is a kindly place and it'll treat me O.K., that there may be chaos around, but I'll come out O.K."

By the Sunday night after the assassination, Ruth had already begun to get encouraging phone calls from people in her life; later, she received supportive letters. Mostly, she waited for things to get better, and particularly for the resumption of her friendship with Marina.

On Thanksgiving Day, November 28, 1963, Michael Paine's mother wrote to her daughter-in-law to express relief that "the Secret Service had taken the poor girl off your hands." Still, Mrs. Young remained distressed by the emotional connection between Ruth and Marina, and, more particularly, the association of the two women in the public mind. She wanted Ruth to "simmer down," to realize that her responsibility to Marina was over, and to "quietly remove yourself from the public eye and ear, or you will unnecessarily tie yourself, the children and Michael for life to a most disgraceful and horrible event." Most dangerous of all, from Mrs. Young's point of view, was the impression in the newspapers that Ruth had given no "thought to the enormity of the loss of Kennedy," only to Marina's plight.

Ruth today recognizes how excessive her preoccupation with Marina must have looked, recalling the shocked appearance of a *Times* reporter when, after Lee's death, she told him, "Well, at least Marina won't have to testify." Even Gerald Ford, after serving on the Warren Commission, wrote, in "Portrait of the Assassin," "Ruth's anxieties over Marina's well-being would create another plot theory which, when added to all the rest, became a spider's nest of apparent machinations."

As things turned out, Ruth's worries and efforts were largely beside the point. The country showed itself spontaneously well disposed toward Marina Oswald—in part, perhaps, to prove how "big" it was. Americans embraced this pretty daughter of the Soviet enemy, and sent her money. As Marina's needs rapidly changed, Ruth's help began to involve such things as forwarding interview requests from foreign magazines, one of them offering ten thousand dollars.

Yet she wasn't even sure where her friend was. Early on, Ruth attempted to communicate with Marina through the Irving police, but she received no answer. "I am afraid," Ruth wrote, "that you never want to see me again. It is true, we have horrible memories. It is probably better that we do not live together again. But we are sisters, whether we want to be or not. Sisters in misfortune. I want to see you sometime." Ruth still remembers her uncertainty and sense of rejection. "That was a terrible time," she says. Marina "could have written me a letter saying 'Back off,' in response to my several letters asking how things are going. She never did that.

She finally sent a Christmas card [with] zero content."

In fact, the card was worse than nothing at all. "You wrote me," Ruth responded, "as if I were an old grandmother and not a friend. You closed your face to me. Is it true, have I offended you? If so, excuse, forgive me, please. I did not want to offend and do not wish to. But I am coarse and stupid, especially in Russian." This painful self-abasement, so like that of the baffled, discarded lover, extends to Ruth's reiteration of how Marina's presence in Irving was never a matter of charity. "How many times have I said when you were here, that I was giving nothing more than I received. You never understood how useful it was to me to speak Russian every day." She was by then trying to convince Marina of what she'd once hoped to convince Lee.

Ruth consulted Marina's lawyer, John Thorne, of Thorne & Leach—a bad-joke legal name that she can laugh over today—"about the fact that the checks that I wrote to Marina to transfer cash money that had come to me for her were coming back with someone else's handwriting on the back. And he was absolutely unhelpful. 'If Marina wants to contact you, she will contact you directly.' "

But Ruth persisted. Week after week, she continued to write to Marina. On January 3, 1964, she invited her to come by for a meal, adding, "You can ask me not to speak about something and I will not. Not even to Michael if you prefer. But in general I don't want to know anything except that you are free, that you know your rights." She enclosed pre-assassination photographs of Junie and new ones of Chris. A week later, with the desperation of the jilted, she said that she was even willing to keep writing without response.

To the suggestion that she and Marina had a lesbian attachment, Ruth today replies, with a laugh, "No, that hadn't occurred to me!" She acknowledges that, in 1963, she was "very lonely in Texas," and that her own vulnerability pushed her into aiding this foreigner; but what she still hears, in the apparently romantic tone of even the pre-assassination letters, is an attempt to reassure the younger woman, who "doubted her acceptability" and her worthiness of Ruth's assistance. "I was trying to say, 'We can be friends here.' "

Later that January, Marina replied to an inquiry that Ruth had made about her through the Dallas Civil Liberties Union. She said that she was grateful for the Secret Service's protection, and that although she considered Ruth "one of my best friends," now was not the time to see her: "When I feel I'm ready, I would with pleasure like to see Mrs. Ruth Paine, who is a very nice person. I hope you understand I lived in a stranger's house and I would not want to inconvenience anyone as kind as Mrs. Ruth Paine with visitors I be sure to receive and also I give much time to visits with the F.B.I."

Yet Marina still made no effort to get back in touch with "one of my best friends." Ruth was not deterred. On January 23rd, she wrote:

> I requested a new Sears Roebuck catalog for you (Spring-Summer). I have it here at home. I also have some glass (baby) bottles and your bath powder.

On February 3rd:

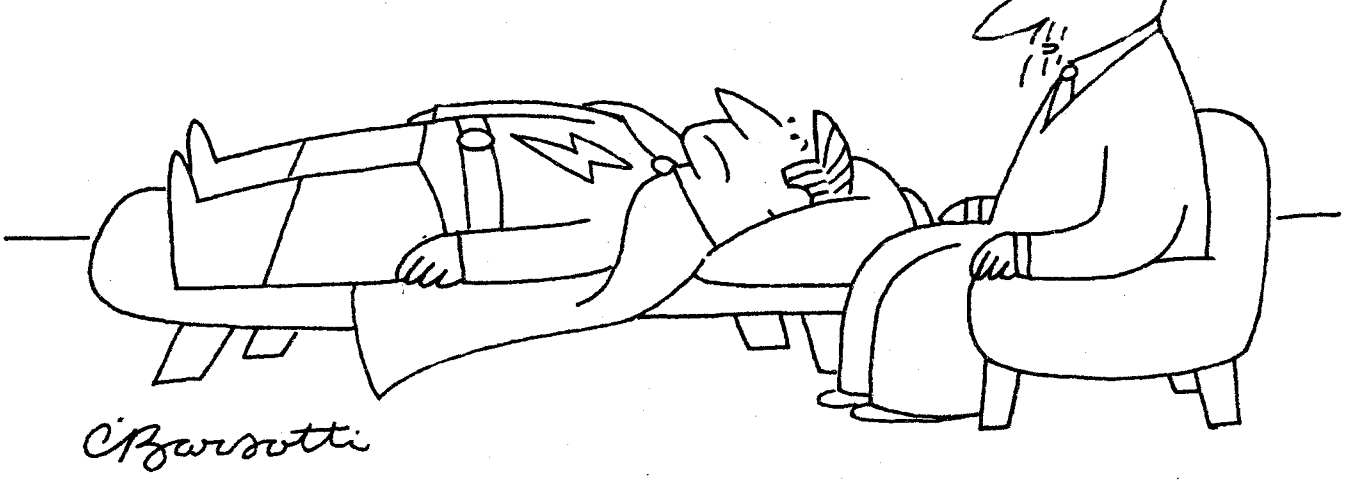
> I saw your interview on television. You have learned a lot of English. From this (TV) appearance all will know (as I already know) that you are very nice, love your children and are grateful to people. . . . Phone, please, Marina.

On February 9th:

> I can come by to pick you (and the children) up when it is convenient, and we can spend a day here as we did in April. I am not afraid of the newsmen. Let them ask: "Well, what happened when you saw Mrs. Oswald?"—"Oh, we talked about children as usual."

"I have never understood it to this day," Ruth says of her estrangement from Marina, though she now realizes how, within hours of the assassination, the Russian woman had begun amassing grievances with the imaginative energy of her mother-in-law, Marguerite. A month after having told the Dallas Civil Liberties Union that Ruth remained a good friend, Marina told the Warren Commission this about Mrs. Paine:

> She likes to be well known, popular, and I think that anything that I should write her, for example, would wind up in the press. The reason that I think so is that the first time we



"And you know, realistically, it's much safer than driving."

> were in jail to see Lee, she was with me and with her children, and she was trying to get in front of the cameras, and to push her children, and instructed her children to look this way and look that way. And the first photographs that appeared were of me and her children.

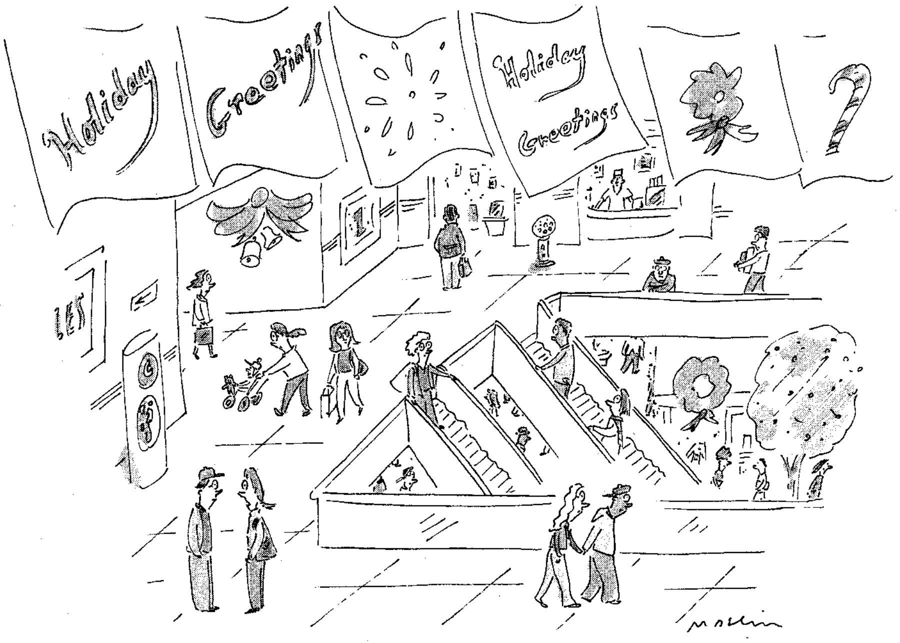
When I read this testimony to Ruth, decades later, she reacted with deliberate calm: "Wow. I've never read that. . . . It surprises me that she didn't think of me as somebody she could trust."

On November 30th, Ruth sent Marina, via the Dallas police, letters and baby clothes and her copy of "Kniga Poleznykh Sovetov," a book of Russian housekeeping advice that Lee had given Marina for a twenty-first-birthday present. Ruth thought that the book would make Marina less homesick; she did not know that, folded inside, was the note that Lee had left for Marina at the Neely Street apartment on April 10th—just before he went out to shoot General Walker.

The note contained eleven numbered points, informing Marina that the rent and gas were paid up; telling her where to find his post-office box; instructing her to send to the Soviet Embassy any press clippings that might result from this independent bit of revolutionary action. The note concluded, "If I am alive and taken prisoner, the city jail is at the end of the bridge we always used to cross when we went to town."

For seven months, Marina had kept the list as a kind of insurance policy against further violent behavior by her husband; its discovery by the Secret Service, which inspected the book that Ruth sent over, linked Lee, for the first time, to the Walker shooting. Suddenly, the authorities saw new reason to be suspicious of Oswald's coöperative widow—and of Ruth herself. On December 2nd, two Secret Service men came to Irving and exhibited the kind of excited hostility that Ruth had not experienced since the Dallas police first showed up, ten days earlier. "One of them was their Russian-speaking person," she remembers. "He led off, in Russian"—perhaps a hostile gesture or an investigative trick—"and showed me this piece of paper, and said have I seen this, and I said no; and do I know who wrote it, and I said no . . . and he said, 'Well, Mrs. Paine, you sent this to Mrs. Oswald.' And I said no, no. And we went back and forth quite a bit. It was one of the worst moments, I would say, in the whole time for me. Because he was the first and essentially has been the only [law-enforcement figure] to call me a liar."

Even after realizing that Marina had withheld her knowledge of Oswald's attempt to kill Walker, Ruth continued her quest to reëstablish contact: she sought to understand the fear that might have motivated her friend. Yet she did concede to Bardwell Odum, the F.B.I. agent, that keeping this secret was a "moral failing" on Marina's part.



"O.K., we'll meet back here in about five hundred dollars."

Three days after being confronted with the Walker letter, Marina dispatched her lawyer, her business manager, and her brother-in-law to Irving to pick up whatever remained of her and Lee's possessions. Ruth and Michael helped load them into Robert Oswald's car. Robert, in Ruth's recollection, was not unpleasant that day, but he continued to mistrust Michael Paine, whose own inquiries about Marina he found irritatingly persistent.

Robert began seeing a lot of his sister-in-law. On long drives out to the cemetery where Lee was buried, he and Marina "might talk about almost any subject," he wrote in his book, but on the way back the topic was always Lee. Marina convinced him that she had loved his brother, and Robert more or less brushed off her knowledge of Lee's "earlier violent acts," including the Walker shooting. "I think she kept quiet about them because she hoped that Lee would gradually settle into a normal life." Before too long, Robert asked her to move in with his own family. When Ruth drove there, in one more attempt to renew contact with Marina, Robert's wife, Vada, greeted her through the screen door but did not invite her inside or permit her to talk with anyone else.

Ruth, understanding that Robert had been swept into the assassination disaster as accidentally as she had been, has always forgiven his dislike of her and Michael, which no doubt helped to shape Marina's more complicated estrangement. "Not knowing who we were," Ruth says, "the safe thing was to stay clear and probably to advise her to stay clear." Certainly, Marina's complaint about Ruth's supposed enjoyment of the limelight mimics Robert's own. But the influence of Lee's brother was stronger than Ruth ever knew. In the period just after the assassination, Marina had a brief affair with Robert Oswald. Their involvement may have provided the chance for revenge against a brother and a husband; surely it made the growing distance between Marina and Ruth even less bridgeable. Marina was now subject

"Two 'Charlie Roses' doesn't make you a Middle East scholar!"

to both Robert's viewpoint and her own shame; the two conditions conspired to lock out her old friend.

Priscilla Johnson McMillan, whose "Marina and Lee" (1977) remains the most authoritative study of the Oswalds' marriage, heard about the affair between Marina and Robert from Marina herself but left it out of her book. Yet the affair (confirmed by my conversation with another source once close to Marina) is relevant to any understanding of the estrangement between her and Ruth, and when McMillan revealed it to me, last year, it was with the thought that finally knowing about it "might lighten Ruth's load a little bit."

In the late winter of 1964, Marina finally proposed a meeting. "We met at Katya Ford's house, where she was staying," Ruth recalls, "and that was comforting, to know that she had remade contact with Russian-speaking folks." The meeting was brief and friendly, but not a success. No mention was made of the Walker letter or of other reasons for the breach. Marina's essential message, Ruth recalls, seemed to be about the Warren Commission—that they "were nice people, and they would be kind and thoughtful, that I shouldn't be worried about going to testify."

At another meeting, that fall, Marina wanted to show off a new house that she'd bought outside Dallas. "We took a picture and we talked for a little bit, and I saw her children and she saw mine and so on," Ruth recalls. "We caught up a little on child kinds of issues. But I found it— I was very sad." It turned out to be their last meeting; the two women have not been in touch for more than thirty-five years.

Marina remained in Texas, and, in 1965, married Kenneth Porter, an electronics technician; they had a son together. After years of publicly accepting the Warren Commission's findings, Marina converted to a conspiracy view of the assassination which did not involve Lee Oswald.

Marguerite Oswald, who speculated that the assassination had been a government-sponsored "mercy killing," and who thought that her son, like J.F.K., deserved a burial at Arlington National Cemetery, showed up one day in 1964 at 2515 West Fifth Street and asked to take photographs "for the historical record." Ruth obliged, even if Mrs. Oswald "was not friendly, I would say." Marguerite left the house within minutes. Among the annotations to Ruth's testimony in Marguerite's copy of the Warren Commission transcripts—preserved at Texas Christian University with a ragbag of her other papers—one finds the following reflections: "The proud and perfect Quaker . . . I keep saying she is a fraud and liar. . . . She is evil, and selfish and the cause of it all. . . . I would wipe up the floor with her." Even Ruth, so devoid of mockery, now has trouble taking Marguerite Oswald, who died in 1981, with complete seriousness: "She was a trip."

Robert, now sixty-seven, rarely agrees to interviews, and never over the telephone. He could not be coaxed to sit down for a face-to-face discussion of the Paines. "No, sir, not on this issue," he told me politely. Nor would Marina agree to discuss her thoughts about Ruth. "I read your letter," she told me over the telephone, her voice still overlaid with a Russian accent and an unmistakable frost: "I'm not interested."

Marina did speak with Oprah Winfrey in 1996, on the thirty-third anniversary of the assassination, to explain her current belief in Oswald's innocence. By then, her face lined and her manner careworn, Marina seemed more a Soviet relic than the glamorous material success she had become in 1964.

When I showed Ruth a videotape of the Oprah interview, she got her first look at the older Marina. She watched attentively, murmuring recognition when Marina mentioned the embarrassment she felt over eating the bread of her "Quaker friend" while keeping secret the location and history of her husband's gun. But she professed a belief in Oswald's complete innocence; she did not even see him as part of whatever conspiracy killed Kennedy, an assertion that prompted Ruth, sorrowfully, to respond, "I thought she was a better thinker than that."

Afterward, Ruth conceded the impossibility of ever having maintained a friendship with the young woman who provided exotic solace in the lonely year of 1963. Her eyes filled with tears as she asked, "What did we share but the worst thing that had happened to each of us?" ♦

FICTION

A POOR-AUNT STORY

BY HARUKI MURAKAMI

It started on a perfectly beautiful Sunday afternoon in July—the very first Sunday afternoon in July. Two or three chunks of cloud, white and tiny in a distant corner of the sky, were like punctuation marks placed with exceptional care. Unobstructed, the light of the sun poured down on the world. In this kingdom of July, even a crumpled silver sphere of a chocolate wrapper discarded on the lawn gave off a proud sparkle, like a crystal at the bottom of a lake. If you stared at the scene for long enough, you could see that the sunlight was enfolding yet another kind of light, like one Chinese box inside another. The inner light seemed to be made up of countless grains of pollen—grains that hung in the sky, almost motionless, until finally they drifted down to the surface of the earth.

I had gone for a stroll with a friend, and on the way home we stopped in the plaza outside the Meiji Memorial Picture Gallery. Sitting by the pond, we gazed across the water at two bronze unicorns on the opposite shore. A breeze was stirring the leaves of the oak trees and raising tiny ripples on the pond's surface. Time seemed to move like the breeze: starting and stopping, stopping and starting. Soda cans shone through the clear water, like the sunken ruins of a lost city. Before us passed a softball team in uniform, a boy on a bicycle, an old man walking his dog, a young foreigner in jogging shorts. We caught snatches of music from a large portable radio on the grass: a sugary song about love soon to be lost. I thought I recognized the tune, but could not be certain. It may have just sounded like one I knew. I could feel my bare arms silently soaking up the sunlight. Summer was here.

Why a poor aunt, of all things, should have taken hold of my heart on a Sunday afternoon like this I have no idea. There was no poor aunt to be seen in the vicinity, nothing to make me imagine the existence of one. But a poor aunt came to me, nonetheless, and then she was gone. If only for a hundredth of a second, she had been inside me. And when she moved on she left a strange, human-shaped emptiness behind. It felt as if someone had raced past a window and disappeared—I ran to the window and stuck my head out, but no one was there.

A poor aunt?

I tried the words out on my companion. "I'd like to write something about a poor aunt," I said.

"A poor aunt?" She seemed a bit surprised. "Why a poor aunt?"

I didn't know why. For some reason, the things that grabbed me were always things I didn't understand. I said nothing for a time, just ran my finger along the edge of that human-shaped emptiness inside me.

"I wonder if anybody would want to read a story like that," my companion said.

"True," I said. "It might not be what you'd call a good read."

"Then why write about such a thing?"

"I can't put it into words very well," I said. "In order to explain why I want to write a story about a poor aunt, I'd have to write the story. But once the story was finished there wouldn't be any need to explain the reason for writing the story—or would there?"

She smiled and lit a crumpled cigarette she'd taken from her pocket. Her cigarettes were always crumpled, sometimes so badly they wouldn't light. This one lit.

"Do you have any poor aunts among your relatives?" she asked.

"Not a one," I said.

"Well, I do. Exactly one. The genuine article. I even lived with her for a few years."

I watched her eyes. They were as calm as ever.

"But I don't want to write about her," she added. "I don't want to write a single word about that aunt of mine."

The portable radio started playing a different tune, much like the first, but this one I didn't recognize at all.

"You don't have a single poor aunt in your family, but still you want to write a poor-aunt story. Meanwhile, I have a real, live poor aunt, but I don't want to write about her."

I nodded. "I wonder why that is."

She tipped her head a little and said nothing. With her back to me, she allowed her slender fingers to trail in the water. It seemed as if my question were running through her fingers and down to the ruined city beneath the water.

I wonder why. I wonder why. I wonder why.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "there are some things I'd like to say about my poor aunt. But it's impossible for me to come up with the right words. I just can't do it, because I know a real poor aunt." She bit her lip. "It's hard—a lot harder than you seem to realize."

I looked up at the bronze unicorns again, their front hooves thrust out as if in angry protest at the flow of time for leaving them behind. She wiped her fingers on the hem of her shirt. "You're going to try to write about a poor aunt," she said. "You're going to take on this task. I wonder whether you are capable of it just now. You don't even have a real poor aunt."

I released a long, deep sigh.

"Sorry," she said.

"That's O.K.," I replied. "You're probably right."

And she was.

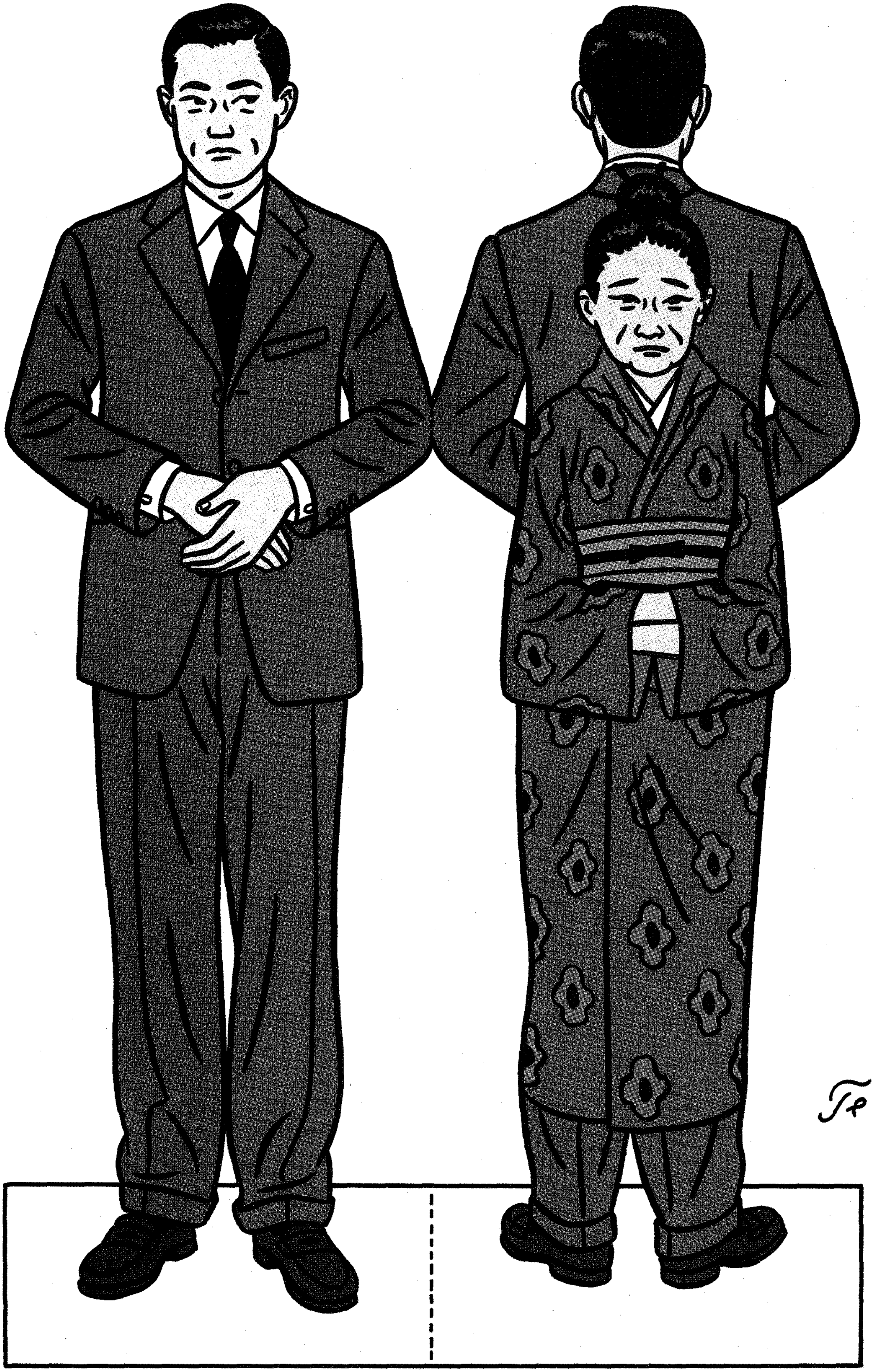
I didn't even have
A poor aunt of my own.

Huh. Like lines from a song.

Chances are you don't have a poor aunt among your relatives, either. In which case we have something in common. But you must at least have seen a poor aunt at someone's wedding. Just as every bookshelf has a book no one has read and every closet has a shirt that has never been worn, every wedding reception has a poor aunt.

No one bothers to introduce her. No

FLOCH



"That's my dad back when he was, like, militarized."

one talks to her. No one asks her to give a speech. She just sits at the table, like an empty milk bottle. With sad little slurps she consumes her consommé. She eats her salad with her fish fork, and she's the only one who doesn't have a spoon when the ice cream comes.

Her picture is there, all right, whenever they pull out the wedding album, but her image is as cheering as a drowned corpse.

"Honey, who's this woman here, in the second row, with glasses?"

"Never mind, that's nobody," the young husband says. "Just a poor aunt of mine."

No name. Just a poor aunt.

All names fade away, of course. There are those whose names fade the minute they die. There are those who go out like an old television set, leaving snow flickering across the screen, until suddenly one day it burns out completely. And then there are those whose names fade even before they die—the poor aunts. I myself fall into this poor-aunt state of namelessness now and then. In the bustle of a train station or airport terminal, my destination, my name, my address are suddenly no longer there in my brain. But this never lasts long: five or ten seconds at the most.

And sometimes this happens: "For the life of me, I can't remember your name," someone says.

"Never mind. Don't let it bother you. It's not much of a name, anyway."

Over and over, he points to his mouth. "It's right here, on the tip of my tongue, I swear."

I feel as if I've been buried in the earth with half of my left foot sticking out. People trip over it and start to apologize. "I swear, it's right here, on the tip of my tongue."

Where do the lost names go? The probability of their surviving in this maze of a city must be extremely low. Still, there may be some that do survive and find their way to the town of lost names, where they build a quiet little community. A tiny town, with a sign at the entrance that reads "No Admittance Except on Business." Those who dare to enter without business receive an appropriately tiny punishment.

Perhaps that was why a tiny punishment had been prepared for me. A poor aunt—a little one—was stuck to my back.

It was the middle of August when I first realized that she was there. Nothing in particular happened to alert me to her presence. I simply felt it one day: I had a poor aunt on my back. It was not an unpleasant sensation. She wasn't especially heavy. She didn't puff bad breath across my shoulder. She was just stuck there, on my back, like a shadow. People had to look hard even to see that she was there. True, the cats I shared my apartment with gave her suspicious looks for the first few days, but as soon as they understood that she had no designs on their territory they got used to her.

She made some of my friends nervous. We'd be sitting at a table with drinks and she'd peek over my shoulder.

"She gives me the creeps," one friend said.

"Don't let her bother you. She minds her own business. She's harmless enough."

"I know, I know. But I don't know—she's depressing."

"So try not to look."

"Yeah, I guess." Then a sigh. "Where'd you have to go to get something like that on your back?"

"It's not that I *went* anywhere. I just kept thinking about some things. That's all."

He nodded and sighed again. "I think I get it. It's your personality. You've always been like this."

"Uh-huh."

We downed several whiskeys over the next hour without much enthusiasm.

"Tell me," I said. "What's so depressing about her?"

"I don't know. It's like my mother's keeping an eye on me."

Judging by the impressions of a number of people (since I myself was unable to see her), what I had on my back was not a poor aunt with a single, fixed form: she seemed to change shape according to the person who was observing her, as though she were made of ether.

For one friend, she was a dog of his, an Akita, who had died the previous fall from cancer of the esophagus.

"She was on her last legs, anyway, I guess. Fifteen years old. But what an awful way to die, poor thing."

"Cancer of the esophagus?"

"Yeah. It's really painful. All she did was cry—though she had pretty much lost her voice by then. I wanted to put her to sleep, but my mother wouldn't let me."

"Why not?"

"Who the hell knows? We kept the dog alive for two months on a feeding tube. Out in the shed. God, what a stench."

He was silent for a while.

"She wasn't much of a dog. Scared of her own shadow. Barked at everybody who came by. A really useless animal. Noisy, covered with scabs."

I nodded.

"She'd have been better off born a cicada. Could have screamed her head off and nobody would have given a damn. No cancer of the esophagus, either."

But there she was, up on my back still, a dog with a plastic tube sticking out of her.

For a real-estate agent I knew, my poor aunt was his old elementary-school teacher.

"Must have been 1950, the first year of the Korean War," he said, using a thick towel to wipe the sweat from his face. "I had her two years in a row. It's like old times seeing her again. Not that I missed her, exactly. I'd forgotten she even existed."

The way he offered me a cup of ice-cold barley tea, he seemed to think I must be some kind of relative of his old elementary-school teacher.

"She was a sad case, come to think of it. Husband got drafted the year they were married. He was on a transport ship, and *boom!* Must have been '43. She stayed on teaching school after that. Got bad burns in the air raids of '44. Left side of her face, down to her arm." He drew an arc from his cheek to his left arm. Then he drained his cup of tea and wiped his face again. "Poor thing. She must have been pretty before that happened. Changed her personality, too. She'd be near eighty if she's still alive."

At the same time, my friends began to drop away from me, the way teeth fall out of a comb. "He's not a bad guy," they would say, "but I don't want to have to look at my depressing old mother"—or the dog that died of esophageal cancer, or the teacher with her burn scars—"whenever I see him."

I was beginning to feel like a dentist's chair—not hated but avoided by everyone. If I bumped into friends on the street, they'd find some reason to get away as soon as possible. "I don't know," one girl confessed with difficulty—and honesty. "It's hard to be around you these days. I wouldn't mind so much if you had an umbrella stand on your back or something."

An umbrella stand.

While friends avoided me, the media couldn't get enough of me. Reporters would show up every couple of days, take photos of me and the aunt, complain when her image didn't come out clearly, and shower me with pointless questions. I kept hoping that if I coöperated with them they'd lead me to a new discovery or explanation with regard to the poor aunt, but instead they just exhausted me.

Once, I appeared on a morning show. They dragged me out of bed at six o'clock, drove me to the TV studio, and filled me full of terrible coffee. Incomprehensible people ran around me doing incomprehensible things. I thought about leaving, but before I could bring myself to do it they said it was my turn. When the cameras weren't on, the show's host was a grumpy, arrogant bastard who did nothing but attack the people around him, but the second the camera's red light lit he was all smiles and intelligence: your regulation middle-aged nice guy.

"And now it's time for our daily feature, 'Look What Else Is Out There,'" he announced to the camera. "Today's guest is Mr. ______, who suddenly found he had a poor aunt on his back. Not many people have this particular problem, and what I'd like to do today is ask our guest how it happened to him, and what kind of difficulties he's had to face." Turning to me, he continued, "Do you find having a poor aunt on your back in any way inconvenient?"

"Well, no," I said. "I wouldn't exactly call it inconvenient. She's not heavy, and I don't have to feed her."

"No lower-back pain?"

"No, none at all."

"When did you find her stuck there?"

I briefly summarized my afternoon by the pond with the bronze unicorns, but he seemed unable to grasp my point.

"In other words," he said, clearing his throat, "she was lurking in the pond near where you were sitting, and she possessed your back. Is that it?"

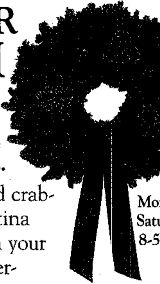
No, I said, shaking my head, that was not it.

How had I let myself in for this? All they wanted was jokes or horror stories.

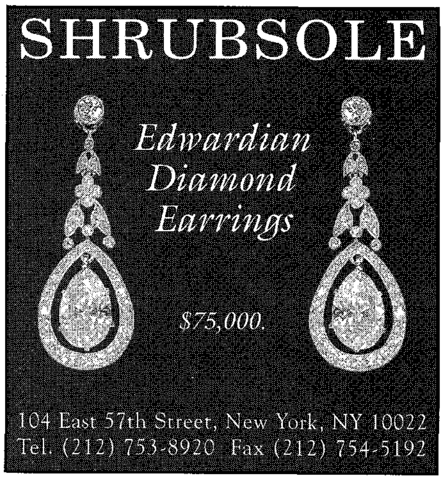
"The poor aunt is not a ghost," I tried to explain. "She doesn't 'lurk' anywhere, and she doesn't 'possess' anybody. The poor aunt is just words," I said. "Just words."

No one said anything. I would have to be more specific.

"A word is like an electrode connected to the mind. If you keep sending the same stimulus through it, there is bound to be some kind of response, some effect. Each individual's response will be different, of course, and in my case the response is something like a sense of independent existence. What I have stuck to my back, really, is the phrase 'poor aunt'—those words, with-

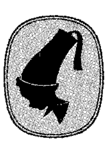


Give the gift of Maine, a fragrant
BALSAM FIR WREATH
$31.00 Includes Shipping! Approx. 22" dia.
Shipped anywhere in the continental United States.
Adorned with cones and crab-apples, with a red velvetina bow. Gift packaged with your message enclosed. MasterCard, Visa and American Express are accepted. Color brochure upon request.
Monday-Saturday, 8-5 EST
The Christmas Greens Shop
Dept. DE3 • Blue Hill, ME 04614
1-800-255-8874 • ME: 207-374-5156
FAX: 207-374-2967



SHRUBSOLE
Edwardian Diamond Earrings
$75,000.
104 East 57th Street, New York, NY 10022
Tel. (212) 753-8920 Fax (212) 754-5192

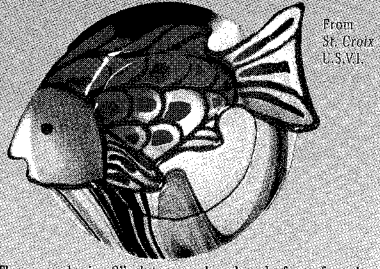
GOLF ODYSSEY™
The Sophisticated Guide to Golf Travel
TRUTH in an unbiased monthly newsletter reviewing the finest golf, dining, and lodging around the world.
$98/year, satisfaction guaranteed • Check, Visa, MC, or AmEx.
tel (800) 225-7825 fax (434) 977-4885 www.golfodyssey.net



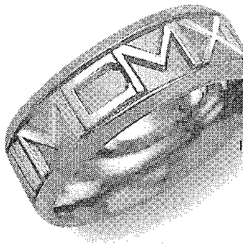
Tired of Burned Beans?
try
Vienna's Favorite
Gourmet Coffee
Julius Meinl Coffee ... medium roasted for the Peak of Flavor!
U.S. Customers Receive 20% OFF!!
Visit Our Website: www.meinl.com

MAKE YOUR 15 MINUTES OF FAME LAST A LIFETIME. . .
Your Pop Art Portrait
ON CANVAS, FROM YOUR PHOTOS
BEST PRICES, MUSEUM QUALITY
YourPopArtPortrait.com 718-638-1817

OWENS GROUP INSURAN
Since 1957
PERSONAL SERVICE AND
COST-EFFECTIVE POLICI
FOR BUSINESSES AND FA
800-26-COVER owen



Handcrafted Dimensional Art Glass
From St. Croix U.S.V.I.
These exclusive 8" plates are handmade from fused art glass, creating a three-dimensional quality with subjects that appear to float above the surface. Use them for salad, dessert or display them on the FREE display stand included. Leadfree, dishwasher and microwave safe. Only $40 each plus $4.95 S&H. Money-back Guarantee.
THE JAN MITCHELL COLLECTION
Call Toll Free: 800-216-7514 Fax: 340-719-3557 NY5



JOHN CHRISTIAN
DESIGNERS & CRAFTSMEN
YOUR Anniversary Date IN ROMAN NUMERALS!
(GOLD AND PLATINUM)
December 11, 1998
XII XI MCMXCVIII
14K GOLD $349
Free Brochure
ringbox.com 1-888-646-6466

Cross-Culture
TRAVEL WITH A DIFFERENCE
Cultural, special interest small group tours & hiking programs in 30 countries. In-depth itineraries include off-the-beaten-track visits, truly all-inclusive prices, exceptional value.
FREE CATALOG
www.crosscultureinc.com 1-800-491-1148

Play Blues Harmonica
3 CDs & book in beautiful boxed set
From Jerry Portnoy of Muddy Waters & Eric Clapton bands.
$59.95 +$5.95 s&h
call toll-free 877-MR BLUES
www.harpmaster.com
Learn from the Master!

The best toys are natural toys™
The best toys, like these classic ABC Wooden Blocks.
www.NaturalPlay.com

GREAT JEWISH BOOKS ON AUDIO TAPE
Bashevis Singer, Ozick, Malamud, et al
Call 1-877-JCC-TAPE (522-8273)
www.jccaudiobooks.com

out meaning, without form. If I had to give it a label, I'd call it a conceptual sign or something like that."

The host looked confused. "You say it has no meaning or form," he observed, "but we can clearly see . . . something . . . some real image there on your back. And it gives rise to some sort of meaning in each of us."

I shrugged. "Of course," I said. "That's what signs do."

"So," the host's young female assistant interjected, in the hope of easing the atmosphere, "you could just erase this image or this being, or whatever it is, if you wanted to."

"No, I can't," I said. "Once something has come into being, it continues to exist independent of my will. It's like a memory—a memory you wish you could forget but you can't. It's just like that."

She went on, seemingly unconvinced: "This process you mentioned of turning a word into a conceptual sign, is that something even I could do?"

"I can't say how well it would work, but in principle, at least, you could," I answered.

Now the host got into the act. "Say if I were to keep repeating the word 'conceptual' over and over every day, the image of 'conceptual' might appear on my back, is that it?"

"In principle, at least, that could happen," I repeated mechanically. The strong lights and stale air of the studio were beginning to give me a headache.

"What would a 'conceptual' look like?" the host ventured, drawing laughter from some of the other guests.

I said I didn't know. It was not something I wanted to think about. My hands were full already with just one poor aunt. None of them really gave a damn about any of this. All they were concerned about was keeping the patter alive until the next commercial.

The whole world is a farce. From the glare of a TV studio to the gloom of a hermit's cabin in the woods, it all comes down to the same thing. Walking through this clownish world with the poor aunt on my back, I was the biggest clown of all. Maybe the girl had been right: I'd have been better off with an umbrella stand. I could have painted it a new color twice a month and taken it to parties.

"*All riiight!* Your umbrella stand is pink this week!" someone might say.

"Sure," I'd answer. "Next week I'm going for British racing green."

Perhaps there were girls out there who were eager to get into bed with a guy wearing a pink umbrella stand on his back. Unfortunately, though, what I had on my back was not an umbrella stand but a poor aunt. As time passed, people's interest in me and in the poor aunt on my back faded. My friend in the park had been right: nobody was interested in poor aunts.

"I saw you on TV," my friend said.

We were sitting by the pond again. I hadn't seen her for three months. It was now early autumn. The time had shot by. We had never gone so long without seeing each other.

"You looked a little tired."

"I was."

"You weren't yourself."

I nodded. It was true: I hadn't been myself.

She kept folding and unfolding a sweatshirt on her knees.

"So you finally succeeded in getting your own poor aunt."

"Yes."

She smiled, caressing the soft sweatshirt on her knees as if it were a cat.

"Do you understand her better now?"

"A little," I said. "I think."

"And has it helped you to write something?"

"Nope." I gave my head a little shake. "Not a thing. The urge to write just isn't there. Maybe I'll never be able to do it."

She was silent for a while.

"I've got an idea," she said finally. "Ask me some questions. I'll try to help out a little."

"As the poor-aunt authority?"

"Uh-huh." She smiled. "Fire away. I feel like answering poor-aunt questions right now, and I may never want to again."

I didn't know where to start.

"Sometimes," I said, "I wonder what kind of person becomes a poor aunt. Are they born that way? Or does it take special poor-aunt conditions? Is there some kind of bug that turns people into poor aunts?"

She nodded several times as if to say that these were very good questions.

"Both," she said. "They're the same thing."

"The same thing?"

"Uh-huh. Well, look. A poor aunt might have had a poor-aunt childhood.

Or she might not. It really doesn't matter. There are millions of reasons floating around the world for millions of results. Millions of reasons to live, and millions of reasons to die. Millions of reasons for giving reasons. Reasons like that are easy to come by. But what you're looking for is not one of those, is it?"

"Well," I said, "I guess not."

"She exists. That's all. Your poor aunt is there. You have to recognize that fact and accept it. She exists. And that's what a poor aunt is. Her existence *is* her reason. Just like us. We exist here and now, without any particular reason or cause."

We sat by the pond for a long time, neither of us moving or speaking. The clear autumn sunlight cast shadows on her face.

"Well," she said, "aren't you going to ask me what I see on your back?"

"What do you see on my back?"

"Nothing at all," she said with a smile. "I see only you."

"Thanks," I said.

Time, of course, topples everyone, but the thrashing that most of us receive is frightfully gentle. Few of us even realize that we are being beaten. In a poor aunt, however, we can actually witness the tyranny of time. It has squeezed the poor aunt like an orange, until there's not a single drop of juice left. What draws me to the poor aunt is that completeness of hers, that utter perfection.

She is like a corpse sealed inside a glacier—a magnificent glacier with ice like steel. Only ten thousand years of sunshine could melt such a glacier. But no poor aunt can live for ten thousand years, and so she will have to live with her perfection, die with her perfection, and be buried with her perfection.

It was late in autumn when the poor aunt left my back. Recalling some work I had to complete before the winter, I boarded a suburban train with my poor aunt on my back. Like any suburban train in the afternoon, it was practically empty. This was my first trip out of the city for quite some time, and I enjoyed watching the scenery go by. The air was crisp and clear, the hills almost unnaturally green, and here and there along the tracks there were trees with bright-red berries.

Sitting across the aisle from me on the return trip were a skinny woman in her mid-thirties and her two children. The older child, a girl in a navy-blue serge dress and a gray felt hat with a red ribbon—a kindergarten uniform—sat on her mother's left. On the mother's right sat a boy who was perhaps three years old. Nothing about the mother or her children was particularly noteworthy. Their faces, their clothing were ordinary in the extreme. The mother held a large package. She looked tired, but then most mothers look tired. I had hardly noticed them boarding the train.

Not long afterward, however, sounds from the little girl began to reach me across the aisle. There was an edge to her voice, an urgency that suggested pleading.

Then I heard the mother say, "I told you to keep still on the train!" She had a magazine spread open on top of her bundle and seemed reluctant to tear her eyes from it.

"But, Mama, look at what he's doing to my hat," the little girl said.

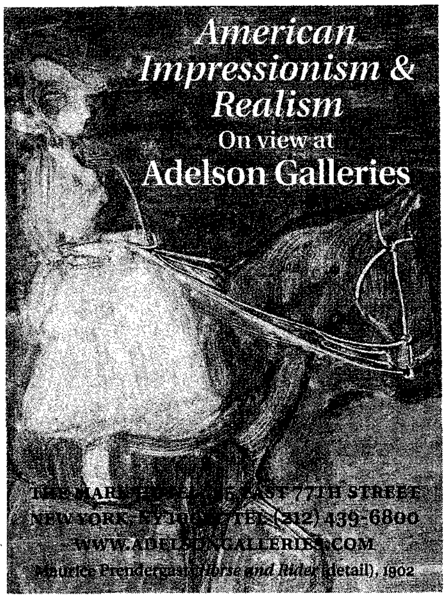
"Just shut up!"

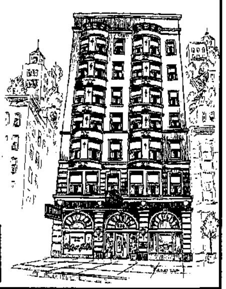
The girl made as if to speak, but then she swallowed her words. The little boy was holding the hat that she'd been wearing earlier, and he kept pawing it and pulling on it. The girl reached out and tried to grab it back, but he twisted himself away, determined to keep it out of her grasp.

"He's going to ruin my hat," the girl said, on the verge of tears.

The mother glanced up from her magazine with a look of annoyance and went through the motions of reaching for the hat, but the boy clamped both his hands on the brim and refused to give it up. "Let him play with it for a while," she said to the girl. "He'll get bored soon enough." The girl did not look convinced, but she didn't try to argue. She pursed her lips and glared at the hat in her brother's hands. Encouraged by his mother's indifference, the boy started yanking at the red ribbon. He clearly knew that this would drive his sister crazy—and it had that effect on me as well. I was ready to stomp across the aisle and snatch the thing out of his hands.

The girl stared at her brother in silence, but you could see that she had a plan. Then, all of a sudden, she got to her feet and slapped him hard on the cheek. In the stunned moment that followed, she grabbed the hat and returned to her seat. She did this with such speed and dispatch that it took the interval of one deep breath before the mother and brother


American Impressionism & Realism
On view at
Adelson Galleries
THE MARK HOTEL, 25 EAST 77TH STREET
NEW YORK, NY 10021 TEL (212) 439-6800
WWW.ADELSONGALLERIES.COM
Maurice Prendergast, *Horse and Rider* (detail), 1902


The Andrews Hotel
A Truly Classic Hotel in the Heart of
SAN FRANCISCO
Named one of S.F's Top Ten for value in the NY Times
- Two blocks to Union Square and the Cable Cars
- 48 Charming Rooms
- Evening Wine Hour
- Home of Acclaimed Italian Restaurant "Fino"
from $105
Includes Breakfast
Call for a detailed brochure
1-800-926-3739
624 Post Street San Francisco 94109

"DAMN"...*or the expletive of your choice*
STERLING SILVER PIN BY LINDA HESH
2"L x 1 1/2"H • $120 + $6 S/H (*Illinois residents add 8.75% tax*)
ORDER ONLINE AT WWW.ANCIENTECHOES.COM
OR CALL 1-800-292-0129 - FAX 773-880-9956
ANCIENT echoes™
SHOP ONLINE FOR GREAT HOLIDAY GIFTS OR
VISIT OUR GALLERY: 1003 WEST ARMITAGE
CHICAGO, IL 60614 ~ 773.880.1003

Hats for Women with Hair Loss
www.softhats.com
Call or write JUST IN TIME
for a FREE brochure.
INQUIRIES FROM RETAILERS WELCOME
P.O. Box 27693, Phila., PA 19118 • (215) 247-8777

FINE ACOUSTIC GUITARS BY DANA BOURGEOIS
MADE IN MAINE SINCE 1974
207-786-0385 • www.pantheonguitars.com

OUTPERFORMS
ALL OTHER CORKSCREWS.
PERIOD.

Superior engineering, time-tested durability and a nonstick screw make this the easiest, most durable wine opener you can use. And, we back it up with a 10-year warranty. That's something you just won't get anywhere else. For a retailer near you, call **1-877-273-8738** or visit ***www.screwpull.com.***

Screwpull®
PERFORMANCE PERFECTED.™

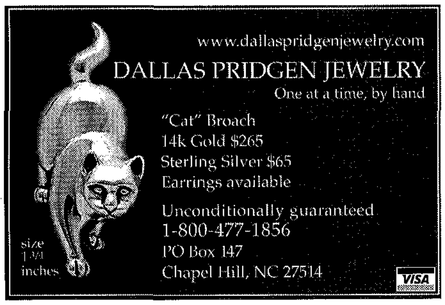
Visit our new web-site:
www.clippercruise.com

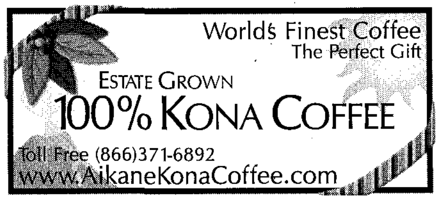
Small-Ship Adventures . . .
. . . beyond the reach of mass tourism

Discover the world's most extraordinary destinations aboard Clipper Cruise Line's award winning fleet of intimate small ships — each carrying no more than 140 passengers.

800-282-7245

ANTARCTICA THE AMERICAS CARIBBEAN EUROPE
GREENLAND ARCTIC ALASKA FAR EAST SOUTH PACIFIC


www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
"Cat" Broach
14k Gold $265
Sterling Silver $65
Earrings available
Unconditionally guaranteed
1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147
Chapel Hill, NC 27514
size 1 3/4 inches
VISA


World's Finest Coffee
The Perfect Gift
ESTATE GROWN
100% KONA COFFEE
Toll Free (866)371-6892
www.AikaneKonaCoffee.com

realized what had happened. As the brother let out a wail, the mother smacked the girl's bare knee. She then turned to comfort the boy, but he kept on wailing.

"But, Mama, he was ruining my hat," the little girl said.

"Don't talk to me," the mother said. "You don't belong to me anymore."

The girl looked down, staring at her hat.

"Get away from me," the mother said. "Go over there." She pointed at the empty seat next to me.

The girl looked away, trying to ignore her mother's outstretched finger, but it continued pointing to my left, as if it were frozen in midair.

"Go on," the mother insisted. "You're not part of this family anymore."

Resigned to her fate, the girl stood up with her hat and schoolbag, trudged across the aisle, and sat down next to me, her head bowed. Hat on her lap, she tried to smooth its brim with her little fingers. It's *his* fault, she was clearly thinking. He was going to tear the ribbon off my hat. Her cheeks were streaked with tears.

It was almost evening now. Dull yellow light filtered down from the train ceiling like dust from the wings of a doleful moth. It hovered there to be silently inhaled through the passengers' mouths and noses. I closed my book. Resting my hands on my knees, I stared at my upturned palms for a long time. When had I last studied my hands like this? In the smoky light, they seemed grimy, even dirty—not like my hands at all. The sight of them filled me with sadness: these were hands that would never make anyone happy, that would never save anyone. I wanted to place a reassuring hand on the shoulder of the little girl sobbing next to me, to tell her that she had been right, that she had done a great job, taking the hat that way. But of course I didn't touch her or speak to her. It would only have confused and frightened her more. And, besides, those hands of mine were so dirty.

By the time I left the train, a cold winter wind was blowing. Soon the sweater season would be over, and the time for thick winter coats would be upon us. I thought about coats for a while, trying to decide whether or not to buy myself a new one. I was already down the stairs and out the gate before I became aware that the poor aunt had vanished from my back.

I had no idea when it had happened. Just as she had come, she had gone. She had gone back to wherever it was that she had existed before, and I was my original self again.

But what *was* my original self? I couldn't be sure anymore. I couldn't help feeling that this was another me, another self that strongly resembled my original self. So now what was I to do? I had lost all sense of direction. I shoved my hand in my pocket and fed every piece of change I found there into a pay phone. Eight rings. Nine. And then she answered.

"I was sleeping," she said with a yawn.

"At six o'clock in the evening?"

"I was up all last night working. Just finished two hours ago."

"Sorry, I didn't mean to wake you," I said. "This may sound strange, but I called just to make sure you're still alive. That's all. Really."

I could feel her smiling into the phone.

"Thanks. That was nice of you," she said. "Don't worry, though. I'm still alive. And I'm working my tail off to *stay* alive. Which is why I'm dead tired. O.K.? Are you relieved?"

"I'm relieved."

"You know," she said, as if she were about to share a secret with me, "life is pretty damn hard."

"I know," I said. And she was right. "How would you like to have dinner with me?"

In the silence at her end, I could sense her biting her lip and touching her little finger to her eyebrow.

"Not right now," she said, emphasizing each syllable. "We'll talk later. You have to let me sleep now. Everything will be fine if I can just sleep a little. I'll call you when I wake up. O.K.?"

"O.K.," I said. "Good night."

"You, too. Good night."

She hesitated a moment. "Was it some kind of emergency—what you wanted to talk about?"

"No, no emergency," I said. "We can talk about it later."

It was true—we had plenty of time. Ten thousand, twenty thousand years. I could wait.

"Good night," she said again, and she hung up. For a while, I looked at the receiver in my hand, then I placed it in its cradle. The moment I let go of it, I felt an incredible hunger. I'd go insane if I didn't get something to eat. I'd eat anything. Anything at all. If someone offered me something to put in my mouth, I'd crawl to him on all fours. I might even suck his fingers clean. Yes, I would, I would suck your fingers clean. And then I'd sleep like a weathered crosstie. The meanest kick wouldn't wake me. For ten thousand years I'd be sound asleep.

I leaned against the pay phone, emptied my mind out, and closed my eyes. Then I heard footsteps, thousands of footsteps. They washed over me like a wave. They kept walking, on and on, tramping in time. Where was the poor aunt now? I wondered. Where had she gone back to? And where had I come back to?

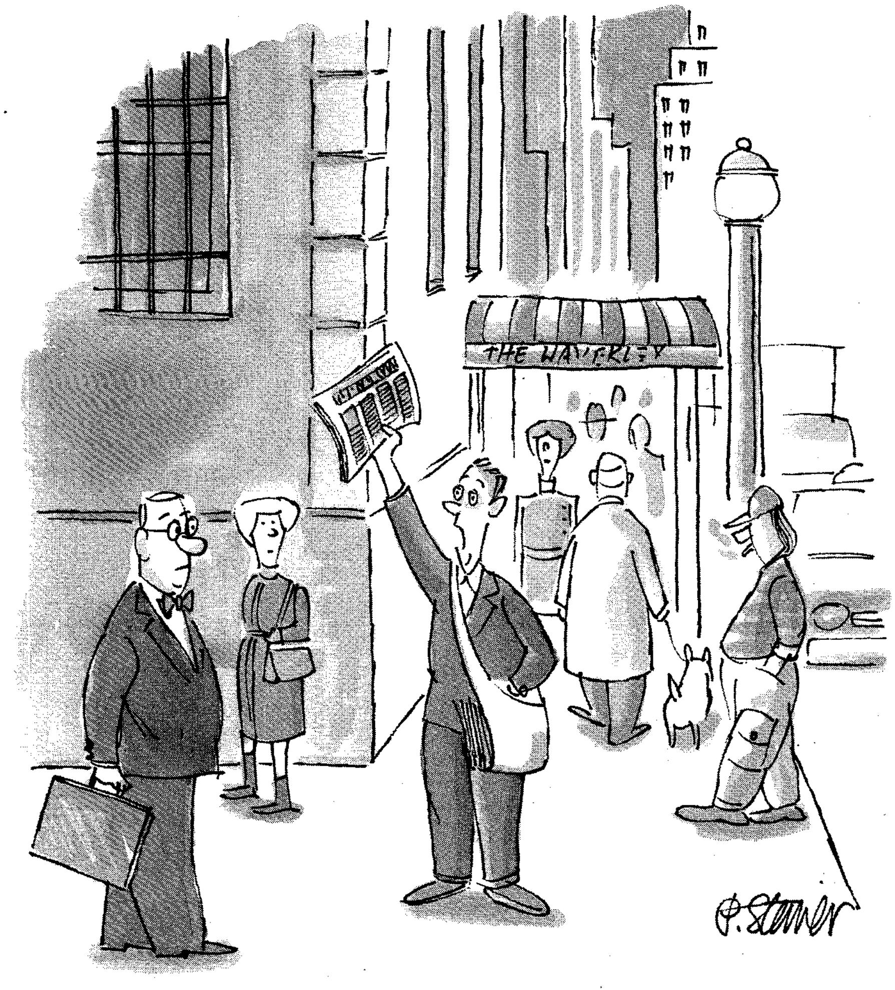
If, ten thousand years from now, a society came into being that was peopled exclusively by poor aunts—with a town hall run by poor aunts who had been elected by poor aunts, streetcars for poor aunts driven by poor aunts, novels for poor aunts written by poor aunts—would they open the gates for me?

Then again they might not need any of those things—the town hall or the streetcars or the novels. They might prefer instead to live quietly in giant vinegar bottles of their own making. From the air you'd be able to see tens—hundreds—of thousands of vinegar bottles lined up, covering the earth. It would be a sight so beautiful it would take your breath away.

Yes, that's it. And if, by any chance, that world had room to admit a single poem, I would gladly be the one to write it: the first poet laureate of the world of poor aunts. I would sing in praise of the glow of the sun on the green bottles, of the broad sea of grass below.

But this is looking far ahead, to the year 12001, and ten thousand years is too long for me to wait. I have many winters to survive before then. ♦

(*Translated, from the Japanese, by Jay Rubin.*)



"My issues! Read all about it!"

The Most Technologically Advanced Chair in History

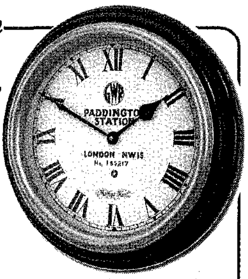
The Freedom chair does the thinking for you. With automatic adjustments, all you have to do is sit. Dramatically improve your workday!

FREEDOM CHAIR

www.ny.sit4less.com

1-877-628-LESS

We Will Not Be Undersold!



Paddington Station Railway Clock

Polished black case, glass face, quartz movement (battery included)

9" Clock $49.95

15" Clock $74.95

SHIPPING $5.95

Made in England. Call for Free British Gift Catalogue

Alberene Royal Mail

800-843-9078 • POB 902, Harrisville, NH 03450

Vs, MC, AX, DS, CK • www.alberene.com

NYC CATALOGUE OUTLET 435 5TH AVE

A priceless vacation

Affordable Villas in Italy

FREE CATALOG - ONLINE BOOKING

800 280 2811

www.THEPARKERCOMPANY.com

PLAIN MAINE

MAINE TIMES

Every week, amazing stories about your favorite vacationland.

CALL FOR 3 FREE ISSUES **1-800-439-8866**

Thespian Rings

To suit your drama, mask swivels to reveal comedy or tragedy. Sterling silver $75, 14K gold $480.

Free Catalog!

Orb silversmiths

127A S. Main St., New Hope, PA 18938

Free Shipping 800•862•2196

www.orbsilversmiths.com

VISA

Art in Martinique

Painting workshops on the beautiful Caribbean "Isle of Flowers"

Experienced instructors. All levels.

www.artinprovence.com (802) 457-5169

THE CRITICS

BOOKS

UNHAPPY ENDINGS

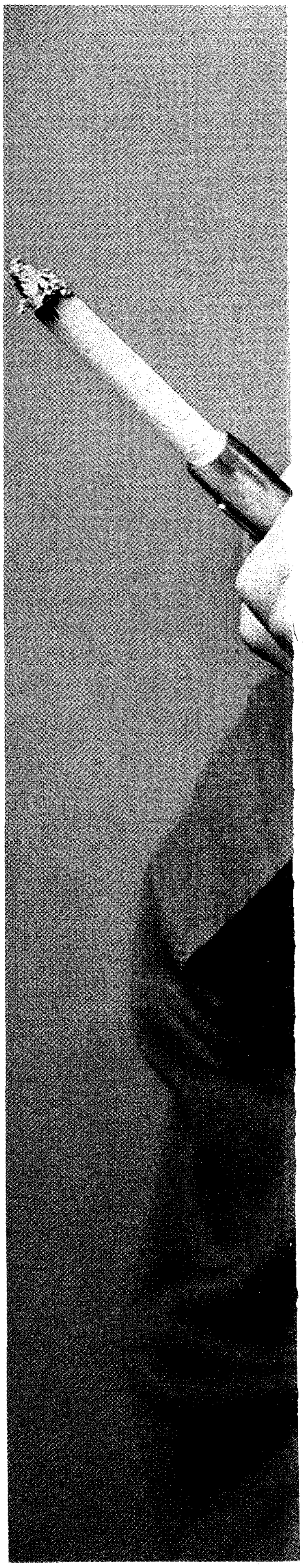
The collected Carson McCullers.

BY HILTON ALS

We're in the closing moments of Carson McCullers's 1946 novel "The Member of the Wedding." The setting: a well-worn kitchen in a small Southern town during the Second World War. There's little in the room: a chair, a stove. Everything else has been packed up—everything, that is, except the memories of the two women in the room, as they supervise the noisy comings and goings of movers. They are Berenice Sadie Brown, a middle-aged colored housekeeper, and Frankie Addams, a thirteen-year-old motherless white girl who has grown up in the house under Berenice's charge. A year ago, McCullers writes, Frankie felt like "an unjoined person who hung around in doorways, and she was afraid." Her fears—which were largely existential; no mere adolescent quirks, these, since Frankie serves as McCullers's stand-in—dominated her home. Then she fell in love with the romance—or her idea of the romance—between her brother and his fiancée, her "we of me," as she called them. Berenice tried to warn Frankie against the sad allure of a love that remains forever beyond one's grasp. To illustrate her point, she talked about her late husband, Ludie, and the men she'd been drawn to since his death:

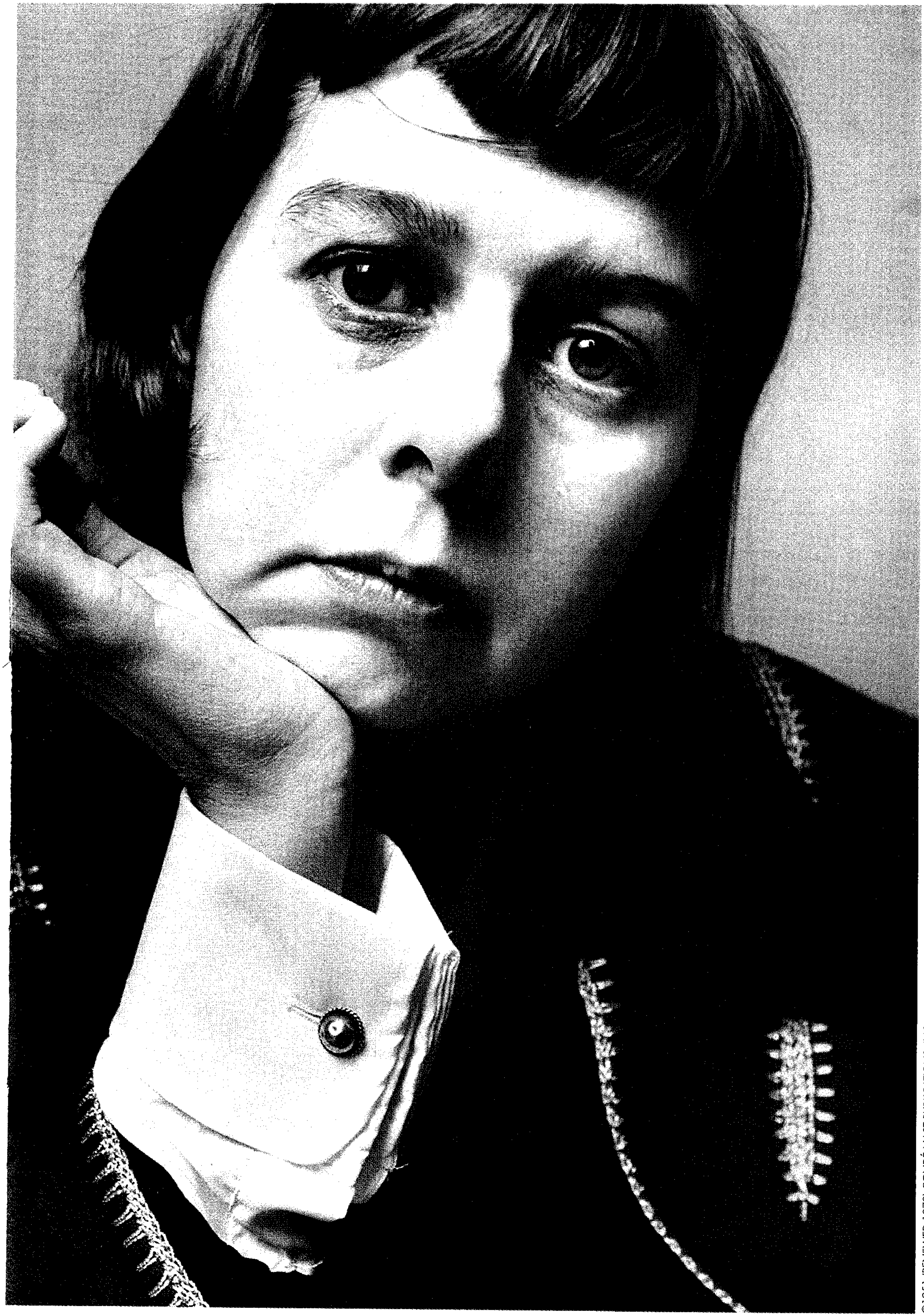
> "I loved Ludie and he was the first man I loved. Therefore, I had to go and copy myself forever afterward. What I did was to marry off little pieces of Ludie whenever I come across them. It was just my misfortune they all turned out to be the wrong pieces. My intention was to repeat me and Ludie. Now don't you see?"
>
> "I see what you're driving at," [Frankie] said. "But I don't see how it is a warning applied to me." . . .
>
> "You and that wedding. . . . That is what I am warning about. . . . You think you going to march down the center of the aisle right between your brother and the bride. You think you going to break into that wedding, and then Jesus knows what else."

Now Frankie is moving on, away from Berenice's "preaching." In the 1952 film adaptation of "The Member of the Wedding," the director, Fred Zinnemann, draws a telling visual comparison between Berenice's heavy black body draped in black—a Masha of the Mason-Dixon Line—and Frankie's lithe white figure darting here and there, her speech glowing with a nearly unbearable romanticism, like a Nina, unmindful of her imminent fall. James Baldwin once said that whites cleaved to the very thing that he, as a black person, could not afford: the romance of innocence. As Ethel Waters plays Berenice, we see in her face Baldwin's sad realization: Frankie may choose to be an outcast, but Berenice has no choice. Frankie claims to dream of belonging, but, as Berenice knows, she has little interest in fulfilling that dream. She has invested too much in her own sharply defended and defensive outsiderness. Her emotional



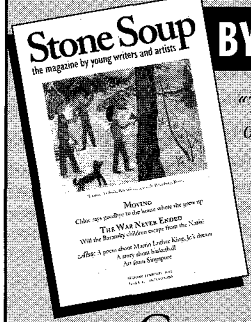
PHOTOGRAPH BY IRVING PENN

Carson McCullers, in New York, in 1950: With her pixie haircut, men's shirts, and cigarette-husky voice, she was an androgyne not only of the spirit but of the flesh.



©1951 (RENEWED 1979) CONDÉ NAST PUBLICATIONS, INC.

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8-to-13 set."
MS. MAGAZINE

"Blessings on the adult advisers of this enterprise."
THE NEW YORKER

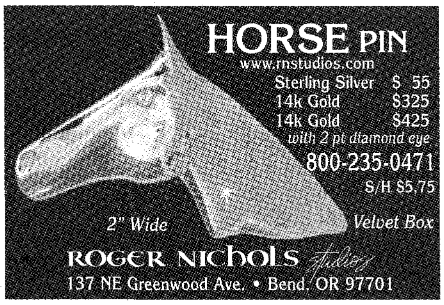
Christmas, Hanukkah, birthdays—**Stone Soup** is a gift that brings hours of enjoyment, not just on the day it is received but throughout the year. **Stone Soup's** stories, poems, and illustrations are all by children. It's the perfect gift for creative 8- to 13-year-olds.

Published 6 times a year: Jan., March, May, July, Sept., Nov.

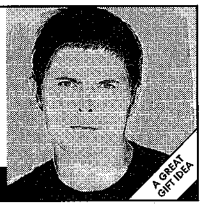
☐ 1 yr. $33 ☐ 2 yrs. $54 ☐ 3 yrs. $74
Canada and Mexico add $6/year. Other countries add $12/year.

Name ______
Address ______
City, State, Zip ______
Gift card from ______

www.stonesoup.com
P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063
800-447-4569 NY


HORSE PIN
www.rnstudios.com
Sterling Silver $ 55
14k Gold $325
14k Gold $425
with 2 pt diamond eye
800-235-0471
S/H $5.75
2" Wide
Velvet Box
ROGER NICHOLS *Studios*
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701

WOMANSHIP
Learn to Sail Cruises
for and by women
Virgin Islands • Chesapeake Bay • Florida
New England • Pacific Northwest
Flotillas to Greece and New Zealand
"Womanship . . . the unique philosophy that confidence and team work are as important as the skills learned."
800/342-9295 VISA

ZOOMM POP!
POP-ART PORTRAITS FROM YOUR PHOTO
INDIVIDUALLY CREATED ARTWORKS ON CANVAS DELIVERED IN WEEKS
1-800-303-6465


www.iZoomm.com

Flying noodle Inc.
Pasta of the Month Club
$27.50 per month - 2 gourmet pastas, 2 gourmet pasta sauces, includes shipping. A great gift or a small indulgence for yourself.
www.flyingnoodle.com 800-566-0599

satisfaction will come from blaming "freaks" like Berenice (her closest point of identification and thus resistance) for keeping her from weddings that she doesn't really want to go to, anyway—since being included would interfere with the comfort she takes in being "unjoined."

Today, Berenice could be read as what Toni Morrison calls the "Africanist presence"—the black female figure whose marginal status defines the privilege of others. "Africanism has become . . . both a way of talking about and a way of policing matters of class, sexual license, and repression, formations and exercises of power, and meditations on ethics and accountability," Morrison writes in her illuminating study "Playing in the Dark." But McCullers, rather than using Africanism to offset whiteness—as Melville, Twain, and others have—seems to use it as a way of identifying her own unjoined self. Can a white writer, a woman, who came to maturity in relatively secure circumstances during the Depression and the Second World War, be described as Africanist in spirit? (In some circles, this would be called having soul.) In a review of McCullers's first novel, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" (1940), Richard Wright remarked:

> To me, the most impressive aspect of [this book] is the astonishing humanity that enables a white writer, for the first time in Southern fiction, to handle Negro characters with as much ease and justice as those of her own race. This cannot be accounted for stylistically or politically; it seems to stem from an attitude toward life which enables Miss McCullers to rise above the pressure of her environment and embrace white and black humanity in one sweep of apprehension and tenderness.

In fact, as far as the description of black characters goes, "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter" is McCullers's most imperfect work. One black male has woolly hair and lips that seem "purple against his black skin." There is the taint of a "Negro smell" in a cabin. Strange dialect and syntax separate "educated" blacks from laborers. Ultimately, these tics seem best passed over—they are the sloppy reflex of the liberal testing her boundaries, excited to be in the presence of the "exotic" but having no new language with which to describe it; she falls back on the vocabulary of Harriet Beecher Stowe and Margaret Mitchell. What Wright sensed was actually McCullers's lack of Southernness. Unlike so many other writers from the region, she didn't luxuriate in rhetoric or try to break down the blood knot of race and class that kept Faulkner in Yoknapatawpha County. Nor did she share Katherine Anne Porter's skill for writing intellectual political parables. In her essay "The Flowering Dream: Notes on Writing," McCullers admitted to having little interest in history—the Southern writer's most consistent trope. Such shortsightedness accounts for some of the very real limitations of her work. But it also accounts for her ability to understand and identify with those unmoored from their surroundings or searching for a self in the modern world. It's impossible not to notice, while reading through the Library of America's newly published edition of McCullers's five novels, that almost all of her characters—from the wayward children to the deaf-mute, the alcoholic Communist, the hunchback dwarf, the pederast, and the closeted homosexual Army captain—are Africanist, in that each defines the status quo by existing outside it.

She was born Lula Carson Smith, on February 19, 1917, in Columbus, Georgia, a town where dogwood and wisteria bloomed along the avenues in early spring. Nearby were Fort Benning and the brown waters of the Chattahoochee River, which, since the early nineteenth century, had been used to power the local cotton mills and factories. McCullers's father, Lamar Smith, was a mild-mannered watch repairman from Tuskegee, Alabama, who in 1910 had moved to Columbus in pursuit of work. There he met and married Vera Marguerite (Bebe) Waters, a small woman of Irish extraction and great ambition. Unlike their neighbors, the Smiths weren't very interested in religion, and promoted social awareness instead—a Yankee sensibility that was at odds with the town's conservatism. Marguerite enjoyed tweaking the townspeople with such remarks as the now famous "Oh, yes, my daughter Lula Carson"—then a teen-ager—"and I have such a good time smoking together. We do almost everything together, you know."

Neither of the couple's two younger children—Lamar, Jr., born in 1919, and Margarita Gachet, born in 1922—was doted on in the way Lula Carson was. According to Lamar, Jr., quoted in Virginia Spencer Carr's tenderhearted and thorough 1975 biography, "The Lonely

Hunter,” Lula Carson was spoon-fed a sense of her own exalted status long before she had actually achieved anything. (“I’m going to be both rich *and* famous,” she told a young playmate.) Nevertheless, writing was not McCullers’s first love. She wrote plays and skits to amuse her parents, but her real passion was music. Between the ages of ten and seventeen, she trained to become a concert pianist, and in 1930 she began studying with Mary Tucker, a former soloist and the wife of a career officer stationed at Fort Benning. Tucker’s commitment instilled in her young protégée the discipline she would eventually put to use as a writer. In return, she grew to love Tucker and her family—McCullers’s first “we of me,” which she favored over her own family simply because it was not her own. McCullers’s relationship with her mother was intense, and she feared that she would never be free as an artist until she was away from Marguerite’s prying eyes. (McCullers’s adolescent characters rarely have mothers.)

In 1932, Lula Carson took to her bed with rheumatic fever, which was misdiagnosed as pneumonia. After a few weeks of recovery, she decided that she lacked the genius and the physical stamina to undertake a concert career. Moreover, she would not be content, she concluded, to be the interpreter of someone else’s aesthetic architecture. In her 1948 essay “How I Began to Write,” McCullers recalled that her first novel, “A Reed of Pan,” which she wrote when she was fifteen (the manuscript has been lost), embodied her longing to get out of Columbus, to see New York, and to familiarize herself with the unfamiliar. “The details of the book were queer,” she wrote. “Ticket collectors on the subway, New York front yards—but by that time it did not matter, for already I had begun another journey. That was the year of Dostoevski, Chekhov, and Tolstoy—and there were the intimations of an unsuspected region equidistant from New York. Old Russia and our Georgia rooms, the marvelous solitary region of simple stories and the inward mind.” In *Decision*, in 1941, McCullers explained that the rigid social order portrayed by the “Russian realists” mirrored what she had observed in her own part of the world: “The Southerner and the Russian are both ‘types,’ in that they have certain recognizable and national psychological traits. Hedonistic, imaginative, lazy, and emotional—there is surely a cousinly resemblance.”

Still, it was McCullers’s music and not the products of her “inward mind” that got her to New York in 1934. Her parents gave her the money to study at Juilliard, and with five hundred dollars pinned to her underwear she left Columbus. Shortly after she arrived in New York, however, the money was gone. Her friend Tennessee Williams told the story:

> According to the legends that surround her early period in the city, she first established her residence, quite unwittingly, in a house of prostitution, . . . and had not the ghost of an idea of what illicit enterprise was going on there. One of the girls in this establishment . . . undertook to guide her about the town. . . . While she was being shown the subway route to the Juilliard School of Music, the companion and all of her tuition money, which the companion had offered to keep for her, abruptly disappeared. Carson was abandoned penniless in the subway, and some people say it took her several weeks to find her way out.

McCullers was now launched on the sort of life that is familiar to young artists struggling in a city unmoved by their dreams. During the next couple of years, she worked at a humor magazine and as a dog walker. She answered telephones and typed in a real-estate office. She lived in a series of boarding houses. She sat in phone booths to read and watch the passing throngs. And she took writing classes at New York University and Columbia, with Sylvia Chatfield Bates and with Whit Burnett, the editor of the renowned *Story*, a magazine devoted to emerging writers. In December, 1936, Burnett published a story by the nineteen-year-old Carson Smith.

“Wunderkind” was an elegant evocation of McCullers’s failure to become a pianist, and it detailed the enormous price the gifted child pays in order to fulfill the ambitions of adults whose own time has passed. The story’s heroine—McCullers’s first Frances—is a high-school student in Cincinnati. For several years, the center of her world has been the gemütlich studio of her Eastern European piano teacher, Mr. Bilderbach, and his wife, Anna. But now things have changed. Frances feels that she is no longer the wunderkind Bilderbach says she is. She performs badly in a recital, alongside another student, who is a truly talented violinist. She is ashamed of her defeat. But she is equally ashamed of her envy of the other

PHUKET
Spectacular FROM $1130*

Spend 7 nights relaxing on the majestic coastline of this island hideaway in Thailand. Your package includes round-trip economy class airfare on Singapore Airlines, hotel accommodation, daily breakfast, transfers and sightseeing tours.

Asian Affair Holidays
SINGAPORE AIRLINES
www.asianaffairholidays.com

Please call your
travel agent or
Asian Affair Holidays
877-523-0563

*Rate is per person, double occupancy, based on departure from New York. Price does not include international departure tax, customs user fees or PFC charges and insurance surcharges of up to $82. Rate valid from 1/5 - 3/31/02.

BOOKS ABOUT THE SOUTH

JOHN ABBOT’S BIRDS OF GEORGIA

Selected drawings by
early artist-naturalist
John Abbot, presented
in full color and size.

The Houghton Library

visit our web site or call for catalogue
www.southernhistory.org
1-800-896-9772
THE BEEHIVE FOUNDATION
Savannah, Georgia

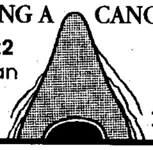
www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

Teddy Bear Bracelet *14K Gold $695 · Sterling Silver $185*
Unconditionally Guaranteed V/MC/Amex/DC
1·800·477·1856 • PO Box 147 • Chapel Hill, NC 27514

Jane Ellen
London - Paris - New York
Wearable Art
for the Discerning Woman
www.LakeEffectArtists.com 585-377-4509

The Best Tea.
The Best Teapots.
www.COLLECTORSTEAPOT.com

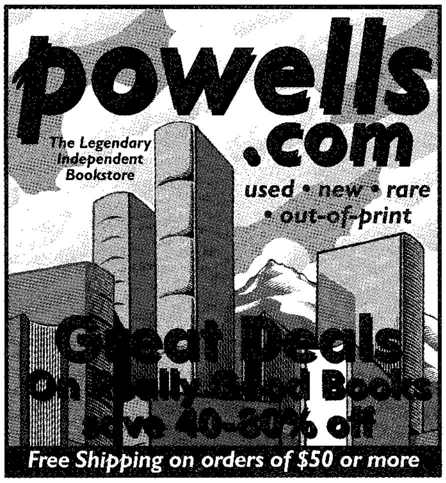
THE POKE BOAT®
IT’S EVERYTHING A CANOE ISN’T.



It weighs only 22 pounds. You can buy more than a canoe.

859-986-2336

PERFECT READING LAMP
LEDGER Floor Lamp
The Double Swivel Action places light correctly for a high or low chair, or desk or a table, or a computer.
Bronze with Slate Base
Opal White Shade
Height(Adj): 30"-54"
100 watt
Dimmer Switch
$129.00
2 for $229.00
shipping $12.00 each
Mail or Phone Orders
NEW HAVEN LIGHTING 1-800-243-3123
P.O. BOX 6353 Hamden, CT 06517
WWW.NEWHAVENLIGHTING.COM


powells.com
The Legendary Independent Bookstore
used • new • rare • out-of-print
Great Deals On Really Good Books
save 40-80% off
Free Shipping on orders of $50 or more

Cats in Repose
...surrounded by prose
The set of four different Literary Cat plates will delight your guests with charming drawings and quotes about cats.
"There are no ordinary cats." -Colette
$75+S/H
8" porcelain plates • dishwasher and microwave safe
www.monkeyandpeddler.com
Call toll free 877.666.5399
VISA

HARBOR SWEETS
A Sweet Idea for the Holidays
A holiday tradition for over 25 years... Harbor Sweets' world famous Sweet Sloops (almond butter crunch). Our elegant, handmade chocolates make an ideal corporate or personal gift. We'll ship your order anywhere.
To place an order or to request a free Harbor Sweets catalog call:
800-243-2115 ext. 0214 or shop online www.harborsweets.com
Sweet Sloops

A Bigger Ad Was Too Expensive
It's extremely rare that the hottest comedian in the country would sit down for an interview and give away all of his secrets. So take advantage of his lapse in judgment and buy this CD before your neighbor gets a sit-com before you do. Available at Borders, or visit www.Laugh.com or call 888-359-1111
Jerry Seinfeld On Comedy
LAUGH.COM: WE ACCEPT MONEY

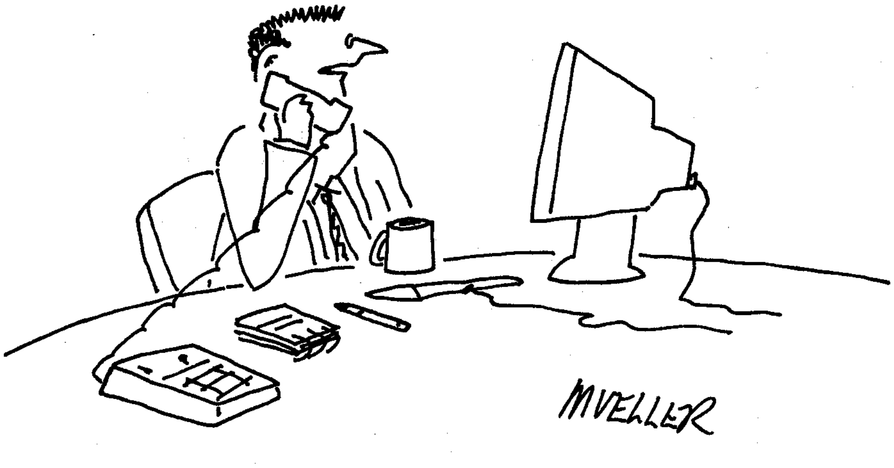
student, who is beginning to attract notice. Maybe, Frances thinks, he plays better than she does because he is a Jew—the first of McCullers's outsider characters.

Nothing is more chilling for the prodigy than the thought of her golden spotlight being turned off—or directed, instead, at the youth standing beside her. By the time Carson Smith published "Wunderkind," she had hit upon several ways to hold on to her own uniqueness, and to make the world recognize it. There was her writing, of course. And there would be, for the next thirty years or so, until her death, a multitude of infirmities and physical calamities, real and imagined, that demanded large amounts of sympathy and attention from anyone who dared to offer them. Who would be the mother to nurse her through it all? His name was James Reeves McCullers, Jr.

Reeves, as he was called, was the eldest of four children in a family from Wetumpka, Alabama. A small man, he was a dreamer attracted to big, capable women. (He called his paternal grandparents Big Mama and Little Papa.) When he was an adolescent, his father, an alcoholic, abandoned the family, and to ease the financial burden Reeves and his sister were sent to live with various relatives. As an adult, he pined for the kind of approval that children who see themselves as a burden seek in the larger world. "Querulous, sometimes vain, Reeves wanted desperately to be *somebody*," Carr writes in "The Lonely Hunter."

When Reeves met Carson in Columbus, in the summer of 1935, he had been in the infantry at Fort Benning for four years and had already got to know Carson's mother. Marguerite, in her daughter's absence, had become something of a local Elsa Maxwell, arranging informal "drop-ins," where the town's artistically inclined came to drink punch and listen to classical recordings. She regaled the young men with tales of her daughter, who was back East pursuing a career as a writer. New York! A writer! Carson was living the life that Reeves had only dreamed of. And, when she returned home that summer, she made the mistake—at first—of believing that *she* was central to Reeves's dream. "He was the best-looking man I had ever seen," McCullers wrote in an unfinished autobiography. "I knew he was a liberal, which was important, to my mind, in a backward Southern community. . . . I was eighteen years old, and this was my first love. . . . I did not realize the lost quality of Reeves until he was truly lost." Carson may have dusted off a little of that red Georgia earth when she lit out for New York, but she hadn't entirely shaken her ties to convention. Becoming Mrs. McCullers would win her the social respectability that had so far eluded her. In Carson, Reeves believed he had found the earth beneath *his* feet. The couple were married two years later. Carson was twenty, Reeves twenty-four.

The plan was this: Carson would finish her book, and then Reeves would quit his job as a debt collector in Charlotte, North Carolina—where they had moved after marrying—and she would support him while he wrote. Somehow, though, Carson never got around to helping Reeves realize his dream. Nor did she have any interest in their domestic situation. ("Reeves gave me moral support



"It's me, the guy on the phone."

and wrung out the wash which was too heavy for me," she wrote.) Her thoughts were elsewhere. She was immersed in the writing of a book that she did not comprehend. "For a whole year I worked on 'The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter,' without understanding it at all," McCullers wrote in "The Flowering Dream." She went on:

> Each character was talking to a central character, but why, I didn't know. . . . Suddenly, as I walked across a road, it occurred to me that Harry Minowitz, the character all the other characters were talking to, was a different man, a deaf mute, and immediately . . . [t]he whole focus of the novel was fixed.

The book is set in an unnamed Southern town, and each chapter is told from a different character's perspective. There is Mick Kelly, a teen-age girl who lives in a boarding house run by her parents, where the deaf-mute, renamed John Singer, rents a room. There's Jake Blount, a Communist alcoholic driven half mad by the local provincialism; Dr. Copeland, a black doctor who is dying of tuberculosis; and Biff Brannon, who runs the local diner and is erotically fixated on Mick. As the long, mean days of summer go by, the Depression grinds the town down, and the hopes that sustain the characters turn to dust. Mick is forced to give up her dream of becoming a concert pianist and goes to work in a department store. Dr. Copeland dies. Jake is more or less run out of town. Biff descends into sexual confusion. And John Singer commits suicide. Only after Singer dies does it occur to the others that they had never asked him anything about himself. None of them knew where he'd lived before. None of them knew that he had loved someone once—an "obese and dreamy" Greek named Spiros Antonapoulos, who had been committed to an insane asylum. Talking does not make a difference, McCullers seems to say in this book. We are all in our own cells, writing messages to the world which that world cannot read. Those messages, the stories within the story of "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," include some of the most beautiful writing McCullers ever produced. The simplicity and lyricism here reveal the influence of Isak Dinesen, a writer to whom McCullers returned again and again for inspiration.

"The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," which was published in 1940, was something of a sensation. Among the book's more compelling reviews was one written by May Sarton for the Boston *Evening Transcript*. "There have been candid-camera studies of American life, past and present. There have been the usual quota of sensitively recorded novels of personal experience," she wrote. "But we have waited a long time for a new writer." McCullers truly was new. In the early forties, America was at war, and still grappling with the aftereffects of the Depression. The books that sold then—Betty Smith's 1943 "A Tree Grows in Brooklyn," for one—were about the unconquerable adolescent spirit, which is to say, America's unconquerable Coca-Cola optimism. But McCullers's book had no happy ending. And she was from the South, a locale that was just about as far as one could get from the glitter and irony of New York publishing circles. "You have to remember that the South was really where nobody went, I mean *nobody*," the writer Phoebe Pierce Vreeland recalled of that time.

After the publication of "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Carson and Reeves moved to New York and entered the pantheon of famous American literary marriages—Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald, Paul and Jane Bowles, Robert Lowell and Jean Stafford—that were alternately fuelled and derailed by alcohol, infidelity, rivalry, emotional and physical brutality, and mutual understanding. The twenty-three-year-old McCullers was a publicist's dream, with a pixie haircut, men's shirts, and a cigarette-husky voice: an androgyne not only of the spirit but of the flesh. ("I bless the Latin poet Terence, who said, 'Nothing human is alien to me,'" she was fond of saying.) Thanks to her compulsion for blurring the line between male and female in her work and in her personal life, she enjoyed an exalted status in a milieu dominated by gay editors and writers. Championed in *Harper's Bazaar* and *Mademoiselle*, McCullers, along with Tennessee Williams, Truman Capote, and Jane Bowles, represented a sensibility that was distinctly at odds with that of the writers published in the *Partisan Review*. They weren't political, as such—they were writers who spoke not about how the quotidian could be radicalized but about their own personal radicalization. And it

Goose down robe

Surround yourself in warm, lightweight elegance. Supersoft easy care cotton fabric. Contrasting piping, shawl collar and roll back cuffs. Fully guaranteed. Order cream, peach, bluette, coral, navy, burgundy or teal. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $160. **Sale $89.** Shipping and handling, $7.50.

Goose Down Slippers match robes in cream, burgundy, peach, bluette, teal, navy, or coral. Sizes XS, S, M, L. Regularly $38. **Sale $22.** Shipping $4.95.

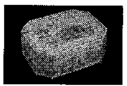
☐ Order by phone with MC or VISA, call 415/472-2154.
☐ Use MC, VISA or check for mail orders.
CA residents add 7.25% tax

WARM THINGS

180 Paul Dr., Dept. NY/San Rafael, CA. 94903
415/472-2154 • Ship within 48 Hrs. • MC/VISA
www.warmthingsonline.com

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand

"Cats" Bracelet, 7 links
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165. V/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. 1-800-477-1856
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514



Paul Rocheleau - Photographer

Replications similar to extremely rare pieces as seen in major museums and private collections.

Commissions taken to create personalized pieces.

Special endearments can be scribed on any piece.

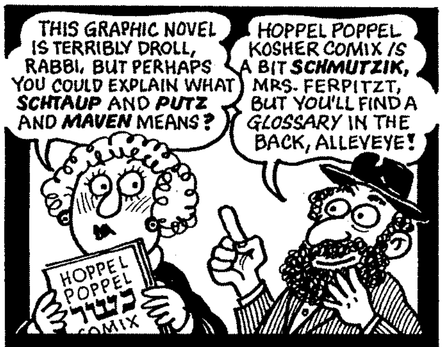
American Academic School Girl Art - 1750 - 1840

Pen and Watercolor Work on Fine Cabinetry, Send $5.00 for brochure and special order folio.
9235 Schier Road, Interlaken, N.Y. 14847 • (607) 387-5330
Email: info@betsykriegsalm.com • Web Site: www.betsykriegsalm.com

TENNIS FANS

Follow your favorite tennis players to the Australian, French, Italian, Ericsson and U.S.Open's; Wimbledon, Davis Cup, Indian Wells and Monte-Carlo.
For a vacation to remember. . . call for a free brochure.
GRAND SLAM TENNIS TOURS VISA
1-800-289-3333

NEW AUTHORS
PUBLISH YOUR WORK
ALL SUBJECTS CONSIDERED
WRITE OR SEND YOUR MANUSCRIPT TO:
MINERVA PRESS
315-317 REGENT ST. LONDON W1R 7YB. UK
www.minerva-press.co.uk


THIS GRAPHIC NOVEL IS TERRIBLY DROLL, RABBI, BUT PERHAPS YOU COULD EXPLAIN WHAT SCHTAUP AND PUTZ AND MAVEN MEANS?
HOPPEL POPPEL KOSHER COMIX IS A BIT SCHMUTZIK, MRS. FERPITZT, BUT YOU'LL FIND A GLOSSARY IN THE BACK, ALLEVEYE!
HOPPEL POPPEL כשר COMIX

HOPPEL POPPEL כשר COMIX
AT YOUR BOOKSTORE OR ORDER DIRECT $16+4.50S&H
LITTERATI BOOKS, 9470 N. BROADMOOR ROAD
MILWAUKEE, WI 53217. VISA, MC, AMEX WELCOME
■ FAX 414 352.4755 ■ VOICE 414 352.5070

FINE MECHANICAL ART

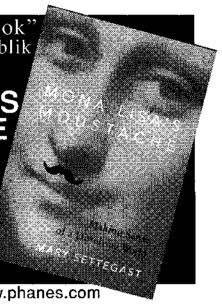
- Music Boxes & Automatons
- Writing Tools & Ephemera
- Wind-Up Cars & Toys
- Watches & Clocks
- Vienna Bronzes
- Pond Yachts

Visit us on the Web:
LilliputMotorCompany.com
Call for our Sensational
Color Catalog:
800-846-8697

LILLIPUT
Motor Company 321 South Main Street · Yerington, NV 89447

"A lucid gem of a book"
Suzi Gablik

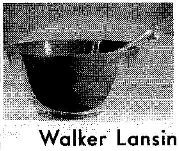
MONA LISA'S MOUSTACHE
Making Sense of a Dissolving World
MARY SETTEGAST



At local booksellers or www.phanes.com

FINE WATCHES
www.pduggan.com
Patek Philippe 978.256.5966
15 Fletcher St., Chelmsford, MA 01824

SMALL SPACE = BIG BUSINESS
Write your own success story by advertising in
THE NEW YORKER.
•
For more information on SMALL SPACE ADS,
please call toll-free 877.843.6967.
(877.THE.NYORKER)



THE PERFECT GIFT
Solid mahogany salad bowl accented with pewter. Available in 10" Dia. $225, 12" Dia. $295, or 14" Dia. $395. Matching servers available at $95 per pair.
Walker Lansing
Palm Beach · Southampton
To order call 1.800.449.7844
www.walkerlansing.com

was while exploring her own difference that McCullers wrote one of her more shallow and difficult works, "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (1941). The novel begins as every McCullers novel begins—with a description of a town that is soon to be changed forever:

> An army post in peacetime is a dull place. Things happen, but then they happen over and over again. The general plan of a fort itself adds to the monotony—the huge concrete barracks, the neat rows of officers' homes built one precisely like the other. . . . At the same time things do occasionally happen on an army post that are not likely to reoccur. There is a fort in the South where a few years ago a murder was committed. The participants of this tragedy were: two officers, a soldier, two women, a Filipino, and a horse.

The soldier is Private Ellgee Williams, a dark, quiet man who grooms horses. The horse he pays particular attention to belongs to Leonora Penderton, whose husband, Captain Penderton, in addition to being sexually ambiguous, is a thief and a sadist. Leonora is having an affair with her next-door neighbor, whose wife is a bedridden hysteric—after her baby is stillborn, she cuts off her nipples with garden shears. All but one of McCullers's novels have been made into films, and it's clear why: on the surface, they have the energy of melodrama. But the subtext of "Reflections in a Golden Eye"—which garnered the bitterest reviews of McCullers's career, not to mention the wrath of the Ku Klux Klan for its grotesque portrait of Southern whiteness—is the spiritual desolation of marriage, of keeping up appearances, of following ritual for the sake of "belonging." It's difficult not to see in Marlon Brando's fascinating portrayal of Penderton in the 1967 film version the sad, defeated eyes of Reeves McCullers, trapped in a sexuality he despises. Poor Reeves was the Africanist presence in McCullers's real life—a Berenice Sadie Brown with a bigger case of the blues.

Through Thomas Mann's daughter, Erika, who was also a writer and also gay, McCullers met the Swiss writer and adventurer Annemarie Clarac-Schwarzenbach, who was to loom large in her imagination. Although it's unlikely that McCullers had much of a physical relationship with anyone other than Reeves, Schwarzenbach had the kind of androgyny and physical fearlessness that McCullers most admired. When Schwarzenbach died in a motorcycle accident, in 1942, McCullers pursued other attachments. "Please, Katherine Anne, let me come in and talk with you—I do love you so very much," she told Katherine Anne Porter, while standing outside the older author's door at Yaddo. Virginia Spencer Carr relates:

> Miss Porter demanded that Carson leave. She shouted from within that she would not come out until Carson vacated the hall. It was 6:30 p.m., however, and time for dinner. . . . After a brief interval the elder woman cautiously opened the door and stepped out. To her astonishment, there lay Carson sprawled across the threshold. "But I had had enough," said Miss Porter. "I merely stepped over her and continued on my way to dinner."

Throughout her life, McCullers exhibited the self-punishing solipsism and cruelty of the romantic. If you didn't love her, or if she didn't love you, you simply didn't exist; you were banished to the nether regions of a mind that, after the publication of "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," didn't take in much of anything new. In an essay about Tennessee Williams, Gore Vidal wrote, "I could never take any of [his women friends], from Carson McCullers to Jane Bowles to Anna Magnani. . . . Carson spoke only of her work. Of its greatness. The lugubrious Southern singsong voice never stopped: 'Did ya see muh lovely play? Did ya lahk muh lovely play? Am Ah gonna win the Pew-litzuh prahzz?' "

In 1941, at the age of twenty-four, McCullers had the first of a series of strokes that eventually left her partially paralyzed, and she filed for divorce from Reeves. Adrift, he reënlisted and was wounded in the 1944 D Day invasion. McCullers's letters to him during this period are filled with tenderness and longing (and written, perhaps, with a view to posterity?). "Reeves, my dearest one," she wrote in early 1945, "I am still in this queer purgatory, waiting and waiting for more news of you. I haunt the hall, waiting for the postman or for a sudden telegram. At times I am seized with the feeling you are *on the way home*." Remarried in 1945, Reeves and McCullers quarrelled, drank, and fell in love with a variety of men and women, but in the end they were together to the death—his, a suicide, in 1953. McCullers herself died of another stroke, in 1967, at the age of fifty, having outlived virtually all of her powerful relationships. It was as if, in the process of trying to fit her mother, Reeves, Schwarzenbach, and others into the twisted shape of her own soul, she had wholly consumed them.

It was that soul—all of it—that McCullers poured into her most brilliant work, "The Ballad of the Sad Café," which was written in 1942 but not published in book form until 1951. A long short story rather than a novel—the Library of America is fudging a bit by including it in the "Complete Novels"—the work eclipses McCullers's other efforts. It does not have the whimsy of "The Member of the Wedding," in which, one fears, McCullers was too aware of her role as the grand dame of the adolescent spirit. Nor does it have the awkward construction of her unfortunate last novel, "Clock Without Hands," which is marred by the effects of McCullers's various illnesses and by its self-consciously rendered "issues": miscegenation, the New South versus the Old, homosexual love.

Inspired by a dwarf McCullers had seen at a bar in Brooklyn Heights, "The Ballad of the Sad Café" begins (again) with a description of a town:

> The town itself is dreary. . . . [It] is lonesome, sad, and like a place that is far off and estranged from all other places in the world. . . . The largest building, in the very center of the town, is boarded up completely and leans so far to the right that it seems bound to collapse at any minute. . . . Nevertheless, on the second floor there is one window which is not boarded; sometimes in the late afternoon when the heat is at its worst a hand will slowly open the shutter and a face will look down on the town. It is a face like the terrible dim faces known in dreams—sexless and white, with two gray crossed eyes which are turned inward so sharply that they seem to be exchanging with each other one long and secret gaze of grief.

This opening has the power of music, a prelude introducing the story's themes: a far-off place, grief, estrangement from the self, dreams, isolation. The bearer of the face with the crossed eyes is not, in fact, sexless. She is Miss Amelia, the owner of the building, which was once a café. Before she locked herself in, Miss Amelia was a strong, practical, and greedy woman, who ran a small shop and a liquor still and was wildly litigious. One evening, when she was sitting on her front porch, a man appeared, carrying a suitcase. "The man was a stranger, and it is rare that a stranger enters the town on foot at that hour. Besides, the man was a hunchback. He was scarcely more than four feet tall," McCullers writes. Claiming to be "kin" to Miss Amelia, the dwarf, who would be known as Cousin Lymon, began to cry. Then Miss Amelia did something that no one had ever seen her do before. She offered him a drink from her own hip flask, free of charge, and she invited him to stay.

That was the beginning of Miss Amelia's love. "What sort of thing, then, was this love?" McCullers asks. She goes on, "The most outlandish people can be the stimulus for love. A man may be a doddering great-grandfather and still love only a strange girl he saw in the streets of Cheehaw one afternoon two decades past. The preacher may love a fallen woman. . . . The value and quality of any love is determined solely by the lover himself." And it is precisely the lover's need to know the value of the person he loves that, McCullers explains, results in the beloved's eventual betrayal: "For the lover is forever trying to strip bare his beloved." Cousin Lymon does eventually strip Miss Amelia bare. He falls in love with Marvin Macy, Miss Amelia's brokenhearted ex-husband, and helps him to trash the café. Cousin Lymon, it seems, was just biding his time with Miss Amelia until he could feel what she felt: the excitement of trying to wrest love from an unwilling subject. He leaves her for a love as impossible as hers, and her grief-stricken eyes turn inward as if to gaze at her own soul.

Never in McCullers's fiction would her poetic symbols be as perfectly integrated as they are here. In an essay on Isak Dinesen, McCullers wrote, "In the true tale the characters are bound in the end to get what is coming to them. . . . The tale-teller assumes the responsibility of God, and grants to his characters a moral freedom accountable only to the author himself." Accountable only to McCullers, Miss Amelia, Cousin Lymon, and Marvin Macy were aspects of herself: a suite of voices examining McCullers's determination both to know and not to know, to cling to her romanticism while exploring its cruelty, to hurt others while taking a long and public time to destroy herself. ♦

From Tidewater Workshop
The 4ft Classic Bench - Just $99,
Personalized & Delivered!
The perfect commemorative holiday gift!

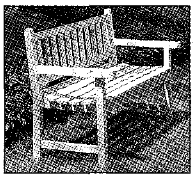
THE ADAMS

For the sale price of just $99, (regularly $150), you'll receive our best-selling 4ft Classic Bench with a personalized, Commemorative Brass Family Plate, an additional $15 value.

Built with nearly a century of tradition for craftsmanship, our white cedar Classic Bench is a durable, beautiful, affordable and environmentally superior alternative to teak or mahogany and hand-made with a decade of pride right here in the U.S.A., delivered free to the contiguous United States in four easy to assemble components.

See why THE WALL ST. JOURNAL named our bench *"A Best Value"* and Good Housekeeping called it *"A Real Deal for the home!"*

1-800-666-TIDE
www.tidewaterworkshop.com
Brass plate fits a max. of 16 characters, print. Shipping to NJ, add 6% sales tax.
Egg Harbor, NJ 08215
DEPT. 112N



MAKE EVERY KID A GIFTED KID

GLOBALSTAGE Family Theatre Adventures– entertaining and thought provoking family theatre from around the world, shot on location. A six video subscription is the perfect gift for kids age seven to adult!

GLOBALSTAGE®
1-888-324-5623
www.globalstage.net

THIS AD DOES NOT REFLECT THE SIZE OF OUR BEACH.

Or, the spaciousness of our luxurious rooms, suites and beachfront villas. Or, the distance your eyes can see across the Caribbean to the mountains of nearby St. Martin. And, clearly it doesn't reflect the incredible value of a Sonesta Anguilla vacation. Call your travel planner or **1-800-SONESTA**

This is what you came to find.

Sonesta Beach Resort & Villas
Anguilla www.sonesta.com

SAMII
COATS

Prepare to be noticed!
Richly beribboned
Wool & Felt in Blk or Red
Vermont-made $375
(800) 545.5226
www.samiiland.com

6 Million Pieces!
China, Crystal, Silver, Collectibles
125,000 Patterns • Old/New • Buy/Sell
REPLACEMENTS, LTD.
1-800-REPLACE (1-800-737-5223)
PO Box 26029, Greensboro, NC 27420 • Dept YO
www.replacements.com

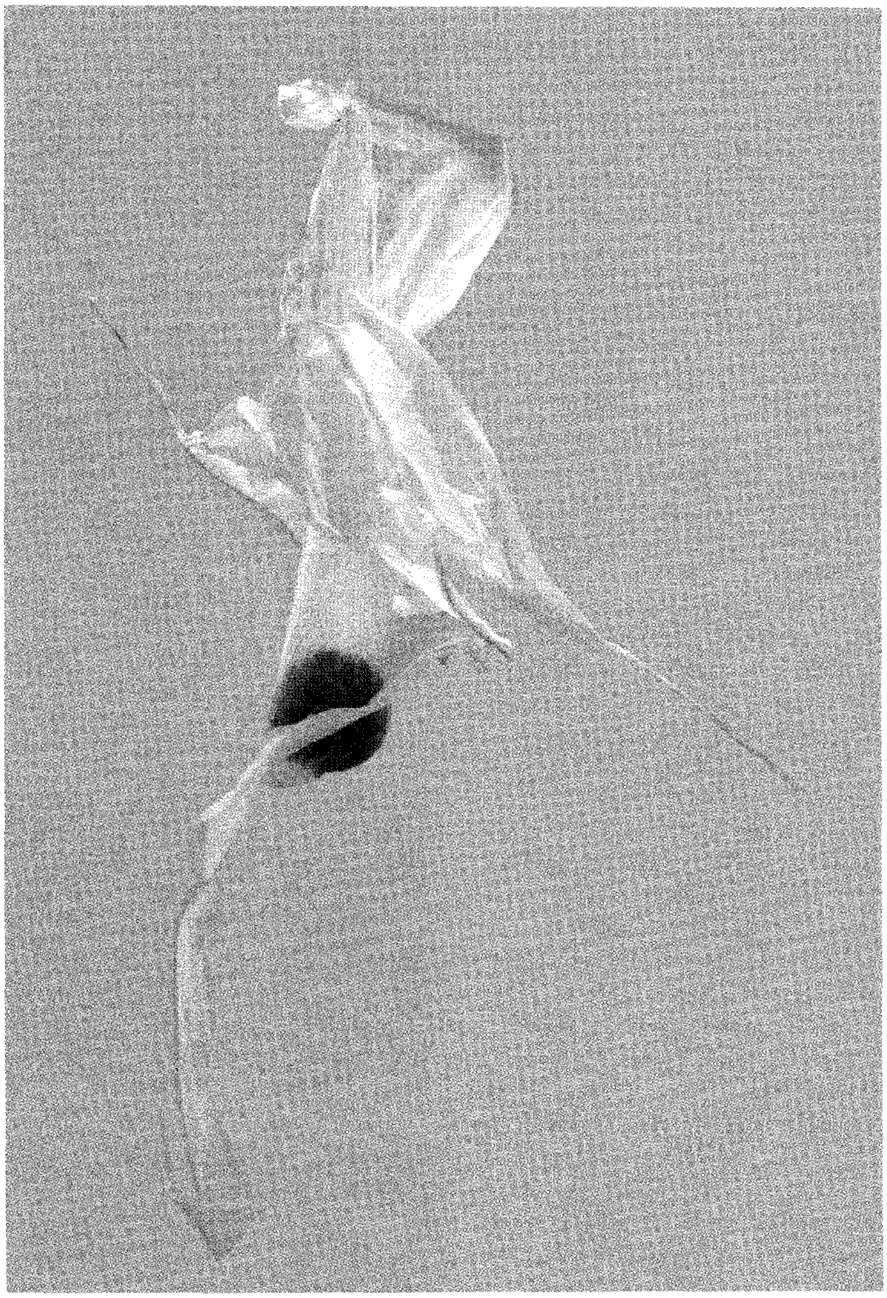
THE ART WORLD

EXQUISITE DEBRIS

The transforming eye of Gabriel Orozco.

BY PETER SCHJELDAHL

Gabriel Orozco, with a show entitled "Fear Not," at the Marian Goodman gallery, confirms that he is the leading conceptual and installational artist of his generation. He is also very good. The type of art that he espouses seems to me quite played out, and yet I adored this deft, breezy show of sculptures, drawings, photographs, and a video. It makes me want to wrest the artist from the arms of curators and theorists who have made him a star on the weary international circuit of biennials that, with their endless variations on themes by Marcel Duchamp, Joseph Beuys, and the like, please only the organizers. Orozco, who is thirty-nine years old, is a cool, silky strategist. A decade ago, when he was an obscure artist in Mexico City, he worked out winning approaches to a European establishment that was avid for brainy, elegant art with multiculturalist bona fides. What lifts him above the run of conceptualists is a personal vein of lilting poetry. Orozco's infectious, refined enthusiasm for the real world distinguishes him from such intimidating forebears as Bruce Nauman and Robert Gober. He has long stood out in the biennials with the charm of someone who is good at devising indoor fun for clever children on rainy afternoons. At this point, he seems primed for popular discovery.



A detail from "Mixiotes," a balletic work that celebrates the world's humble beauties.

COURTESY MARIAN GOODMAN GALLERY

The first thing that one encounters in "Fear Not" (the title may be a soothing injunction to New Yorkers) is clothes-dryer lint. Fluffy, flimsy swaths of the stuff are draped with meticulous care on fishing lines that stretch from wall to wall, just above eye level; the ensemble is called "Lintels." Orozco says that he collected the lint from a year's worth of his own laundry, augmented with contributions from friends and a laundromat. He seems to believe that it is both beautiful and interesting. It is, as I realized when I got over my initial resistance to yet another flogging of readymade aesthetics. Duchamp or no Duchamp, the intricate, exceedingly clean debris that accumulates in clothes dryers merits attention for its compound of human and textile filaments and dust. There is no end of painting-like subtlety in its textures and vestigial colors. When one starts looking at it with respect, its fragility stirs surprisingly tender feelings. Orozco—whose past works include an oval billiard table and an X-shaped Ping-Pong table with a lily pond in the middle—treats creaky avant-gardish tropes as games whose only aim is pleasure.

Each of the show's abundant drawings and photographs is a gentle detonation of idea and technique. Many of the drawings are mélanges of nature and culture. Their elements include smudgy prints of the artist's hand (the back of his hand, in one case), impressions of leaves, pretty Japanese decorative stencils, and passages of lacy geometric designs that lend a Cartesian clarity. Imagine a post-minimalist Paul Klee.

advertisement

ogon

e New Yorker's advertisers invite
ou to find out more about their
products and services.

ARTS & ANTIQUES
www.beverlybremer.com
www.cartoonbank.com
www.frabel.com
www.roundtripart.com
www.replacements.com

BOOKS & WRITING
www.invitepapers.com
www.omniion.com
www.southernhistory.com

FOOD & WINE
www.cawineclub.com
www.metrokane.com
www.pacificcookie.com
www.screwpull.com

HOUSEHOLD FURNISHINGS
www.concept2.com
www.deckhouse.com
www.sameforless.com
www.newhavenlighting.com

KIDS' STUFF
www.stonesoup.com
www.datadesktech.com

MUSIC & AUDIO
www.iclassics.com
www.champs-elysees.com

TIES & MEN'S ACCESSORIES
www.beautiesltd.com
www.bensilver.com
www.wideshoes.com
www.bowties.com

WOMEN'S JEWELRY & ACCESSORIES
www.accessoriesfrance.com
www.ancientechoes.com
www.bernardcohen.com
www.bluestreetdesigns.com
www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
www.breakell.com

For more information on the above advertisers, log on to www.cartoonbank.com/giftguide.asp.

Most of the show's photographs are droll rejiggerings of the ordinary world: a pay phone with a slice of lime stuck into the coin slot, a curving concrete stairway with a complementing slice of cake on each triangular step. Several are poignant closeups of dying leaves amid a rain forest's riot of life. A good many of the drawings and photographs are in a room whose air is busy with offhand, flowerlike mobiles: bamboo leaves sprouting from rubber balls. In an adjacent room you come upon photographs of hard-edged abstract paintings that could be the breakthrough of an unknown modern master; in fact, they are cunningly altered images from the catalogue of an Ellsworth Kelly show. None of these works seem more than a graceful bagatelle. It's when you get the hang of Orozco's consistent, exacting discipline that something substantial happens. We have the sense that, no matter what outlandish moves the artist makes, he will not fail to be direct and honest with us.

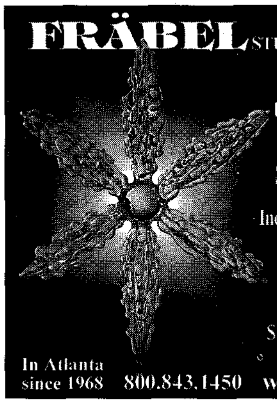
Orozco was born in Jalapa, Veracruz, in 1962, into a leftist family that frowned on anything that had to do with the United States, including the English language. As a teen-ager, he spent summers in the Soviet Union and Cuba. In the late nineteen-eighties in Mexico City, he led a group of studious young artists who rejected the local reigning movement of *neo-mexicanismo*—a gaudy, market-driven mishmash of national stereotypes in international neo-expressionist style (Frida Kahlo meets Francesco Clemente)—in favor of conceptual and installational art. Orozco hit the road. Among peripatetic conceptualists, he carries one of the more visa-crazed passports. Typically, he will live somewhere for a spell, incorporate elements of the local landscape into his work, and move on. In Paris, he trisected, lengthwise, the body of a Citroën DS automobile, discarded the center part, and joined the outer ones, producing a perfect, nonfunctional icon of racy French industrial design. In Berlin, he memorialized his obsolescent yellow East German motor scooter by photographing it in the company of every scooter of the same make and color that he encountered. Orozco is a global flaneur.

His first solo gallery show in New York, in 1994, consisted entirely of four

We only live once.
But we sit many, many times.

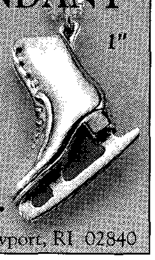
Full Upright Position™
the modern furniture company

The Eames Lounge & Ottoman by Herman Miller, $2800. For more info and a free catolog, call us at 800.431.5134 or visit our website at fup.com.



FRÄBEL STUDIO & GALLERY
11th Annual Limited Edition
Crystal Snowflake
Individually handcrafted in solid clear glass.
Signed by artist.
$125 plus $15 shipping
In Atlanta since 1968 800.843.1450 www.frabel.com

SANDCASTLES ARE ONLY FOUND ON BEACHES
The villas at Sonesta offer 4 and 5 bedroom beachfront homes, private pools and terraces, luxurious accommodations, privacy, and yes lots of beach. You just found your sandcastle. For reservations call your travel planner or **1-800-SONESTA** www.sonesta.com/anguilla
The Villas at Sonesta Beach
Anguilla



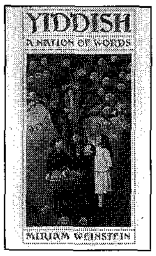
ICE SKATE PENDANT
Intricately carved single skate on 18" box chain. Sterling silver $35 or 14k gold $150. Add $4 handling. Catalog available: 800-767-6411 or web: breakell.com
1"
J.H. Breakell & Co.
132 Spring St., Dept. NYIP, Newport, RI 02840

"All I Want For Christmas by Slim Man is lovely. . . with loads of talent on board. This CD should be added to any good holiday collection."
L.A. Jazz Scene
www.slimman.com
Order yours now! **800-505-SLIM**

CASHMERE WATCHCAP

Imagine. Cashmere. 100% Cashmere. Built a beefy two layers thick. Turns up at the brim so you have four layers covering your ears. Warm and soft like nothing else. Not ever a hint of itch or scratch. Never debilitating. Lets your head breathe. Leaves you free to think.
Allows you to perform. S, M, L, XL.
One Hundred And Ten Dollars + postage
CA Residents: One Hundred Eighteen Twenty-Five
Feather Weight Version In Navy Only: Ninety-Five Dollars
Black, Charcoal, Bank Grey, Flannel Grey, Navy, Lt. Navy, Cardinal, Claret, Bright Red-Orange, Magenta, Camel, Heavy Cream, Vermont Green, Bear Brown, Violet, Bright Booby Foot Blue, Taupe, Pink, Exquisite Mocha, Emerald, Vicuna, Fuchsia, White.
VERMONT BIRD COMPANY
71 OLIVE COURT MOUNTAIN VIEW CALIFORNIA 94041
650 967 3123

Tizio.com
TIZIO
the gift of light
for you and a friend
The classic lamp in the MOMA & MET collections
Special "net" Holiday Season Offer
Buy one Tizio of any model
and get the second one
for half price* with free
shipping and handling and
a free Tolomeo Clip Spotlamp
*Offer expires 12/31/01
Tizio is Artemide's USA registered trademark #1632262
Happy Holidays
Artemide



FOR CHANUKAH!
YIDDISH
A NATION OF WORDS
by Miriam Weinstein
Available at your local
bookstore or call
1-800-639-7140 to order

HUMMINGBIRD Pin or Earrings
www.rnstudios.com
STERLING $29
14K GOLD $125
14K GOLD $161
w/ diamond eye
POST OR WIRE EARRINGS
STERLING $45
14K GOLD $225
14K GOLD $297
w/ diamond eye

S/H $5.75
1-800-235-0471
ROGER NICHOLS *studios*
137 NE Greenwood Ave. • Bend, OR 97701
Velvet Box

Hoop Dreams.
At last. Comfortable earrings for unpierced ears.
Gently spring-loaded, classic 18k gold hoops.
$195 Small ¾"
$295 Medium ⅞"
$325 Large 1"

Major credit cards
VISA
GRACE
your personal jeweler 800 484.1235 code 1723

transparent plastic Dannon-yogurt lids, date-stamped and price-labelled; each had a wall to itself. I look more kindly on that painfully precocious riff on consumerism now than I did then. (If you don't think that such a trifle could generate reams of footnoted theoretical prose, you've been out of touch with academe.) In "Fear Not," Orozco's conceptual acrobatics are less strenuous: they take life's oddities by surprise. Some works make feather-light allusions to the artist's roots. One, an installation called "Mixiotes," consists of five balletic hanging sculptures, each made from the fibre of a cactus leaf, a clear plastic bag, and a child's rubber ball. The cactus fibre, which is ordinarily used as a food wrap, stirs thoughts of the inconspicuous richness of Mexican deserts; the bag and ball evoke the frugal profusion of Mexican street markets. But particular associations are incidental to Orozco's art. Like Richard Tuttle's slight, profoundly sweet assemblages, these unpretentious works are pure songs to the world's infinitude of humble beauties. They may look easy, but to succeed with such economy requires something like spiritual perfect pitch.

Orozco is at his most magical in the video, a half hour long, which documents the sport of kite-flying in India. Indian kites turn out to be small and nearly square; lacking tails, they are tough to fly. The video's wordless soundtrack captures the noisiness of populous towns from which swarms of the brave toys struggle aloft. There are shots of streets lined with siblings of Charlie Brown's nemesis, the kite-eating tree. Kites and buildings share astonishing yellows, pinks, greens, indigos, and electric blues, which glow with an effulgence of damp heat. Zooming and panning, the camera hungrily goes after the colors as if they were food. At one point, it lingers on a young girl as she tries repeatedly to launch a kite from a walled back yard. Her practiced motions become a dance of dedicated effort—she is an artist at work. On a technical level, the video might have been made by any able tourist, but it moved me to the point of gasping. I had the kind of feeling that a poem sometimes engenders—not so much that of the world made new as of myself suddenly opened to its torrential novelty. ♦

ADVERTISEMENT
ON THE town
Our advertisers invite you to mark your calendars for some of the best events and promotions coming to your town in the months ahead.
THE NEW YORKER
AND
THE PUBLIC THEATER/N
PRESENT
FICTION LIVE
Actors read short storie
from *The New Yorker*
joe's pub
at The Public Theater
Friday, December 14
7:30 p.m.
Tickets on sale November 26. For tickets Telecharge at 212.239.6200 or The Public Theater box office, open 1-6 p.m. For dinner reservations, 212.539.8778. All tickets are $12.00
All ticket proceeds will benefit the New York Shakespeare Festival
Sponsored by
BELVEDERE VODKA
Nikon. WE TAKE THE WORLD'S GREATEST PICTURES.®
For more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker Reader Link.

THE CURRENT CINEMA

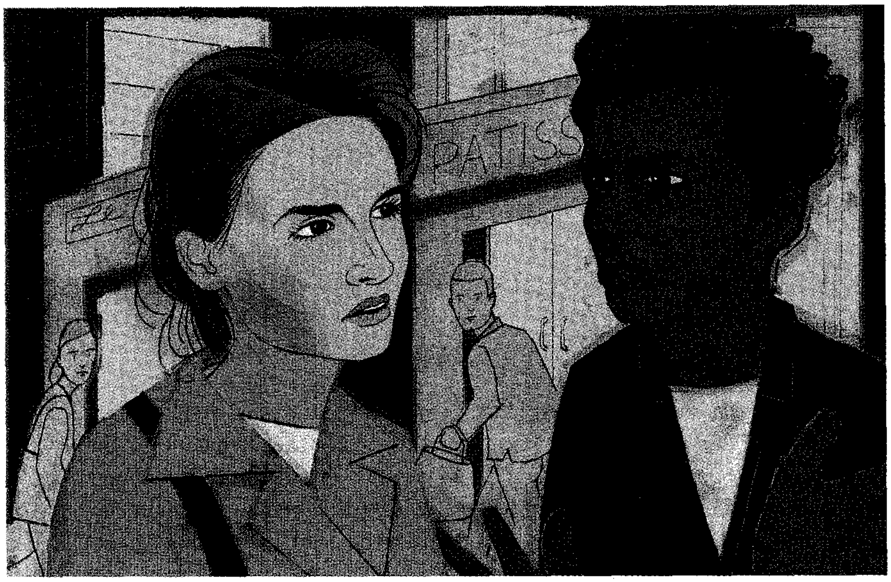
THE GREAT DIVIDE

Unsettling pictures of Parisian life.

BY ANTHONY LANE

Violence comes to the movies in many forms, some more fractious than others; but, in my ignorance, I had never imagined a film whose most violent scene consisted of somebody ironing shirts. Now I stand corrected, thanks to "Code Unknown"—the fifth feature from the Austrian director Michael Haneke, and only the second to be released in this country. Even now, it is being granted no more than brief residence at the Quad Cinema, as if such volatile material needed to be handled in small quantities. If you go, however, you will indeed get to see Juliette Binoche at the ironing board; she may possess one of the world's more radiant faces, but here she looks flustered, sweaty, and hollowed-out, and, when she turns down the volume of her television, she hears, from somewhere inside her apartment block, the cry of a child in pain.

The violence, in short, remains unseen, but that makes it no easier to bear; what lurks and wails behind a wall is, for Haneke, the most reliable wellspring of dread. Even his breakout movie, "Funny Games" (1997), in which a couple of psychopaths in tennis whites terrorize and then expunge a middle-class family on the banks of a placid lake, made half the audience run howling from the theatre and the other half sit and wonder how, and why, it was being reduced to emotional splinters by a film that showed so little letting of actual blood. "Code Unknown" displays only a fraction of that shock, but the whittled plainness of Haneke's technique remains as perturbing as ever.



Juliette Binoche and Ona Lu Yenke in Michael Haneke's "Code Unknown."

EDEL RODRIGUEZ

Binoche plays Anne, an actress who lives in Paris with her lover, a photographer named Georges (Thierry Nouvic); at least, that's the idea. In practice, he is often away on assignment, in Bosnia or wherever, and, on his return, they circle each other like half-remembered strangers, or blind dates. Such is Haneke's way, and very discomforting it is, too: those in official relationships—father and son, boyfriend and girlfriend—seem badly out of joint, whereas those who are tossed together by circumstance are likely, however fleetingly, to find common ground. Where, the movie asks, can you ever reach safe haven, or even drop anchor for

Gift Wrapped
Holiday Breads
BROTHER CURRY'S
BREADS
Baked in the Jesuit Tradition

On the coast of Maine, under the supervision of Brother Curry, S.J., students with disabilities bake specialty breads to support the work of The National Theatre Workshop of the Handicapped

Date Nut ❄ Blueberry Ginger
Pumpkin ❄ Cranberry, Orange, Walnut
NEW! **Brother Curry's Dog Biscuits**

Call Toll Free **1-800-618-6622**
or visit: ***www.ntwh.org***

National Arts Journalism Program najp

The National Arts Journalism Program at **Columbia University** awards **fellowships** to mid-career and senior **arts and cultural journalists.**

Call us at 212.854.1912, visit **www.najp.org**, or e-mail najp@columbia.edu.

Application deadline: February 5, 2002.

www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com
DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
"On Parade" Bracelet, 11 links
14K Gold $595, Sterling $165 V/MC/Amex
Unconditionally Guaranteed. **1-800-477-1856**
PO Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

The Perfect Way to a 40-30-30 Balanced Diet
ZONE PERFECT FRESH FOOD DELIVERY
3 Gourmet Meals
2 Delicious Snacks
Delivered every day for only $41.50
1-888-566-8766 www.zoneperfectdelivery.com
Now serving NY NJ CT and CA.

Silk Poetry Scarves
Two different scarves: 24 Emily Dickinson poems on blue -or- 9 Shakespeare sonnets on pink
Both with beautiful ornamentation.
10" X 56" 100% Silk, double layered.
$34.75 Including Shipping!
Call for free catalog
800 255-8371
Blue

You have a personality.
Shouldn't your home reflect it?
URBAN DWELLING
Distinctive products for your home
Candle pot with scented candle $10
www.urbandwelling.com

A TASTEFUL
GIFT IDEA
FROM
CALIFORNIA!
Each month you, or your gift recipient, will receive two bottles of award-winning wines, hand-selected from the best of CALIFORNIA'S "BOUTIQUE" wineries.
Just $32.95 plus shipping and includes our 8-page newsletter, *Uncorked.*™
Send as many months as you wish!
Discounts on gifts of 3, 6, 9 and 12 months.
THE CALIFORNIA Wine Club SINCE 1990
800-777-4443
www.cawineclub.com

100% Scottish Cashmere
...at half the Madison Ave Price
12" x 60" SCARF $99
14" x 78" LG. SCARF $159
29" x 78" STOLE $329
58" x 78" THROW $649
WOMEN'S GLOVES $39
MEN'S GLOVES $49
WATCH CAP $69
BLACK, CAMEL, CLARET, GREY, LT BLUE, PERIWINKLE, NAVY, RED, WHITE - *Free Catalog*
Alberene Scottish Cashmeres
435 5TH AVE, 3RD FL, NYC 10016 • VS, MC, AX, DIS
800-566-6817 • scottishcashmere.com

silver
cufflinks
"fanny"
www.lyngaylord.com 203.853.3264

LIMTED EDITION
A GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS
BEASTS AND CITIZENS
40 Fables of La Fontaine
Translated by Craig Hill
8 Original etchings by Andrew Stevovich
DISCORD
beastsandcitizens.com

Elegant Nomad
Handmade, Wearable Mongolian Folk Art
Cashmere • Wool • Velvet • Silk
(734) 623-9389 • www.elegantnomad.com

LONDON FLATS
PARIS PROPERTIES - COTSWOLD COTTAGES
Short Term - Privately owned
THE LONDON CONNECTION
TOLL FREE PHONE: 888-393-9120
FAX: 801-393-3024
WWW.LONDONCONNECTION.COM
E-MAIL: SALES@LCPM.NET
LONDON CONNECTION

a while? Take the second scene of the picture: Anne emerges from her apartment and meets Georges's brother, Jean (Alexandre Hamidi), who is angling for a place to stay. She buys him a pastry, and he eats some of it, screws the rest up in a paper bag, and flips it into the lap of a beggar. From that single casual act—rude and indifferent, rather than actively bad—springs the rest of the movie. Jean is accosted by a young black man, Amadou (Ona Lu Yenke), who tells him to apologize to the beggar; a scuffle breaks out, the cops roll up, Amadou is taken away in handcuffs, the beggar is questioned, and another handful of lives, already under pressure, begin to crack.

That beggar, for instance: she turns out to be a middle-aged woman named Maria (Luminita Gheorghiu), a Romanian who came to France illegally to look for work and drifted down to the indignity of the street. Because of the paper bag, and the subsequent discovery that she has no identity papers, she is deported, and yet, on her return to her homeland, we see her for what she is: a mother and a grandmother, proud, well liked in her village, dancing at a local wedding, trying to earn money for her family. Naturally, she is too ashamed to tell them what she wound up doing in Paris; but that is nothing next to our shame. For what Haneke does is not to berate us for failing to give money to the homeless but, at a more essential level, to encourage our moral imaginations—to have us admit that each of those figures we pass on the sidewalk, whether hunched or brazen, must by definition have a history and, somewhere or other, a home. You feel that Jean could have thrown the bag at a hundred other citizens, rich as well as ragged, and that "Code Unknown" could have come up with a tale—what Hollywood would call a back story—of equal breadth and grip for every single one.

The movie is, literally, a tough act to follow, thanks to the brusque, undemonstrative way in which Haneke chops from one subplot to the next. We stay with Anne for a while, travel briefly to Romania with Maria, then turn to Amadou, who teaches music to the deaf, and his family—his sorrowing mother and a taxi-driver of infinite wisdom who I *think* is his father. I could be a generation off, though, and Haneke offers little help, as if daring us to keep pace with both people and events. More challenging still are the moments that appear to be straightforward, firm to the touch, only to slide through our panicking fingers. At one point, Anne is seen swimming and flirting with a nameless hunk; good luck to her, we think, but suddenly she yells, and we notice a small boy—whom we have not seen before—trying to climb a wall at the side of the pool. Then we realize that the pool is poised many floors up in a high-rise building; the danger is real. The boy is rescued, whereupon the scene freezes, and we suddenly remember that Anne is an actress, and that we are therefore watching the rushes from one of her films; the danger is unreal after all. The strange thing is that none of this feels merely clever; Haneke is not playing Chinese boxes with us, and the terror of the sequence outlasts the narrative device. The highest praise that I can offer to "Code Unknown" is to promote it as the antidote to "Scream"—to that whole sniggering franchise, which was dedicated to the decivilizing nostrum that fear is a sick joke and death no more than the convenient tool of a genre. Popular culture, you might say, now comes tagged with the label "Code Known," and it may take an unpopular or recalcitrant artist to remind us just how unreadable, if not unreachable, we can sometimes be.

The cultural implications of this may be heavier than viewers, even at the Quad, will wish to confront. Haneke lives in Austria, the only country in Europe that has in recent years given parliamentary power and credence to a party of the extreme right (its leader, Jörg Haider, has been known to speak favorably of Hitler's employment policies), and even Haneke's most intimate works—such as "Funny Games" and his latest chiller, "The Piano Teacher," a study in sadomasochism set in Vienna—come across not as allegories but as disquisitions on the imposing of terrible

The New Yorker (ISSN 0028-792X), published weekly (except for six combined issues: Feb. 19 & 26, Apr. 23 & 30, June 18 & 25, Aug. 20 & 27, Oct. 15 & 22, Dec. 24 & 31) by The Condé Nast Publications Inc. (4 Times Square, N.Y., N.Y. 10036-6592), which is a subsidiary of Advance Publications, Inc. Vol. LXXVII, No. 38, December 3, 2001. Periodical postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, and for payment of postage in cash. Canadian Publication Mail Sales Product Agreement No. 190969. Canadian goods-and-services-tax registration number R123242885. Registered as a newspaper at the British Post Office.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The New Yorker, Box 56447, Boulder, CO 80328-6447. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

ADVERTISEMENT

ADER SERVICE VALUE PROGRAM

An invitation to respond directly to The New Yorker's advertisers.

APPAREL & ACCESSORIES

YAL MAIL. Unique free color catalog featuring eos, maps and books on all the counties of England, otland and Wales; Plus Edinburgh "Thistle" Crystal, tic Jewelry, Pubware, British Teas, Teapots and ality gifts. Call us toll free 1-800-843-9078.

N SILVER. World-renowned for authentic striped I crested silk neckwear, furnishings and essories – "Classic style has always been our siness." Visit us on-line or call for our 100-page alog featuring elegant, yet understated apparel for n and women. Please call 1-800-221-4671 or visit Web site at www.bensilver.com.

NDS' END®. The easy way to shop for great holiday s, from cuddly cashmeres to America's favorite tlenecks. Fast shipping too! Call 1-800-489-9078 a free catalog or visit www.landsend.com.

ART & ANTIQUES

NDLETON COWGIRL COMPANY, INC. Historic oto Art Giclee Prints from archival images of pioneer leo cowgirls, circa 1910-1930. Individually printed h the finest non-toxic inks on the highest quality hival art paper, framed or unframed. Visit our Web e at www.cowgirlcompany.com.

OMM POP! Become a pop icon! Zoomm Pop! eates pop-art portraits from your own photo. autiful art works on canvas in all sizes. Visit w.izoomm.com for information.

AUTOMOTIVE

EP. For more information on the legendary Jeep icles, visit our Web site at www.jeep.com.

FURNISHINGS & ACCESSORIES

VERLY BREMER SILVER SHOP. Matching vice—sterling silver, new and obsolete flatware d hollowware—all at less than half price. Mint ndition. For inventory of your pattern, please call 300-270-4009 or 1-404-261-4009.

ACRAFT CLASSICS. Fine custom and classic p models ready-to-display, detailed and fully ged. Made by master craftsmen. Display cases, les and other fine nautical home accessories. Visit Web site at www.seacraftclassics.com, or call 300-356-1987 for our full-color catalog.

HEALTH CARE

VER HILL HOSPITAL is a nationally recognized, y integrated psychiatric and substance abuse atment facility located in nearby New Canaan, nnecticut. Founded in 1931 and accredited by JrAHO h commendation. Visit www.silverhillhospital.com.

TRAVEL

NESTA HOTELS, RESORTS, AND NILE RUISES. A collection of fine hotels and resorts like any other. Each promising a rich yet profound-different experience tied distinctly to its destination. ston, Miami, New Orleans, Anguilla, Aruba, rmuda, Egypt, Peru, Tuscany. Call 1-800-SONESTA visit our Web site at www.sonesta.com.

WINES & SPIRITS

PEXA. Winning things happen in the "Oui" urs - say "yes" to a free trip to France by eaming up the next "Oui" hours ad. Visit us at vw.FrenchWinesFood.com or send a stamped, lf-addressed envelope to: Contest c/o Sopexa. Maiden Lane, Suite 310, New York, NY 10038.

or more information, log on to www.newyorker.com and click on The New Yorker Reader Link.

UNABLE TO REACH TELEPHONE LISTINGS, SEND REQUESTS, WITH ISSUE DATE NOTED, TO THE NEW YORKER READER RVICES, 4 TIMES SQUARE, 21ST FLOOR, NEW YORK, NY 10036.

011203

© 2001 The Condé Nast Publications Inc. All Rights Reserved

power. In "Code Unknown," he takes that imposition and spreads it wide; the result is so topical that it hurts. In the middle of this year, there was a disquieting sense that every other story in Europe was marked by ethnic inflammation. Race riots in northern England, huge holding camps for immigrants on the other side of the Channel, boatloads of the dispossessed floating off the coast of Italy: much of this could be traced to the Balkan wars or the recurrent flarings in the Middle East, and it was not only those of melodramatic temper who felt that something was ready to snap. American viewers who do make it to "Code Unknown" may now find themselves more pained and touched than their European counterparts by its portrait of multiple willfulness, of charity beating its head against intolerance.

The most amazing thing about the movie is that, even at this tortured pitch, it finds room to argue with itself. Just when you think that Haneke's credentials as a good liberal tolerator are secure, he knocks you sideways with a scene on the Paris Métro. Anne is approached by a couple of young Arab boys, who are at once lured by her beauty and outraged by the distance between their existence and hers. They make sport of her, then shout, then spit; the buildup of aggression is almost impossible to watch, and there is a deep surge of relief when a middle-aged passenger carefully folds away his spectacles and comes to her aid. After the ordeal, Anne bursts into tears—and, this being Binoche, the burst is a sudden storm. With it comes our guilty realization that this is how prejudice starts; from here on, Anne will, despite herself, be a little more racist, or at least ethnophobic, than before, and—this has to be said—she will have cause to feel that way. Not good cause, but still a cause. The Arab boys, spurned and patronized, like most of their community, by polite French society, also have their cause, far more ancient and rooted than hers, although we should note that the good Parisian who stands up for Anne is also of foreign extraction. Nevertheless, the die is cast, and a little more opportunity for love has leaked away from the world. At the end of the film, Anne locks her lover out of the apartment where the story began, and he stands there in the rain like a fool; the code has changed again. ♦

THE Odyssey REPORT™
The Sophisticated Guide to World Travel

*Introducing a monthly travel newsletter reviewing the finest resorts, hotels and restaurants worldwide. With an unparalleled dedication to providing the most honest, accurate, animated information possible, **The Odyssey Report** will provide you with the key to enjoy the ultimate travel experiences.*

$119 per year, satisfaction guaranteed.
Check, Visa, MasterCard, or AmEx.
WWW.ODYSSEYREPORT.COM
P.O. Box 3485, Charlottesville, VA 22903
Toll free: (800) 225 7825 Fax: (434) 977 4885

The perfect gift...

Beautifully handcrafted of freshly-cut balsam fir, pine cones, red apples, and a red velveteen ribbon. Approx. 22" diameter. $24.95 (plus $6.95 S&H). Quantity prices. Call 1-800-776-8778 or 207-667-5561, 8-6 EST fax 207-667-8315. Check, Visa, MasterCard, and Discover accepted.

Maine Holiday Wreaths
P.O. Box 536-N, Ellsworth, ME 04605-0536
www.maineholidaywreaths.com

hand woven belts
by a tail we could wag
colorful
www.tailwags.com
sun valley, idaho 866.726.WAGS

GARDEN ANGEL
Bronze Head in Gold Leaf for the Garden or Terrace
(12" x 11" x 7.5") $1850.00
5% of all profits go to The September 11th Fund
Garden Bronze Ltd.
gardenbronze.com or 617.232.2945

Healthy Solutions for Losing Weight

STRUCTURE · HOUSE ·

- PHYSICAL HEALTH
- EMOTIONAL RENEWAL
- BEAUTIFUL SURROUNDINGS
- PERSONAL SUPPORT

800.553.0052 ◆ http:www.StructureHouse.com

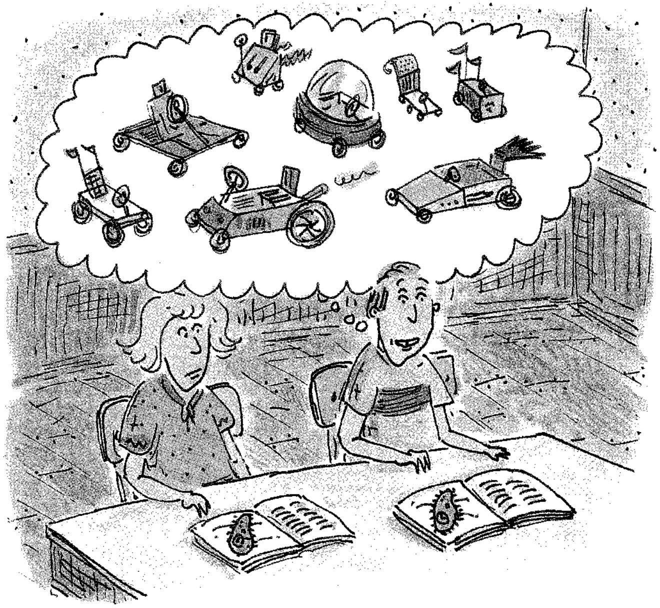
THE MAINE ROCKER
$298.00 PLUS SHIPPING
We build chairs, tables, beds, barstools and other rockers . . .
BRADCO CHAIR CO., LISBON, ME
1-888-353-7558
www.bradcochair.com

THE BACK PAGE BY ROZ CHAST

NEWLY DISCOVERED LEARNING DISABILITIES

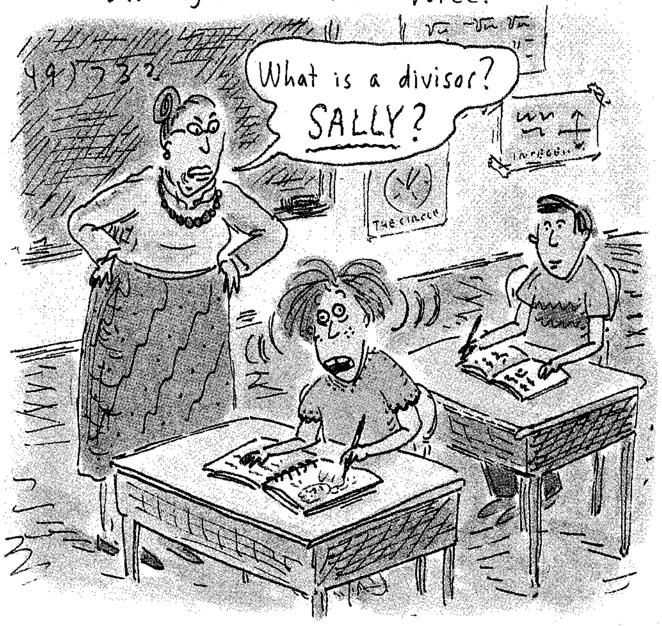
GO-CARTITIS

Instead of focussing on topic at hand, kid fantasizes about go-carts.



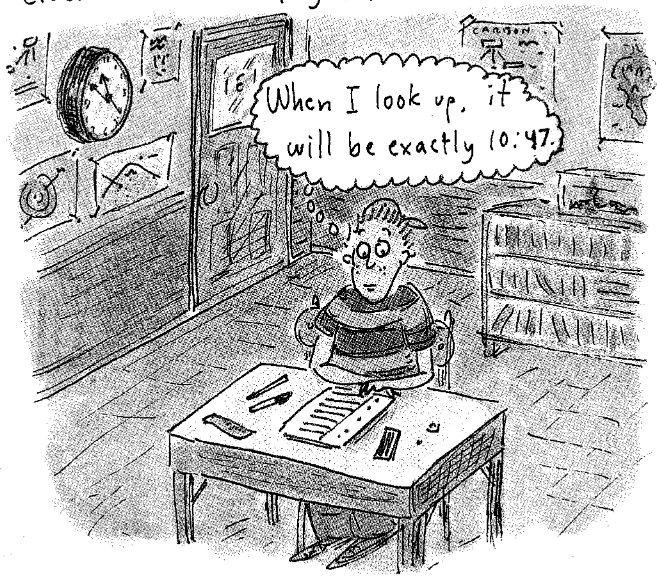
DOODLER'S SYNDROME

Child insists on drawing, thus completely shutting out teacher's voice.


49732
What is a divisor? SALLY?
THE CIRCLE

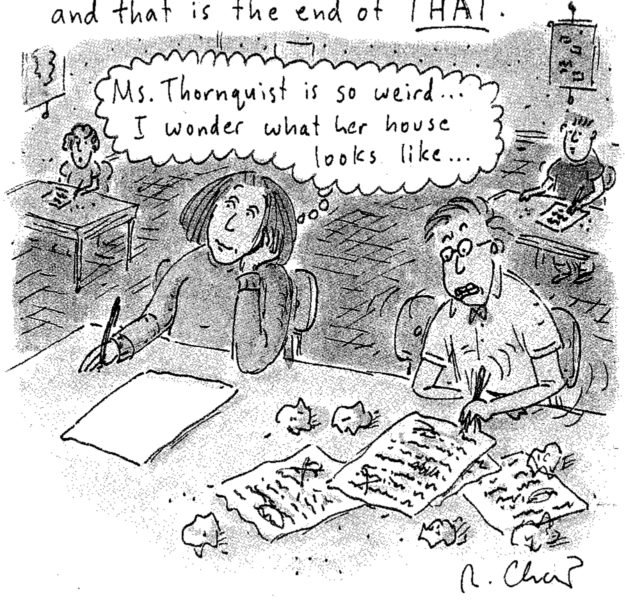
CLOCK-WATCHING DISORDER

He or she plays mental games with wall clock rather than pay full attention.

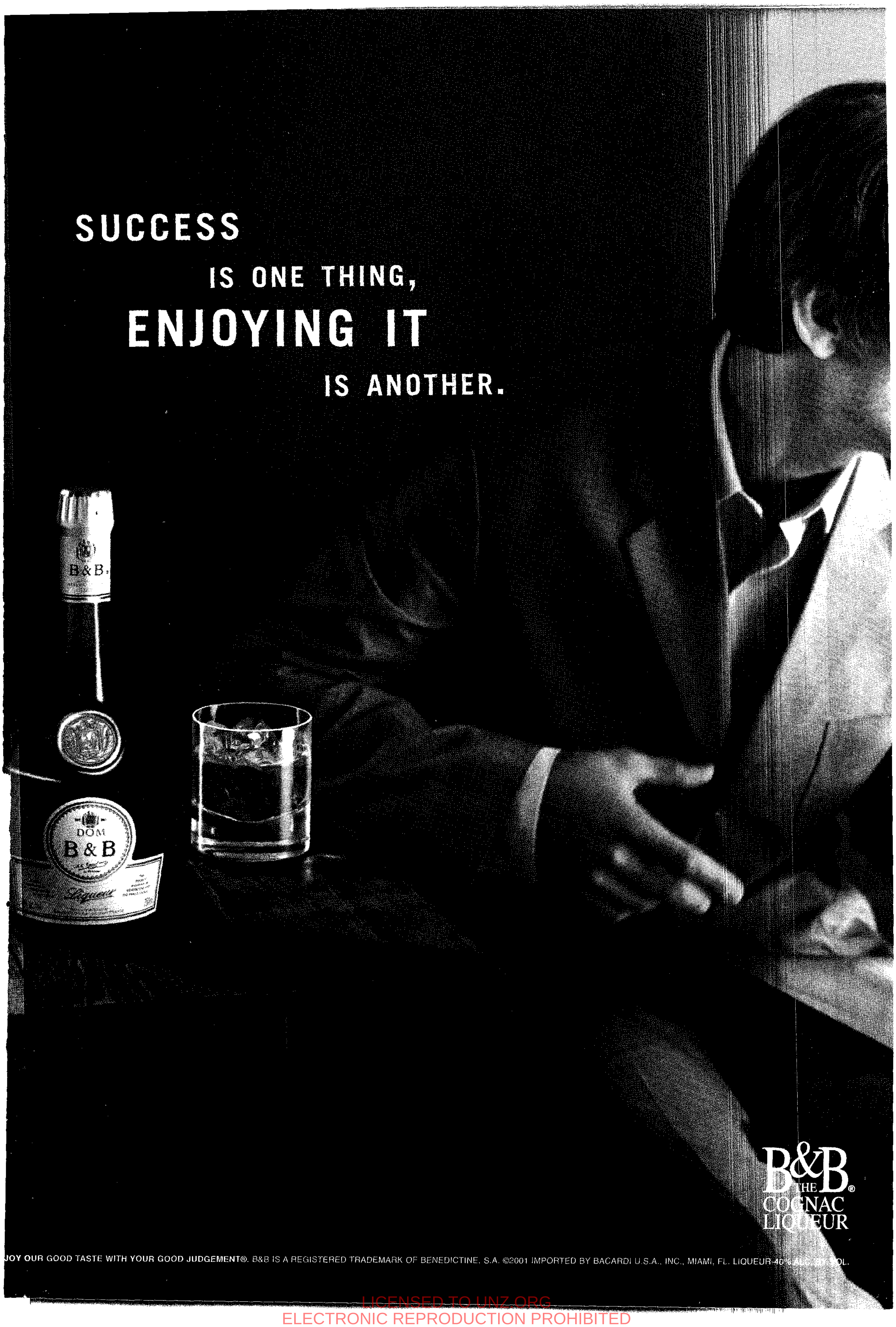

When I look up, it will be exactly 10:47.

JIMMY'S CONDITION

Student gets on own train of thought, and that is the end of THAT.


Ms. Thornquist is so weird... I wonder what her house looks like...

R. Chast


SUCCESS
IS ONE THING,
ENJOYING IT
IS ANOTHER.
B&B
DOM
B&B
Liqueur
B&B®
THE
COGNAC
LIQUEUR

JOY OUR GOOD TASTE WITH YOUR GOOD JUDGEMENT®. B&B IS A REGISTERED TRADEMARK OF BENEDICTINE, S.A. ©2001 IMPORTED BY BACARDI U.S.A., INC., MIAMI, FL. LIQUEUR 40% ALC. BY VOL.

iPod.

1,000 songs. In your pocket.

iPod
Playlists
Artists
Songs
Settings
About
Now Playing
menu

Actual size.

Presenting iPod.™ 1,000 songs.[*] 10-hour battery. 6.5 ounces. Apple's legendary ease-of-use. $399.

Think different.

---

[*] 4 min. per song/160Kbps. MSRP. Mac only. ©2001 Apple Computer, Inc. All rights reserved. iPod is a trademark of Apple Computer, Inc. Don't steal music. For more information, call 1-800-MY-APPLE or visit www.apple.com.